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Saturday Review

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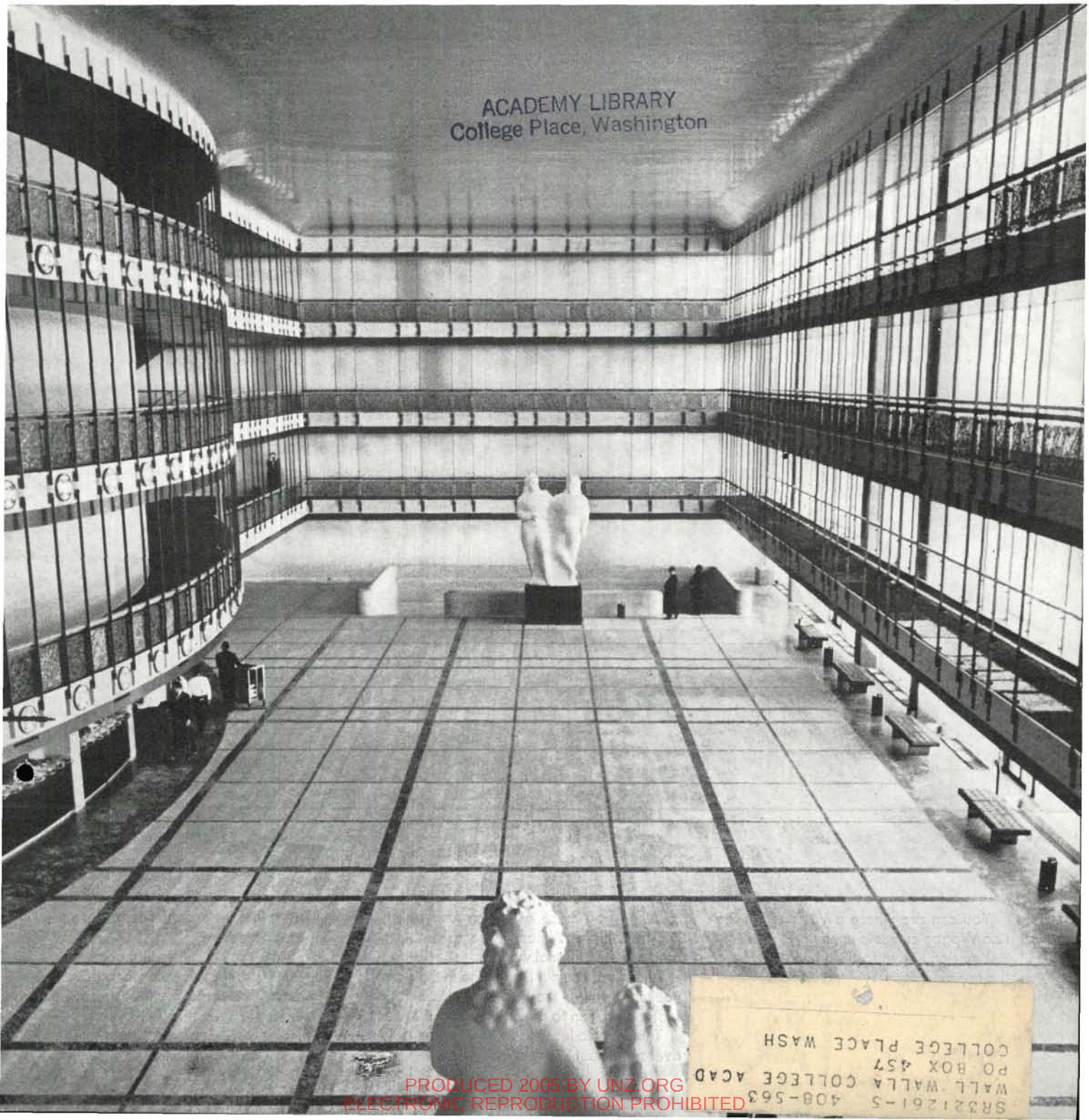
RECORDINGS

Position Papers—1964

A SOUTHERN CONSERVATIVE VIEW

By James J. Kilpatrick

Promenade of the New York State Theater opening this week in Lincoln Center (see Recordings)



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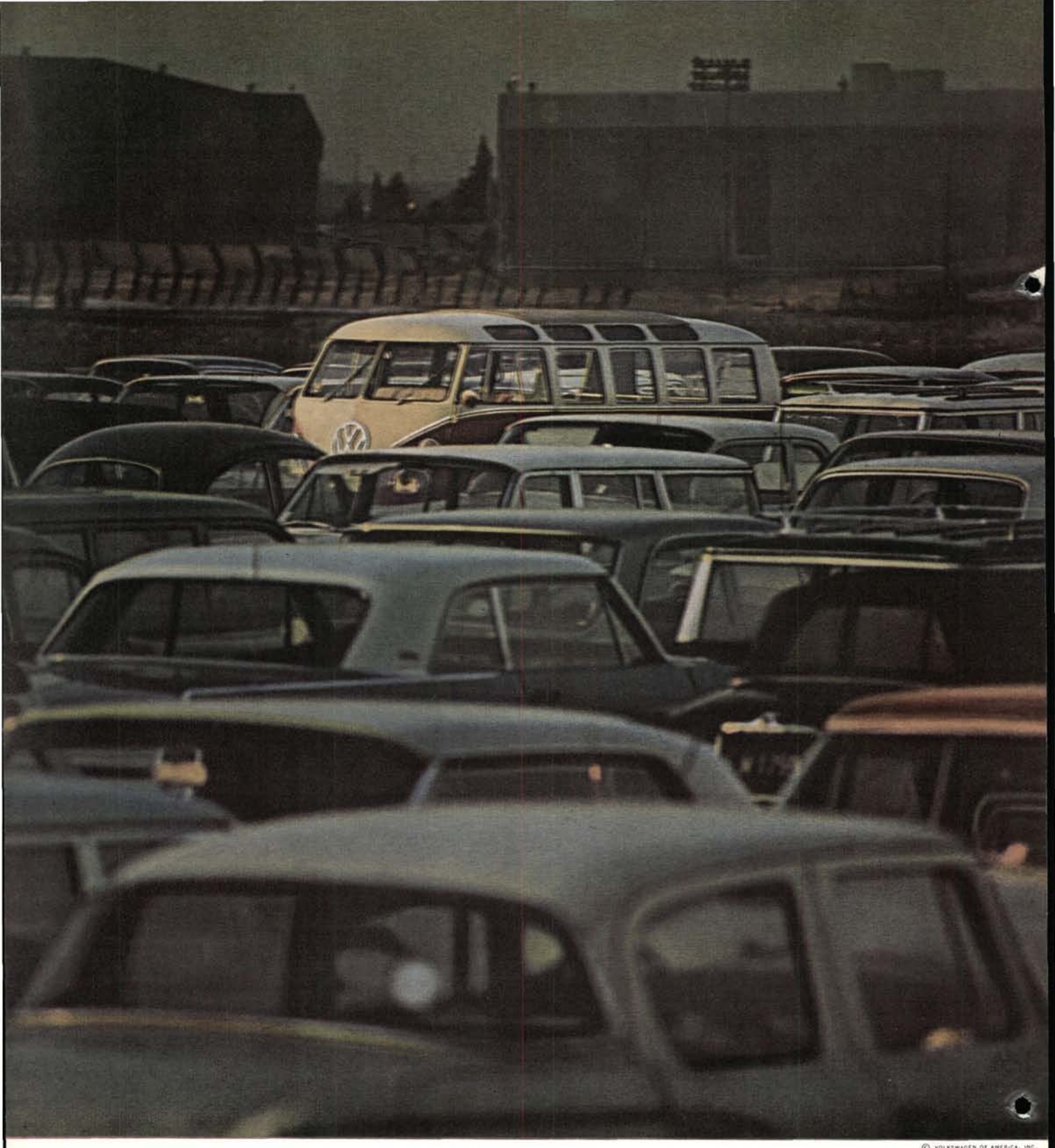

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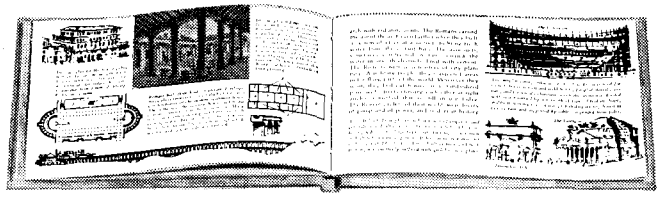

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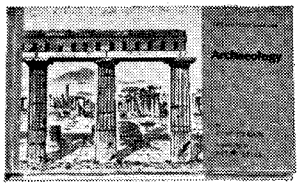

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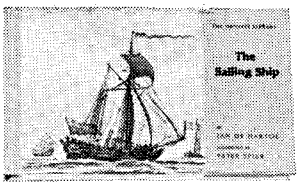

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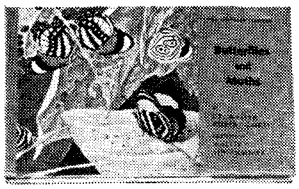

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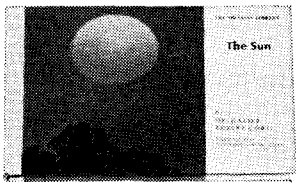

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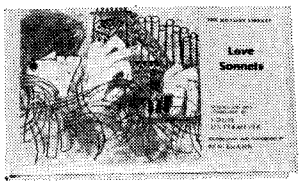

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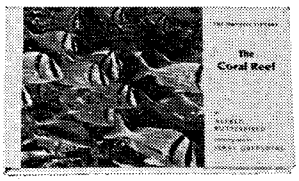

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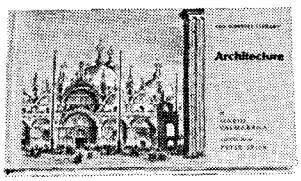

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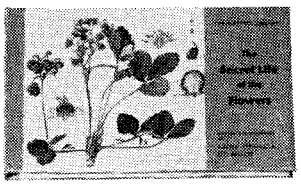

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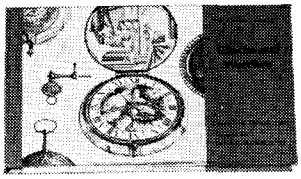

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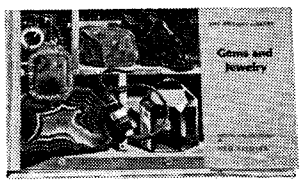

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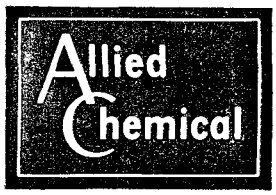

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Saturday Review

April 25, 1964

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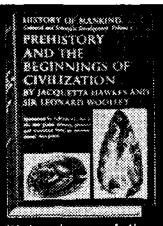

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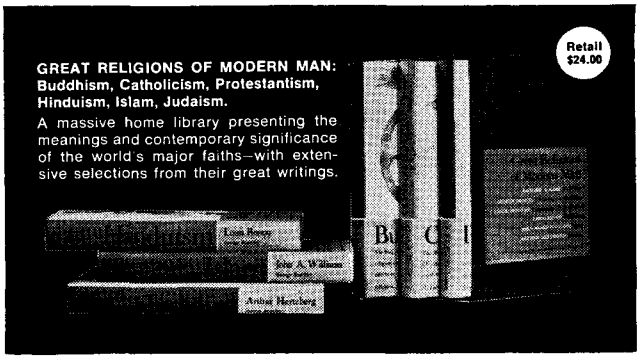

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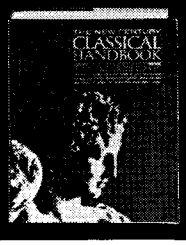

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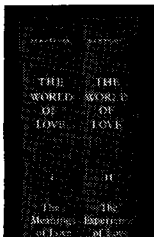

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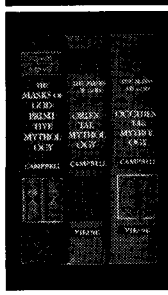

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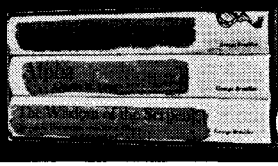

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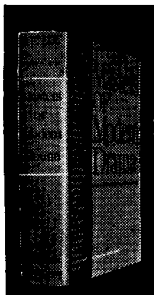

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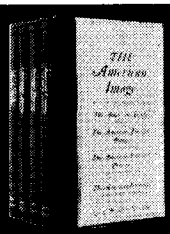

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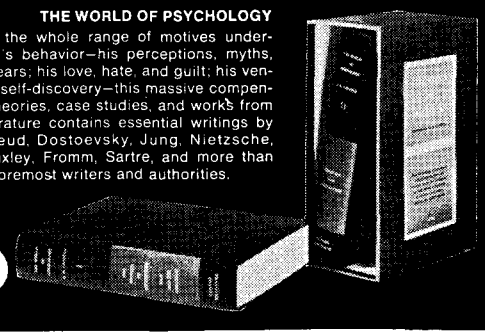

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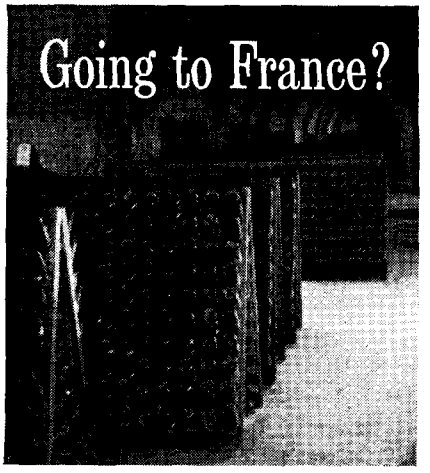

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snuck
When I wasn't looking.
Into the dictionary I puck
To see what was cooking.

All through the s's I suck and suck
But it wasn't there.
Whoever the new word "snuck" has
spuck
Had better beware.

When the purists vengeance on
you have wruck
I'll give no defenses.
My joints may have cruck, my
voice have squck,
But I've stuck to my tenses.

—Mykia Taylor.

Strike

ON Wednesday, February 26, New York City's owner-drivers of taxicabs, about 5,000 of them, stayed home between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. to dramatize their desire for increased fares. Here are a few of the uncelebrated but human stories of the Day That Forty Per Cent of the Taxicabs Stopped.

A group of executives, arriving on the New Haven line at 10:06 A.M., made it all the way up to the Lever Brothers Building on foot by 10:18. They told interviewers that it was an exhilarating experience, and they plan to do it again some time.

On Morningside Heights, an expectant mother, feeling labor pains coming on, hastened out to Broadway for a cab. Failing to get one, she boarded a southbound bus. Happily, there was a taxicab owner-driver aboard, on his way downtown for a game of bocci, and he delivered her expeditiously of a fine nine-pound son.

Mrs. A. J., forty-seven, of 825 West End Avenue, discovered that Lord & Taylor is only four blocks from B. Altman.

College professors in the New York area were called in by the city's columnists to fill the gap in thoughtful comment.

Mrs. Amy V. took the Independent Line to a matinee of *Hello, Dolly.* She arrived at the theatre at 2:25. Mrs. V. has been attending matinees for twelve years. This was the first time she heard an overture from the beginning.

The New York Times, in a lead editorial, called for moderation on both sides, or all sides, as the case might be.

Traffic was snarled at several major intersections in all boroughs by drivers who waited for one another to start first when the lights turned green.

At 3:30 P.M., six shoppers forced their way into the delivery truck of T. Zyswerski, importer of Polish ham and sausage, as he was emerging from the Park Avenue tunnel at 46th Street, and paid him a dollar apiece to take them up to 77th. The driver, Joey Magnito, nineteen, managed to get abducted twice again before 4 P.M.

A twenty-three-year-old man, arrested for assaulting the owner of a candy store on the Lower East Side and taking a carton of Luckies and seven dollars in change from the cash register, explained that he would never have bothered the old guy except that he couldn't find a cab driver to rob.

Mayor Wagner, Theodore Kheel, and Secretary of Labor Wirtz conferred tirelessly into the early hours of Thursday, taking time out only for a bite at Luchow's and a *Daily News* photograph. —Walter Goodman.

Taxi!

Notes for Stereotype Creators

A BROADWAY columnist has developed a standard form of dialogue with which to record his interviews with foreign celebrities. In quoting the Gabors or the like, for example, he is accustomed to write: "*Ven vee vere* in Hungary. . . ." Phrases such as "*Zee* American men, *zay* are *sharming*" naturally go with a Parisian actress; and Orientals never seem to fail to confide in him that they favor *lice* on their dining table. A few seasons ago, a TV comedian was famous for his routine of the mimicking of a Chinese waiter. It was hilarious, I was assured. Although the columnist has never abandoned the formula of his *v, z, l* quotations, the comedian seems lately to have dropped his routine of the Chinese waiter. Whatever the cause, a reinforcement of his phonetic reservoir might be helpful.

An important thing to know is that the Chinese don't necessarily pronounce rice *lice.* In fact in some northern provinces, especially among the natives of Peking, the sound "R" is spoken with such relish that it will put the tongue-rolling Spanish to shame. It often agonizes the southerners who learn to speak Mandarin. (Our columnist would have

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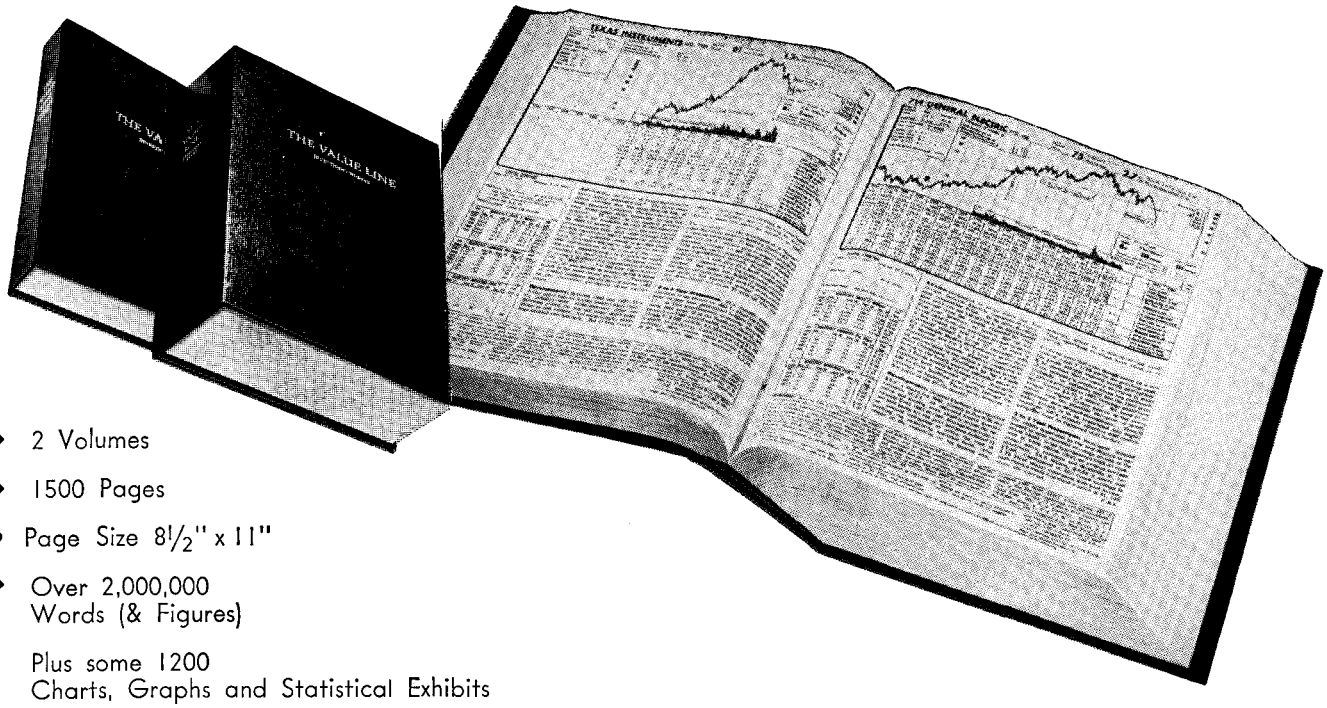

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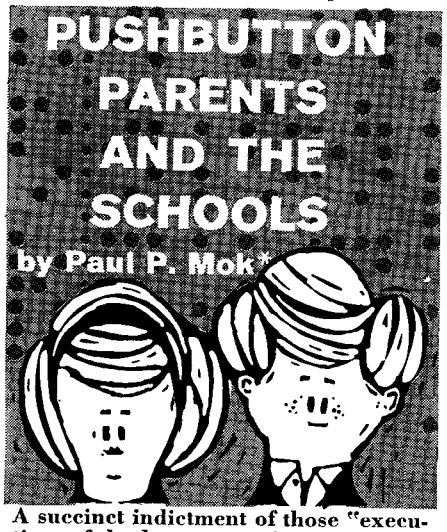

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any Chinese speak Mandalin, no doubt.) A southern Chinese, much like an American Southerner, works hard to eliminate his accent, but rarely succeeds. Down in Chinatown, where the residents came mainly from China's South, it is not unusual to hear a gentleman talk about *soso seculity,* who may have a son studying *soso* science, another a believer in *sosolism.* Elders don't care much about improving their speech; when they get bored they go to a *so* in a Chinese moviehouse.

We all encountered some difficulty when we first arrived in America with our school English. For instance, in the Midwest, I had to learn to ask for *"hut* tea" before I could get my tea hot. In my zealous attempt to eliminate the false notion that all Chinese eat *lice,* I have for a time oversubstituted *r* for *l* and often got butter milk for a bottle of milk in the grocery store. One evening, the housemother of my dormitory, in a social mood, asked where I was going. "To a play," I said, and she nodded her approval, remarking that I must be a devout Christian to go to a prayer meeting on a Saturday night.

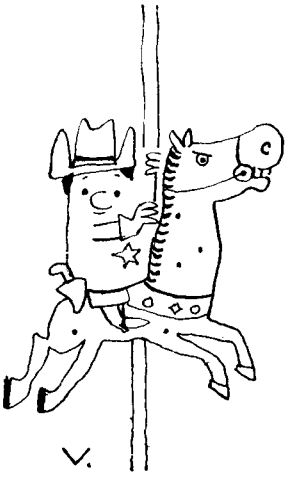
Back in China, years ago, when every young man affected English as a mark of sophistication, a friend of good looks and high intelligence could not understand why he was finally rebuffed by a girl in whom he had shown interest. Tired of pursuit without any positive response and deadly lovesick, he had attempted a love letter in English. "I miss you so much I'm miserable," he wrote; "to tell you the naked truth, I am sick of you." But that was another matter; no correction of pronunciation could have salvaged the situation.

—Timothy Tung.

Relativity

The years slip by like grace notes
in a song—
Only the days and nights are ever
long.

—Eleanor Graham Vance.



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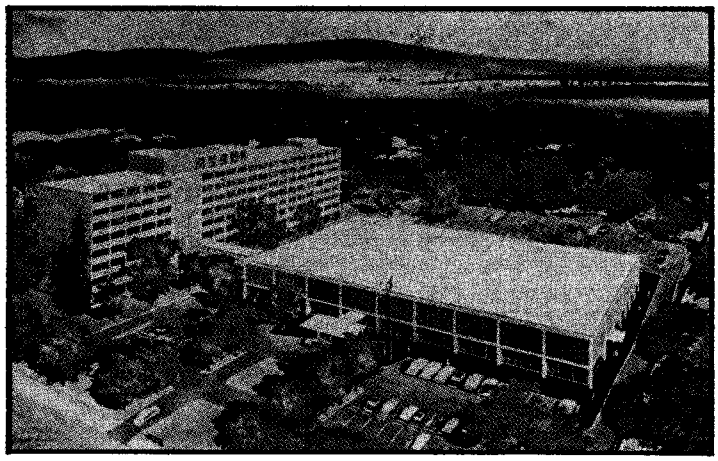

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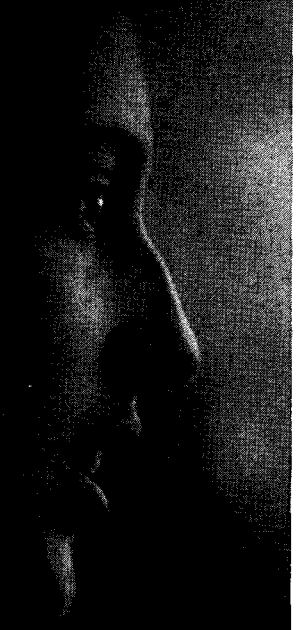

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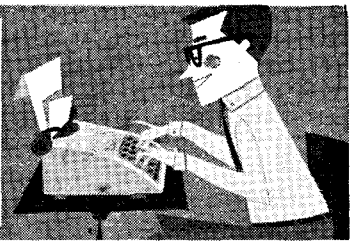

And Now a Brief Message From . . .

FOR two solid hours I sat there viewing my television set. Finally, I turned it on.

Its face lit up, it coughed, cleared its throat, hunched its shoulders, rolled back its sleeves, and during the next sixty minutes I was sprayed, shaved, shampooed, deodorized, smeared, bathed, fed, medicated, Supp-hosed, sedated, refreshed, brushed, Saran-wrapped, plastered, and insured.

As mystery stories go, this one was pretty good. It started with this girl Avon calling on this lawyer-detective who was shaving and humming, "The closer you shave the more you need Noxema." He offered Avon a Tareyton, but she fought savagely and refused to switch brands, so he sent out for a pack of Salems, which taste good like a corned beef sandwich should. Well, they sat around chewing the fat, and she finally told him her husband was trying to kill her. He realized she was upset when the first of five spots appeared on her forehead. But before the other four spots materialized he broke out a few bottles of beer, a sure cure for spots when you're going to have more than one. He promised to take her case and offered to drive her home. But she had her own car, Hertz having put her in the driver's seat. Unwillingly. Because by now she was in no condition to drive.

Following this, there were some commercials.

The second half had the inevitable courtroom sequence. Avon's lawyer-detective presented a couple of surprise witnesses, two girls, obviously extramarital friends of the husband who testified under oath that if you double your pleasure you double your fun, following which the judge rhythmically proclaimed his verdict that "some are too strong and some too light, but Viceroy's got the taste that's right." And the jury intoned, "That's right."

I'm not too good at storytelling, and I may have scrambled this one a bit. The fault is not all mine. It seems to me there is just a tiny bit too many commercials before, after, on top of, and in between television programs. And some are presented confusingly. A program may start off with the announcer telling us: "This portion is presented by Anacin." To illustrate it, a picture appears immediately of a woman cleaning the grime and soot from her stove with Easy-Off.

But this constant gallimaufry of lyrics and melodies is excuse enough for a viewer's inability to distinguish the efficacy of one product from another. Brand names become a montage of kaleidoscopic pictures and a cacophony of shouted claims that could, and do, leave a sufferer or a smoker, or both, numb with confusion. To illustrate, I offer the following documented evidence.

Visiting friends on Long Island a summer ago, I went with my host to the village drugstore to fill a prescription. We were met by the druggist in his white smock, pungent with aromas of the mystic concoctions of his profession —tuna fish and chocolate syrup. He made several optical passes at the prescription, peering at it closely and holding it at arm's length, and then looked querulously at my host, who said: "Paregoric." The druggist left to fill it, mumbling as he went, "Why don't they say so!"

When he returned with the medicine, he turned to me and asked if he could do anything for me. Since I was standing in front of a large wall case filled with various toothpastes and powders, I said: "I'd like some toothpaste."

"What kind?" he asked.

"Gee, I don't remember the name—I hear it advertised on television all the time."

"You name it, I got it," he urged.

"Oh, yes, I remember. Avon."

"Avon," he said, turning to the case. He looked briefly and turned to me.

"You sure that's it? That doesn't ring a bell," he said.

I tried a different bell.

"How about Dristan?"

"Dristan?" He shook his head. "You sure that's the name?"

"Not entirely. It's something like—Oh I know what it is," I said. "It's Allstate."

"Allstate," he said. "That sounds more like it."

We left him looking through his supply of pastes and powders.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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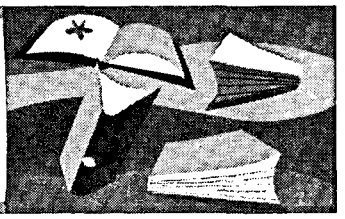
Trade Winds



More about wacky signs. Harold F. Smith says there are plenty of signs in the new Morris Library at Southern Illinois University: "Card Catalogue," "Reference Books," "Science Periodicals," and so on. Nevertheless, there is a regular parade of patrons asking for things that are labeled throughout the reading room. The staff is going to put up another sign saying, "Please Read the Signs."

It is reported in *Variety* that a plane from New York arrived in San Francisco forty minutes ahead of time because of tailwinds. Many passengers would not disembark, despite the pleas of the hostesses. It seems that Rock Hudson in *Man's Favorite Sport* was playing and the airplane had landed before the picture ended.

The crisis in fortune cookies: A terrible situation has developed in re-

gard to fortune cookies, and all because we're not talking to Red China. Somewhere in the mainland there must be old Chinese sages with the skill, cleverness, intellect, and philosophical know-how to conjure up some worthy fortunes. The ones that are being baked up in this country today are enough to cause Confucius to lose face.

I bought a dozen fortune cookies in Chinatown. I opened them all and read the fortunes, throwing the cookies away because, as usual, they are tasteless and virtually inedible, casting a poor light on Oriental bakery. But the "fortunes"—oh, my! Here are a few samples:

"Combine business with pleasure." Now, really, don't you think something has been lost in translation?

"Laugh all the time—people will think you are crazy." What kind of advice is that?

"Do as your mate pleases." Now they're going in for marriage counseling.

"Beware of flying saucers." There must be a hidden meaning in that one.

"Saturday is your lucky day." I kind of liked that one until I opened another cookie that declared, "Monday is your lucky day."

I understand from Harold Baron, who knows fortune cookie lore, that one man in New York thinks up all the fortunes for all the cookies. He needs help. Maybe we should give it to him, until we can find out what the Red Chinese are putting in *their* cookies.

Not much more than a year ago, Jim Drought, a thirty-two-year-old ex-paratrooper, was a respected magazine editor by day and an author by night. He had written a couple of novels he thought were good, but he couldn't get them published. This is a frustrating experience familiar to many. But Drought did something about it. After about twenty publishers had turned down *The Secret*, he cried "Geronimo!" and borrowed some money and published it himself. His wife Lorna found a friendly New England printer, and the Drought home began to fill up with copies of *The Secret*. Calling his firm Skylight Press, Jim climbed into his old car and began a selling tour that took him thousands of miles to fifty campuses. Now, more than 100 university-operated bookstores sell *The Secret* and his second novel, *Mover*. Both books have received exciting and usually favorable reviews, and the Droughts have a new car.

Drought has two or three more books finished and a publishing schedule that carries him into 1965. The most recent break has been a deal with Avon to publish *The Secret* and *Mover* in paperback—while Skylight Press keeps on with the higher-priced editions on the campuses, where Drought's message seems to go over big with the younger generation.

"This is a stunning development," Drought told me. "It will blow everything wide open in the publishing business. It takes us back to the medieval period. This is the way Chaucer and those guys used to publish: create something and take it to the bookstores. Young people today don't realize that they can publish their own stuff—a newspaper, a book, poetry—as long as they can sell enough copies to their friends, relatives, or local stores to make it pay. It's a passing fad for the artist to deal with a middleman.

"Professors are always telling their students how bad the mass media are and yet they go right on training the kids for that field, treating it as though it were a fixed institution. But it isn't. The publishing business is going to fragment. All authors should own the company that publishes them. You put the agent's fee in one pocket, the author's fee in the other. Then you subtract expenses and what's left is your profit. Why should a writer give this profit to a stranger?"

Sharps and Flats: The astronomers have discovered 3C 147, several billion light years away. They call it "the furthest star," but I suspect the time will come when we call it one of the close ones.

► The lobby of the Manhattan Savings Bank has in it two sports cars, a tent, a campfire, simulated grass, a live golf pro, and other things I can't recall now. If you go in far enough you can even find some tellers.

► Alfred Rosenblatt of Laconia, New Hampshire, says that because of the strong antidiscrimination law in his state the new sweepstakes tickets are sold to anyone, regardless of race, color, or greed.

► Gloria Parloff declares a dentist doesn't advertise because his best publicity is by word of mouth.

► The *Yorkshire Post* reports that Jack Craig, a coal miner and spare-time artist of Blaydon-on-Tyne, has just sold his 15,000th picture. All his works are painted on hardboiled eggs, most requests being for Crucifixion and Last Supper scenes, although this year portraits of the Beatles have been much in demand.

► Disregard previous cookie.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1567)

(*EMILE*) Capouya:
(*DAYS OF*)

THE DANGEROUS VIRTUES
(From *Saturday Review*, February 6, 1964)

How much literary criticism is untainted with condescension? What biographer can refrain from patronizing? Even an undergraduate is ready to remind us that Aristotle, after all, lived in a society based on slave labor, and so goodnight, Aristotle.

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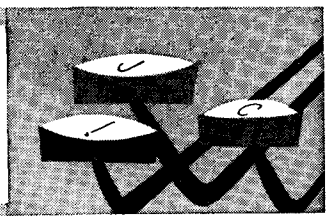
Manner of Speaking



Sermon Notes: Text I: "Nothing Is Really Hard But to Be Real:"

—Now let me tell you why I said that. Try to put yourself into an experimental mood. Stop right here and try to review everything you felt about this line. Did you accept it as wisdom? As perception? As a gem, maybe, for your private anthology of Telling Truths?

—My point is that the line is fraudulent. A blurb. It is also relevant that I know at least a dozen devoutly intellectual journals that will gladly buy any fourteen such lines plus a tinny rhyme-scheme and compound the felony by calling that a sonnet.

—Very well, then, I am a cynic. Though, for the record, let me add that I am a cynic with one wife, three children, and other investments. Whoever heard of a cynic carrying a pack for the fun of it? It won't really do. I'm something else.

—Were I to dramatize myself, I'd say I am a theologian who keeps meeting the devil as a master of makeup, and that among his favorite impersonations he appears, often as not, as the avuncular old ham who winks, tugs his ear, and utters such gnomic garbage as: "Nothing is really hard but to be real."

—I guess what the devil gets out of this, if he is the fool he seems to be, is the illusion of imitating heaven. If, on the other hand, he is no fool, then his deceptions are carefully practiced, and we are all damned. For all of us, unless we are carefully warned, will accept such noises as examples of the sound an actual mind makes.

—Why are we damned then? I am glad you asked that. It is, as we say to flatter oafs, a good question. (Meaning, usually, the one we were fishing for. Good.) In any case, I may now pretend to think out the answer I have memorized:

—We are damned for accepting as the sound a man makes, the sound of something else, thereby losing the truth of our own sound.

—How do we learn our own sound? (Another good question. Thank you.)

—By listening to what men there have been and are.

—By reading more poets than jurists (without scorning law).

—And by reading what we read not for its oration, but for its resemblance to that sound in which we best hear most of what a man is. Get that sound into your heads and you will know what to exclude—

—*if* there is enough exclusion in you to keep the pie-plates out of the cymbals, the tin horns out of the brass section, the baling wire out of the strings, and thereby to let the notes roll full to the ear that has listened enough to be a listener.

—As for the devil, when he has finished every impersonation, the best he will have been able to accomplish is only that sound which is exactly *not* the music.

Text Two: From Emmanuel Kant: "The Starry Heavens, The Moral Law":

Kant saw them as the two eternal
sources of awe:
"the starry heavens above, the moral law within."
Both of which it is possible to
doubt, but all in all,
impossible not to have thought
about. Stated as Law:
everyone would like heaven as a
second skin.

We know we are here and small at
the outskirts of
some fabulous system we sense
above and far off,
we of this grainy planet of this pebbly sun
at the pelagic fringe, who dreamed
ourselves once
the size and center, and called it
Father and Love.

And we sense we are related to one
another
by some compact whose terms we
all forever
puzzle at, wander from, but return
to, and must again,
from every loss of phrasing and abdication
of ourselves. And think to call that,
Man.

Take it for awe if you like. Whatever we mean *is*
in a dimension like truth, as we
dream it. But awe
is the invention of ourselves.—Call
the compact Law,
call those lights Heaven; but add
this:
they are themselves nothing. They
imagine *us.*

No, not even that. It is we who
imagine them
imagining us. Another species
might have been born
blind and found its awe in the unseen edges of stone,
or in the endless peeling and reunion of a stream
around a dipped hand. Anything
can find its dream

in anything: it is there to be found.
What made
stars more than rock and water?
Whatever we are born to,
a mystery will follow. We do
need one another. The rest we
adapt to. Mud
is heaven enough for crocodiles.
Suppose we grew

senses for the motion of roots under
us? heard waves
of one another's thoughts? or the
breaking of flesh in graves?
We should build ourselves then to
such hearkenings,
live in them, find our mysteries and
imaginings
in them. And still we should need
those things

and one another. Separation is the
one death. As life is
the fitting and refitting of what we
shall never quite
join. We are—and what are we?
Found wrong. Lost right.
Floundering and in love. All of us,
somewhere. Meaningless?
No. Only—unsayable to ourselves.
Though I might

say most of it for myself if you
would carve it
over my head at the speaking time:
Thank you
for the experience which I, lovingly, did not
understand.—And not to waste
good stone, a usable plot,
nor any love, let me beg that if you
do

honor my wish, you make my stone
a bench. Anyone
who will stop by another man's life
may need to sit down.

—John Ciardi.

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Chess Corner No. 90

IT'S better to be lucky than good, say the cynics. But a combination of luck and talent is better still.

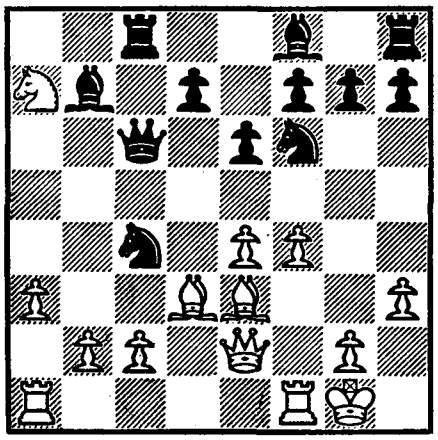
A striking example was provided by Jon Kristinsson of Iceland and ex-world champion Mikhail Tal of the Soviet Union in the recent international Reykjavik round robin. Tal, continuing in the tempestuous mood that has garnered many top prizes in world events, overreaches himself this time. Taken by surprise by his adversary's strategem, 13 N/3xP, he counters with a Queen sacrifice, 15 . . . NxB 16 NxQ, which is faulty.

Tal's 16 . . . B-B4, at first glance a brilliant waiting move, seems to retrieve sufficient material. It does so, however, only because White is frightened by the specter of a discovered check. White runs with his King instead of cooly playing 17 N-K5, which would have let him take all the discoveries in stride.

His opponent's panic gave lucky Tal the point.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

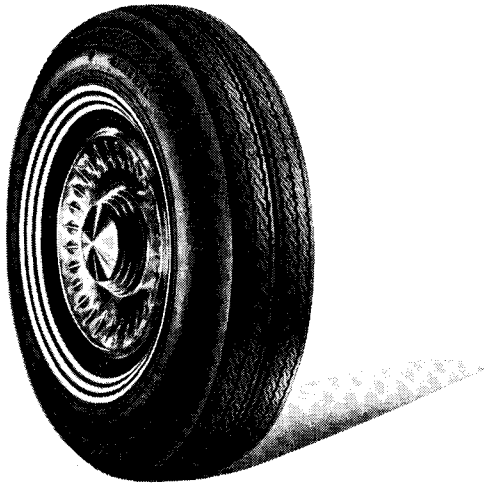
Kristinsson White	Tal Black	Kristinsson White	Tal Black
1 P-K4	P-CB4	8 B-K3	P-QN4
2 N-KB3	P-K3	9 P-QR3	B-N2
3 P-Q4	PxP	10 Q-K2	N-K4
4 NxP	P-QR3	11 P-R3	R-B1
5 N-QB3	Q-B2	12 P-E4	N-B5
6 B-Q3	N-KB3	13 N/3xP	PxN
7 O-O	N-B3	14 NxNP	Q-B3
	15 N-R7	. . . . .	



15	NxB	27 P-N3	R-R2
16 NxQ	B-B4?	28 K-N2	R/2-N2
17 K-R2?	NxPch	29 PxP	RxP
18 RxN	BxN	30 R-B3	N-R2
19 P-B4	P-Q3	31 Q-K1	N-N4
20 Q-B2	B-Q5	32 R-B1	NxKP
21 P-QN4	P-K4	33 BxN	RxPch
22 P-KB5	K-K2	34 K-R2	R-N7ch
23 P-QR4	P-N3	35 K-R1	R-Nch
24 P-N5	B-R1	36 RxR	RxRch
25 Q-K2	QRK-N1	37 QxR	BxBch
26 P-R5	P-R4	Resigns	

—Al Horowitz.

Forget flats...Forget blowouts
Now forget wear, too!



It's a puncture-sealing General Dual 90
with new Duragen rubber.

GENERAL TIRE T.M.
THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

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CAPITALIST

This young schoolgirl is one of more than a million General Motors shareholders. Her parents recently purchased a number of shares of GM stock as the beginning of a fund for her college education. As a shareholder, she could be called, in effect, a capitalist.

Of course, there's nothing exclusive about GM ownership. Every age group and most occupations are represented. GM shareholders live in every state of the nation, every Canadian province and more than 80 foreign countries. More than half of all individual shareholders are women. Three quarters of the people who own GM stock have a hundred shares or less; 85 per cent own less than two hundred.

People is the key word at GM. More than 600,000 employes, thousands of suppliers and dealers—plus the more than a million shareholders—*they are the backbone of General Motors progress.*

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You

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Saturday Review
April 25, 1964

Position Papers–1964

What a Southern Conservative Thinks

By James J. Kilpatrick

This is the second in an occasional series of articles describing various political positions that figure prominently in the 1964 Presidential campaign. The author of the following position paper is James J. Kilpatrick, editor of the editorial page of the Richmond *News Leader* and author of *The Sovereign States* and *The Southern Case for School Segregation*. The first article in the series on liberal Republicanism was written by Arthur Larson [*SR*, Feb. 29]. Forthcoming articles in the series will deal with liberalism, inside and outside the Democratic Party.

IT WAS late on the afternoon of Friday, December 20, and the Senate floor was almost deserted. The pending business was the National Arts and Cultural Development Act of 1963. With a few eloquent flourishes, Mr. Pell urged his small pre-Christmas audience to approve a bill intended to enhance the national prestige and to "give the American artist the recognition he yearns for."

"Mr. President," said Senator Thurmond, interrupting, "I wish to propound a query to the distinguished Senator from Rhode Island: Under what provision of the Constitution does the Senator from Rhode Island feel that the national government has jurisdiction to act in legislation of this kind?"

"The Senator from South Carolina has raised a valid question," said Mr. Pell.

Mr. Thurmond had indeed raised a valid question. He never got a valid answer to it. In the present state of constitutional decay, he is not likely ever to get a valid answer to it. The distinguished Senator from Rhode Island suggested feebly that perhaps the power vested in the Congress "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts" might cover a bill to provide subsidies for symphonies, but he did not insist on this view. The general welfare clause, he thought, provided a sufficient foundation. "I recognize," said Mr. Pell, "that the distinguished Senator from South Carolina has a narrower view or interpretation of the general welfare clause than do I."

The position taken by the junior Senator from Rhode Island would have shocked James Madison, who expressed in *Federalist 41* his absolute incredulity that any man could imagine that the general welfare clause vested in the Congress an unlimited commission of authority. Such a misconstruction, he wrote, is an "absurdity."

ABSURD or not, the Senate approved the National Arts and Cultural Development Act by voice vote that Friday afternoon, with Mr. Thurmond's sadly Southern "nay" sounding a lonesome trumpet in the empty hall. The bill now languishes in the House Committee on Education. In the course of time—if not this year, then surely next—the bill will be written into law, and the one hundred and fifth (or sixth, or seventh) program of federal grants-in-aid will add its $10,000,000 a year to the torrent that pours from Washington.

The colloquy between the two Senators brought fleetingly into focus one of the many fuzzy areas of American philosophy that figure so vitally in any appraisal of political positions in 1964. If the Presidential campaign is to have great value, these areas must be explored, defined, thought about. Mr. Goldwater's surpassing value to the country, if he could only get on a steady course, would lie in channeling thought in these directions. He found it hard going in New Hampshire and may fare no better in California, for there is a great antipathy in this country to thought of any sort; but he is a persistent fellow, and he may yet be heard.

My hope is that Mr. Goldwater will recover from his licking and go on to hammer incessantly at the elementary theme of man in a free society—what is happening to man, what is happening to society. Other issues are tempting: Cuba, for instance, and the inconsistencies of feeding the hand that would bury us. These are fair targets. But if the temperature of the cold war remains fairly constant, broad issues of foreign policy, disarmament, and the like seem to me unlikely to arouse the average voter. A conservative critic could get some mileage out of specific incidents, in Cyprus, Cambodia, Zanzibar, and practically everywhere else, but the cold war as such, in terms of a massive conflict between East and West, has become mostly a bore; it has run on too long to have much personal meaning. Neither does it seem to me that the old gut issues, the issues of jobs and prosperity, will offer conservatives much opportunity for effective debate on the facts. These are important, to be sure, in terms of the free enterprise philosophy, but the potentially great issues of current campaign lie a little closer than Castro and Cuba.

AS the chief political spokesman for American conservatism, Senator Goldwater can best advance his own cause—and his country's—by forcing these issues to the surface. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there is a considerable sense of unease developing in this republic at the monolithic shape our society is taking. The Jeffersonian dictum that the best government is the least government

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is being openly repudiated, by Senator Clark among others. In its place, a monstrous theory is gaining adherents that the best government is the most government. President Johnson's State of the Union address made this implicit: No mountaineer's shack escapes his benevolent eye.

THE growing impotency of the individual man offers an issue Goldwater could get his teeth into. He doubtless would have to treat the problem principally in political specifics—in terms of Medicare, mass transit, public housing, food stamps, farm subsidies, and a dozen new programs of federal grants-in-aid—but the evil reaches beyond the vast areas of governmental power. It is the sickness Vance Packard is writing about in his brilliant new book *The Naked Society*. It is the loss of privacy, the loss of self, the loss of variety; and the virus manifests itself in giant corporations and giant unions, in automated mills and prefabricated parts, in Zip Codes and symbols and a Social Security number for the baby. Within our central cities, the high-rise hive reduces man to apiarian toil; beyond the central cities, row upon dreary row of the same houses stretch as far as the eye can see, waiting for their self-trapped owners to return.

If I were Senator Goldwater, I would wage my war upon Big Brother; it is not so very far to 1984. I would plead that a free society never was meant to be pressed, like pig iron, into molds. I would try to recapture the old vision of limited government under a written Constitution—the very vision Senator Thurmond bespoke that Friday afternoon—in the hope that some embers of freedom and federalism might be rekindled. These are the fires we once warmed our hearts by.

Within this campaign's area of political concern, no domestic issue seems to me of more surpassing importance than the slow decay of the Constitution. The process affects almost every major bill before the Congress. The excuse for circumventing old doctrines of strict construction is that our twentieth-century masters feel too cramped within the house of their fathers. The original architects built upon a great foundation; they erected walls that would be load-bearing walls; they gave to the Constitution a sense of grand design and perfect proportion; and they provided for orderly expansion through the amendment process.

Today's undisciplined tenants are impatient with all that. Amendment takes too long. Besides, the owners might not approve. With the help of industrious judges, the forces of Democratic liberalism are far along on a lavish remodeling job. They would do the place over. They would make it more *flexible*.

Who would recognize the old house today? The foundation of our federal system falls prey to the busy little tunnels of busy little men. Some new stories, split-level, have been added to the rear. The roof is all askew. A general rumpus room protrudes at the side. The massive old walls that separated the judiciary from the legislature, and the legislature from the executive, and the powers delegated to the central government from the powers reserved to the states—these walls have crumbled. The Senator from South Carolina, gazing upon the demolition, vainly asks a valid question. Not many persons even ask the question.

Some months ago I entered a subscription to the daily *Federal Register*. The back copies, stacked high as a tombstone on an office table, provide a melancholy epitaph to the political organism that Madison conceived. The *Register* is nothing more than a compilation of federal rules, regulations, and executive decrees. Volume 28, covering the calendar year 1963, ran to 14,842 pages.

WHAT have the agencies of our central government been up to lately? The Federal Trade Commission is concerned with household furniture: It decrees that furniture of birch shall not be labeled maple. Another of its regulations has to do with tablecloths: It decrees their uniform size. Applicants for licenses to import badger hair should seek their allocations early. The Army and the AEC propose to use cobalt 60 for the gamma radiation of lemons. The Federal Crop Insurance Corporation will accept insurance on the safflower crop in Cheyenne County, Nebraska. The Food and Drug Administration proposes to authorize the use of ferric salts of ethylenediaminetetraacetic acid in food-packaging adhesives. Seasonal price differentials are to continue for eighteen months on Class I milk in the Rio Grande Valley. Live minnows may not be used for fishing in the Okefenokee Refuge. It is ordered that, commencing with reports for the first quarter of 1964, and thereafter until further order, Railway Express Agency, Inc., shall compile and file in accordance with Form PTR-E, Piggyback Traffic Terminated by Express Companies, statistics of piggyback operations, as defined therein.

Page after page, fine as strips of gauze, the regulations bind us up. Many of them doubtless are necessary and proper to the performance of constitutional functions. But many of them are not necessary, not proper; and the bad and the good, the valid and invalid, pour upon us as parts of the same massive stream. In this deluge the human spirit drowns.

The conservative asks not to be mis-

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understood: He does not question the necessity for a strong central government. Few of us need to be reminded that Madison lies in his tomb and jet planes soar above his beautiful Montpelier, and man's own tiny satellites now orbit through the twentieth-century skies. The simplistic society of 1788 is gone now; enemies more dangerous than Barbary pirates dominate the world; and Megalopolis must be governed.

But the conservative would insist that old principles endure. Their vitality remains. There was a reason for limiting the powers of the central government, and a reason for reserving all other powers to the states. There was shrewd perception in the whole system of checks and balances—the perception of men who saw far ahead. Congress seldom troubles to recall these reasons now.

No theme runs more consistently through the debates of the ratifying conventions than the fear of an excessively powerful central government. The object of the framers was, of course, to create a strong union, but almost every delegation of power to the Congress was matched by a cautious snatching-back. In all the affairs that most intimately concerned the people, they wanted government kept close at home where the people could maintain a watchful eye upon it. In no other fashion, Patrick Henry insisted, could liberty—this perfect jewel—be preserved from the centralizers who would steal it away.

The grand plan was not based on fear alone but on an intuitive conviction also. Mason insisted that the "variety of climates and local interests" required that the states be left forever free to experiment with forms of government most congenial to their people. Monroe sounded the same theme: Georgia and New Hampshire must be left to legislate to their own local tastes. Pendleton, who supported the Constitution, felt confident that the central government never would "intermeddle with the local particular affairs of the states." After all, said Pendleton, searching for the most far-fetched example he could find, could the Congress make a law "controlling the transfer of property in Virginia"?

The Senate has such a law before it now.

My reference, of course, is to the pending Civil Rights Bill. If it ever were possible for this bill to be considered in peace and quiet, free of the messianic emotionalism of its proponents, I believe vast numbers of Americans (and at least a few members of the Congress) would be appalled at what the bill contains. To a stunning degree, this proposal embraces the very evils I have been discussing here.

The bill opens by trampling across the fences that have separated state and federal powers in the area of voting rights. Only a small part of Title I even pretends to be based upon the Fifteenth Amendment, which deals with discrimination in voting by reason of race. Most of this section is based upon a bland misreading of the power vested in the Congress to alter state "regulations" dealing with "the manner of conducting elections." Under this specious justification, the bill would prescribe new laws governing the qualifications of voters.

"Mr. Millard, I'm forty. It's time I was told what I'm in training *for*."

THE bill continues with a public accommodations section that would plunge federal authority into an area never touched before. By a contorted twisting of the power "to regulate commerce among the states," the bill would impose an unprecedented federal requirement upon the smallest soda fountain in the land. In an equally shocking perversion of the Fourteenth Amendment, the bill would prevent the proprietor of such an establishment from seeking the aid of his own local government in making his property rights secure. New signs would be erected: "Trespassers Allowed."

Other provisions of the bill would vest new responsibilities in the Federal Commissioner of Education for intermeddling in local schools; would place drastic powers, only lightly checked by judicial review, in the hands of administrators of federal grants, contracts, and loans; and finally, again in the name of the commerce clause, would create a sprawling new federal agency to find and police discrimination by race, religion, or sex in every office or plant in the country having as many as twenty-five employees.

This is centralism of power achieved quite literally with a vengeance—with vengeance against the South and with cynical political motives as well. These days the country's heart is said to bleed for the downtrodden Negro; it appears to bleed most copiously in the close congressional districts. This emotionalism, some of which is sincere and much of which is sham, is about to lead to a perversion of the Constitution and to the proliferation of new swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance. In the end, in areas affected by this bill, government will not be closer to the people; it will be more remote from them and hence more difficult to restrain. Ancient rights of property, which government was instituted to make secure, will be diminished through the coercions of government itself. Maybe all this will help the Negro. I doubt it. I feel certain it will undermine our federal system.

The proliferation of bureaucracy and the steady corruption of the Constitution, under the guise of shaping its provisions to make them more adaptable to the twentieth century, seem to me both symptoms and causes of other national problems in this campaign year. These trends, in my own view, have contributed materially to a weakening of personal responsibility and to a growing contempt for law. Some of the values that once counted so greatly in the American character are values seldom defended any more.

There is, for one example, the value of work. "Work" threatens to become a

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dirty word. (Again, the conservative begs not to be misunderstood: He is not advocating a return to the sixty-hour week; he is talking here of attitudes alone.) Increasingly, the emphasis slips away from work, as such, and goes to means for getting out of work. Across the country, labor contracts steadily call for longer vacations, added holidays, time off for attending funerals of distant in-laws. We shall yet live to see a Cabinet Secretary for Leisure Occupations and American Fun. His agency assuredly will be known as LOAF.

We are losing the concept that work should be rewarded. It used to be assumed, all other things being equal, that if A worked twice as hard as B, then A would have twice as much to show for his labors at the year's end. But this is no longer so, for B is taxed at 26 per cent and A at 42. The deadening national policy is not to reward incentive but to blight it. Not long ago, I sought to employ a woman, part-time, to handle some secretarial work. She was a widow, still young, experienced, competent; she seemed enthusiastic about the work. But she cautiously inquired of her government advisers what effect her prospective earnings might have upon her pension and Social Security benefits. It turned out that she would have lost money by going to work. So far as I know, she still spends her days in idleness at home, watching television.

It is not merely the idea of work, as such, that seems to fade in our affluent society; it is also the concept of quality in work. The virus of planned obsolescence has infected a great part of American industry. What price craftsmanship these days? We cannot afford it. What has become of the race of men who took pride in their skill? This is a vanishing race. All too often, we settle for mediocrity instead.

I submit that one profound reason for this lies in the superficial doctrines of "equality" that arouse such passions today. Ordinarily sane men have succumbed to the national lunacy that all men ought to be regarded, quite literally, as equal. There is not a word of truth in the notion; it is demonstrably false, as Louis taught Braddock. Yet the philosophy is embedded in labor contracts that pay all men by a single scale. It underlies the fanatical demand that literacy tests be banned as a qualification for voting. It beguiles some of the professional educators who abolish spelling bees lest the dull-witted child suffer pains in his psyche. Perhaps it is true that in the books of the One Great Scorer, it matters not who won or lost, but how you played the game. Here on earth, the docile acceptance of this vague, kindly maxim subverts the competitive instinct. *Everybody* has won, said the Dodo, and *all* must have prizes.

It may be that today the American people are satisfied with the honeycomb life, that they love security more and liberty less, that they are agreeable to seeing the state and local governments function as mere tails to the federal kite. No man who reads the *Congressional Record* can fail to be impressed by the large number of memorials from town councils beseeching federal aid. Yet there is just enough evidence of spunky independence to make me doubt that old principles have been completely cast aside. In any event, I believe the people are entitled in this campaign to the clearest possible choice of political philosophies. If the Republicans fail to provide such a choice in their candidate and platform, the campaign will degenerate to a rousing rendition of *Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better.*

The choice can be offered in a hundred specific ways. Senator Goldwater was on sound ground some weeks ago in candidly urging that the public power functions of the Tennessee Valley Authority be sold to private utilities. Scores of similar business operations ought to be sold off also. There is a fine issue to be drawn on the future of state "right to work" laws; these have a value that may be largely symbolic, but symbols are important. On large questions of federal taxation, an impressive and politically attractive case could be made for gradual abandonment of progressive taxes on income. In areas of farm policy, if the 1963 wheat referendum is any guide, a solid appeal could be made for a trend back to greater freedom on the farm. In place of the economic farce known as Area Redevelopment, special tax incentives might be offered to businesses able to make a profit in depressed areas. Pledges to cut through the jungle of bureaucratic regimentation of railroads, trade, interstate commerce, and labor relations would command impressive support. The candidate who speaks up in behalf of property rights, repudiating the specious notion that property rights somehow are separate from "human rights," would attract voters across the nation as a whole.

The problems of preserving individual freedom in the teeming world of 2000 A.D., when 380,000,000 human beings are likely to inhabit the United States, are formidable problems. The candidate who would present the conservative position in this campaign must be prepared to deal realistically with the long-range future. When it comes to the conservation of natural resources, the preservation of open areas, the effective handling of air and water pollution, the necessity for strong government will have to be faced. Sound positions in these fields—many of them sketched by Secretary Udall in his recent book *The Quiet Crisis*—are not inconsistent with a conservative philosophy.

By the same token, the problem of maintaining an American identity in this dwindling world of "interdependence" is, of course, a difficult problem. Some persons would propose to solve it by subordinating that identity altogether in some form of world government. Yet there is a sound and responsible position to be taken in terms of our own flag, our own free institutions, the demonstrated worth of our essentially capitalist society. But this does not demand of a candidate, in the pejorative phrase, any "superpatriotism."

Such a candidate, advancing such positions, looking ahead—but looking back to constitutional principles, too—might well succeed in awakening emotions now deeply buried in the national subconscious. There is an umbilical longing, I believe, to return to old principles and make them work in new ways. If he succeeds in dramatizing these positions, presenting them persuasively, and appealing beyond the immediate hour to the wisdom of ages, such a candidate will do more than merely make a respectable race. Come November 3, he will win.

Citation

By John Ciardi

THIS decent executive person is
saying to me heartily to the economy
magnetically and to the casualties
here and hereabouts incomprehensibly

Nothing. He produces better ply-
wood more than, expands his business
very, and often conscientiously
serves whenever his country, his

community, his wife, faithfully always,
to his kids hail-fellowing, a pal, and
to his basement workshop at day's
end goes hobbily happy to cut and sand

precisions he knows all about. He could,
his wife girlie-giggles, almost make
a world (were worlds made of plywood)
showing me what-nots and a break-

front, and the slidingest concealed bar
in the rumpus room. And I, for one,
can testify that my assets are
much fat-folded since this good person

let me in on the ground floor of this
many-mansioned house whose towers
he has no cause to doubt, in whose
cellar he has never—horrors!—

thought to dig, nor of the deed read
more than his self-evidently enough-
signature, nor in his head
asked any foolish question of.

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The *SR*-Anisfield-Wolf Awards—1964

By ASHLEY MONTAGU

THE *SR*-ANISFIELD-WOLF AWARDS are generally given to two books each year that are judged by the award committee members to have made a significant contribution toward improving race relations. Each award carries a prize of $1,500.

This year, however, three books won. In view of their quality, the committee found it impossible to decide otherwise.

The three books are Bernhard E. Olson's *Faith and Prejudice* (Yale); Harold R. Isaacs's *The New World of Negro Americans* (John Day); and Nathan Glazer's and Daniel Patrick Moynihan's *Beyond the Melting Pot* (MIT).

Bernhard Olson's *Faith and Prejudice,* published under the direction of Yale Divinity School, represents seven years' research into publications, from four Protestant presses, that are used in church school teaching. Dr. Olson's sympathetic and original study offers a scientifically rigorous appraisal of religious teaching's contribution to intergroup attitudes, especially as transmitted through the publications of a liberal, a neo-orthodox, a conservative, and a fundamentalist publishing house. This solid, methodical study intelligently and authoritatively presents the basic data and conclusions that can be drawn from them and that can help bring about the needed changes. It is a splendid example of action-oriented research, carried out with sympathy and without ax-grinding.

Dr. Olson's book answers, for the first time, many questions that have occurred to all of us concerning the role played by religious teaching in group prejudices. It could substantially help to reduce them ultimately. It is gratifying to learn that other denominational groups have similar studies under way.

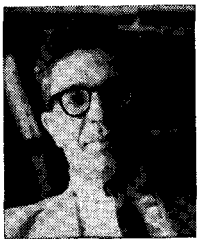
Harold R. Isaacs's *The New World of Negro Americans* deals with the impact of world affairs on race relations in America—particularly on the Negro, his conception of himself, and his place in society. This illuminating book is based on extensive interviews with many Negroes. It is the most refreshing and revealing contribution to our understanding of the forces that have been at work in the evolution of the American Negro's image of himself.

The New World of Negro Americans is part of Mr. Isaacs's continuing study of all American citizens' images and self-images and how they are being affected by changing political pressures since World War II. The effect on Negro Americans of the end of colonialism, of the weakening of Western white domination, and of the emergence of African and Asian peoples as nations has played a major role, as Mr. Isaacs shows dramatically, in the American Negro's revised self-image. No book in our time has contributed more to our understanding of the new world of Negro Americans than this one. It remains only to add that it is written with authority and skill and that it reads at least as well as the most absorbing of novels. It is a fine accomplishment.

In *Beyond the Melting Pot,* a sociologist, Dr. Nathan Glazer, and a political scientist, Dr. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, have combined their considerable talent to produce one of the most lively, informative studies of ethnic groups and relations in New York City that could have been wished for. The five ethnic groups are Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Jews, Italians, and Irish. Like most other cities in which a variety of ethnic groups lives, New York City, as the authors show, has not been a melting pot. Israel Zangwill's romantic notion has not become a reality. Indeed, a more useful and accurate approach to the study of ethnic groups and their relations lies in the clear, unromanticized recognition and examination of the facts. Toward that end, the authors have brilliantly set before the reader these essential facts. We are thus provided with a clear statement of the prevailing situation. This is truly an extraordinarily illuminating book.

The Winning Authors

BERNHARD E. OLSON, author of *Faith and Prejudice,* is an ordained Methodist minister who is currently serving as an instructor and research associate at Union Theological Seminary. His award-winning book grew out of an exacting analysis of curriculum materials, with emphasis on the images Protestants are being taught about other groups. A native of Pennsylvania, he has been pastor of six Methodist churches. He lives in Baldwin, Long Island, with his wife and their three daughters.



NATHAN GLAZER, co-author of *Beyond the Melting Pot,* is a professor of sociology at the University of California in Berkeley. He studied sociology, anthropology, and linguistics at City College of New York, the University of Pennsylvania, and Columbia and was for eight years an associate editor of *Commentary.* His previous books are *American Judaism* and *The Social Basis of American Communism.* In addition, he is a co-author of *The Lonely Crowd* and *Faces in the Crowd.*

HAROLD R. ISAACS, author of *The New World of Negro Americans,* is a lecturer in political science and a research associate at MIT's Center for International Studies. A former associate editor and foreign correspondent for *Newsweek,* he has been writing about international affairs and race problems for some thirty years. In 1950, after receiving a Guggenheim fellowship, he left journalism for the academic world. Among his other books are *The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution* and *No Peace for Asia.*

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The Orphans and the Maidens

Report from Hiroshima

SATURDAY REVIEW readers have participated in two Hiroshima rehabilitation projects. The first involved some 400 youngsters who were orphaned by the August 5, 1945 explosion. The orphans were "morally adopted" by *SR* readers who helped provide for their upbringing and education in Hiroshima. The second project concerned the "Hiroshima Maidens," a group of young ladies who were crippled or disfigured by the bombing and who were brought to the United States for plastic and reconstructive surgery. Here, too, *SR* readers helped finance the undertaking and joined in the hospitality program for the Maidens.

Some background about the "moral adoptions" project: On our first visit to Hiroshima fifteen years ago, we met some of the children whose parents were killed by the bombing. Most of the youngsters were in orphanages which were undergoing considerable hardship in the aftermath of the war. It seemed to us it might be desirable, and mutually beneficial, if some direct connection could be made between Americans and the bomb orphans. This hope was expressed in an article in *SR*. Hundreds of readers responded, with the result that a specific program of aid for individual children and for the orphanages in general was established. There were so many more "moral parents" than children that it became necessary to have entire groups share in the parentage. Classes of American schoolchildren or Rotarian or civic clubs became collective foster parents.

In a sense, the orphanage program led to the Hiroshima Maidens project. One of the men whose advice and help was most useful in working with the children was the Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto, the American-educated Methodist minister whose experiences in Hiroshima the day of the atomic bombing were described in John Hersey's *Hiroshima*. In 1953, Kiyoshi Tanimoto introduced us to the "Maidens"—a group of bomb victims ranging in age from the late teens to middle twenties. Most of them were so badly crippled or scarred that they were reluctant to appear in public. Only a few of them had been able to obtain employment. Marriage seemed out of the question. They found a social outlet in Kiyoshi Tanimoto's church, meeting in the evenings and taking part in group activities.

Some of the moral adoption orphans now have children of their own.

Kiyoshi Tanimoto told us of his dream that the girls might be brought to the United States for surgical treatment. (At that time, plastic and reconstructive surgery in Japan was not well developed as a highly specialized branch of medicine.) Back in the United States, we discussed the project with leaders of the American Friends Service Committee in New York, with the American Red Cross, with government officials, and with the American medical advisor to the orphans program, Dr. William M. Hitzig, of New York. A special committee of Friends was created to map out a hospitality and psychological rehabilitation program for the girls when not in the hospital. The girls were to live in American homes, share family activities and responsibilities, and receive special education or training that might be useful in making them self-sufficient on their return to Japan. Mrs. Jeanne Benenson, who had served as volunteer executive secretary of the orphans project, agreed to act as coordinator for the Maidens.

Dr. Hitzig put us in touch with Dr. Arthur J. Barsky of New York, one of the world's leading plastic surgeons. Dr. Barsky agreed to direct the surgical program and brought two colleagues into the project with him, Dr. Sidney Kahn and Dr. Bernard Simon. Dr. Hitzig would be in charge of internal medicine.

General John Edwin Hull, Commander-in-Chief of the Far East Command, agreed to supply an Air Force plane for flying the Maidens to the United States. Pan American Airways agreed to fly the Maidens back to Japan.

Altogether, it was almost two years before the preparations were completed. Twenty-five Maidens arrived in the United States in May 1955. Accompanying the Maidens were three Japanese surgeons and physicians—Dr. Tomin Harada, Dr. Mariko Takahashi, and Dr. Goro Ouchi. After a brief period for sightseeing and adjustment, the girls began their appointments with the surgeons. Many of the operations called for complicated transplants of skin and tissue. Other operations were to make hands and feet functional again. Altogether, more than 125 surgical operations were performed. Meanwhile, Dr. Hitzig and his associates attended to the non-surgical problems.

When not in the hospital or at home convalescing, many of the girls studied English, developed their skills in the

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arts, and learned useful vocations. One of them was trained in dress designing at Bergdorf-Goodman. Several studied social welfare. Others became skilled in ceramics and jewelry-making. One became a nurse. After a year and a half in the United States, the group took off in a Pan American plane for Tokyo, then flew to Hiroshima in General Hull's own plane.

An important and related feature of the Maidens project was the training of Japanese doctors in plastic and reconstructive surgery. The men brought to the United States for the purpose were able not only to operate on needy victims in Hiroshima and Nagasaki but were instrumental in instituting plastic surgery courses in Japanese medical schools and hospitals.

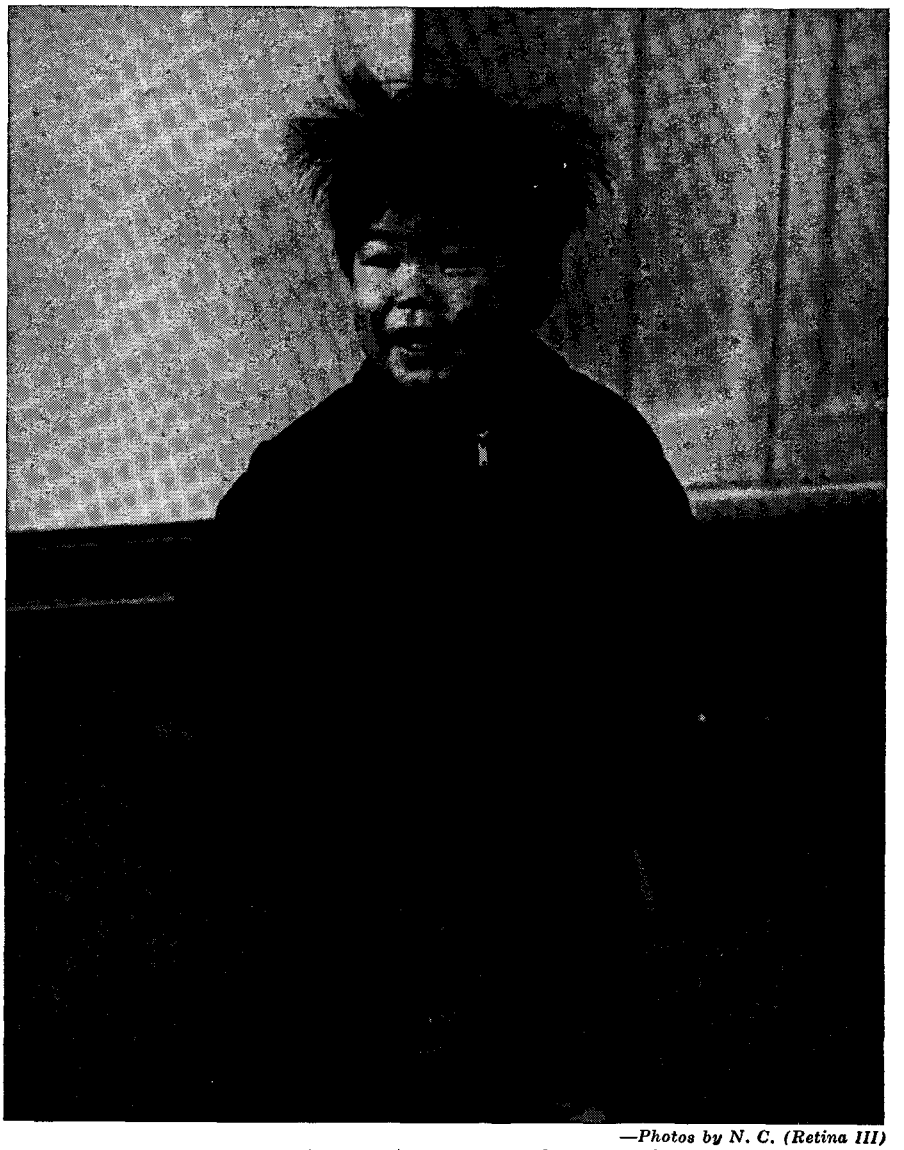
Since 1957, close contact has been maintained with both the Maidens and the leaders of the orphanage program in Hiroshima. Each year one or more Americans who were involved in the moral adoptions project or the Maidens project or both would visit Hiroshima and report on their visits. Some of these reports have appeared in these pages. But it has been almost two years since the last comprehensive account. Accordingly, when we received an invitation from Mayor Shinzo Hamai, of Hiroshima, to visit the city and renew old friendships, we gratefully accepted. It had been almost seven years since our last visit to Hiroshima; we didn't need much urging.

Soon after our plane arrived at Hiroshima's new airport, we were submerged in an affectionate tidal wave—Maidens and their families, moral adoptees and staff directors and members of the orphanages, Mayor Shinzo Hamai, the Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto, Dr. Tomin Harada, Dr. Mariko Takahashi, Dr. Goro Ouchi. Some of the Maidens had brought their children. This earth contains a substantial number of wonders, but few of them can compare with a Japanese infant fully swathed in traditional Japanese dress. Hideko Sumimura, the youngest of the Maidens and hardly more than an infant herself at the time of her arrival in the United States, was at the airport with two babies of her own.

Terue Takeda was there with her three children, Yoshi Harada with two, Suzue Oshima with two. After a generous round of baby-bouncing and baby-kissing, we concluded that running for political office wasn't as bad as we had thought.

The next day we attended ceremonies at the mayor's office where we accepted, on behalf of the American Quakers, the American "moral parents," Doctors Barsky, Simon, Kahn, Hitzig, Pan American World Airways, and the

Sayoko Komatsu and six-month-old daughter arrive at a restaurant in Hiroshima for a get-together dinner party with an American friend.



—Photos by N. C. (Retina III)

Norman (Niimoto) Sasamori, eighteen months old and ready to take on a flock of wild horses.

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U.S. Air Force, the certificate of honorary citizenship. Then came five days of activities—visits with Maidens and their families; visits to the orphanages; at least a half-dozen festive lunches and dinner parties.

With Kiyoshi Tanimoto as our traveling companion and interpreter, we made the rounds of the orphanages. All but a few of the children who were orphaned by the bomb are now on their own. Some are still in college. Some have returned to the orphanages as staff members. Most of them have become part of everyday life in Hiroshima as teachers, tradesmen, apprentices, housewives. Many of them are married with children of their own. Almost all of them still maintain contact with their American moral parents.

We were luncheon guests of some fifty moral adoptees. One after another they spoke of their present situations and of their parents in the United States. One of the girls said her greatest ambition was to come to the United States to help care for her foster mother, now infirm. Another girl is graduating from college in the spring as a specialist in nutrition and home economics; she would like to do graduate work in the U.S. Still another girl has just graduated from dressmaking school and has several prospects for a good job. One of the boys said he wants to be a Buddhist priest like his father, who was killed in the bombing when he ran out to help survivors. Another boy, now twenty, has finished a long apprenticeship as an expert barber and is looking forward to owning his own shop. A young man whom we had known as a talented child pianist has another year of study to complete before being qualified to teach music in the Hiroshima schools.

One of the orphans came to lunch with his wife and three-year-old son. With the training he received in the print shop at the Hiroshima Orphanage, he was able to obtain a good job at a local printing establishment. Another boy with machine-shop training at his orphanage spoke of his satisfaction with his present job in a large factory.

Some faces were missing from among the original group of orphanage directors fifteen years ago. Mother Elizabeth Nagata, who through the force of her own personality built one of the first orphanages in the area, and whose ecumenical spirit made her a much-loved person, has been transferred to Kyushu. Her work is being carried on by Sister Margaret. But Yorito Kamikuri still directs the Shisei Gakuen Orphanage, with its roster of eighty children. And Kogi Kitamura, like his father and grandfather, manages the Shudoin Orphanage. For almost a century, the Shudoin Orphanage has been operated as a family enterprise. But its present buildings are outmoded and help is needed. Some rebuilding is also required for three other orphanages; here, too, outside help would be most useful.

• • •

WE had the good fortune of being able to spend considerable time with the Maidens, individually and collectively. The most significant thing that can be said about them is that the term "Maidens" is now largely symbolic. Many of the girls are now married; they have a total of sixteen children. Fifteen of the twenty-five girls who made the journey to the United States are now living in Hiroshima; five are living in other parts of Japan; two are living in the United States. Three have died.

One of the girls, Toyoko Minowa, is an expert fashion designer and dressmaker with a small establishment of her own in Tokyo. Her principal difficulty lies in getting enough talented assistance to meet the demand for her products. Miss Minowa has helped train several other Maidens who now have careers of their own. Emiko Takemoto and Michiko Yamaoka are now teaching advanced classes in design and dressmaking in Hiroshima. Yoshie Enikowa owns a small yarn and knitting shop. Customers buy or bring yarn and Miss Enikowa does made-to-order work. She has occasional help from Chieko Kimura, who would like to spend more time at the store but has to be at home much of the time with her mother, now extremely ill. Masako Wada has a job as caseworker at the Hiroshima Christian Social Center and is involved in community relations work.

Suzue Oshima is still chief beautician at the beauty parlor established with the help of her American friends, but her husband and two little girls represent prior responsibilities. Miyoko Komatsu is now employed at the City Hall as social worker and interpreter. Takako Hurada works in a similar capacity for the Prefectual Government in Hiroshima. Michiko Zomen is in vocational guidance work. Atsuko Yamamoto has worked variously as a telephone operator, receptionist, and business executive. Misako Kannabe has been studying ceremonial wig-making, a most exacting art in Japan. She has been asked to become the manager of a new Tokyo beauty parlor specializing in preparing young women for marriage ceremonies; she expects to leave for Tokyo very soon.

(Shigeko Niimoto, who studied practical nursing in the United States, now is helping to care for Margaret Bourke-White, the distinguished photographer, in Darien, Connecticut. Miss Bourke-White has Parkinson's Disease.)

One of the Maidens may shortly return to the United States. She has received an offer of marriage from a chauffer in Baltimore and has decided to accept. A little background may be in order here. Eight years ago, the Baltimore gentleman read about the Maidens and visited them at the hospital. He became increasingly interested in the group and found ways of being of help to them. Most of his attentions were directed to a girl whose facial disfiguration was most pronounced. Some weeks before the Maidens completed their stay in America, he proposed marriage. The girl was strongly attracted to him but felt he was proposing as an act of mercy; she didn't feel justified in taking advantage of his good nature.

After the Maidens returned to Japan, letters continued to come from Baltimore. Month after month and year after year the proposal of marriage was renewed. And, little by little, the girl became convinced that the love was genuine and long-lasting and that she need not fear that the man was proposing out of pity. And so she has now applied for a visa. If all goes well, she will be married in the United States later this spring.

Her name is not mentioned here for obvious reasons. It would be unkind to identify her if anything should intervene that would prevent the consumation of the marriage. But we hope to share the good news with SR readers at the appropriate time.

• • •

IT is difficult, and perhaps not too consequential, to attempt to assess the significance of the projects involving the Maidens and the orphans. Comments made by two of the Maidens, however, are perhaps pertinent.

"Our problems are really good problems," Toyoko Minowa said. "They are the problems of most people. Before, our problems were mostly special problems. They were the problems that came from being apart from other people. Now they are the problems that we share with most other people—how to make a living, how to meet ordinary responsibilities, how to care for other people. It is a blessing to have such problems."

And Michiko Yamaoka said she had come to the United States to have something done about the terrible disfiguration of her face. This was done and it made a profound difference. But she hadn't realized that something even more important was going to happen.

"I came back with a new heart. It is more important than anything physical. And it has made for me an entirely new life." —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

And Still Undefeated

THE MARCH 21 DOUBLE-CROSTIC represents the high point in my career as an undefeated Double-Crostic fan. At 5:36 on Good Friday I was having a cup of coffee and just starting to work the puzzle while supper cooked. At that point the earthquake hit and when the kitchen cupboards started disgorging their contents I fled with my family.

Several days later, after finally cleaning up the debris (our house was structurally intact) I decided to work on the puzzle—good therapy for nervous tension—and found that definitions A through G had been eradicated by spilled coffee. I almost threw it out but, since this was the only one in the house, decided to try to work it even though I only had one word (B., *adder*) completed in the A-G portion.

I now stand in awe only of the man confident enough to do Double-Crostics in ink.

Would you please send me any past edition of a Double-Crostic book? I want to put one with the family emergency supplies so that the next crisis will not catch me with only part of one puzzle to work.

MRS. A. W. LAHNUM.

Spenard, Alaska

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Honest, fellows, I thought I was entering a *jesting* tournament."

The Perils of Prose

JOHN CIARDI'S STATEMENT that "I'm not at all sure men think in words at all. . . . They think in pictures and fumble for words" [*SR*, Apr. 4] implies a sort of neo-Platonic attitude toward reality in which the writer molds his vision, through a kind of intuition, into a set of images that somehow elude the built-in limitations of language. This view shows a singularly cavalier disregard of years of linguistic research.

The truth seems to be that language constantly mediates between thinker and experience. In effect, language has a tendency to structure experience. It is the frustration of the artist, faced with the problem of making experience structure language, that Dylan Thomas expressed when he described himself as "Shut . . . in a tower of words. . . ."

A poem, as Mr. Ciardi has demonstrated, is a performance, a linguistic performance, we might add, built out of bits and pieces of linguistically determined experience—not, please, pure experience. There is an area in which the linguist can be of service to the critic; there are tools for describing verbal performance, and it is only through such descriptions that any consensus can be reached. This is what Mr. Ciardi has been saying with grace and vigor for many years. But when he tells us, off the cuff, that meaning can be comprehended by a reader without any verbal response, he is talking through his metaphysical hat.

RICHARD A. MCLAUGHLIN.

Williamsville, N.Y.

"LET ME ASSUME," writes John Ciardi, "that there is no need to reproduce the poem (Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners") here on the simple grounds that any reader who does not know it, or who does not at least own one anthology in which the poem appears, has no real interest in poetry and may, accordingly, be left out of the discussion."

Having read so far, I had a brief seizure of anguish, since the poem rang no bell and I felt myself therefore being invited to read no further in spite of the fact that I greatly wanted to do so.

I bring this matter up in order to illustrate the one objection I can think of to John Ciardi's writings in general. It is his tendency to substitute emotion for reason in the form of the lightly veiled sneer.

To be unacquainted with "The Listener" need not, I think, be taken to indicate that one is uninterested in poetry; it proves only that one is unacquainted with "The Listener." Since there was probably no space to reproduce "The Listener," Ciardi might have simply said so and invited the ignorant to look it up. But this would likely have been too meek for him, and I close by referring all those who wish to know what he thinks of the meek to his own poem entitled "In Place of a Curse," which of course there is no need to reproduce here since anyone unacquainted with it may be taken to be uninterested in the poetry of John Ciardi.

JESSE FORBECK.

St. Louis, Mo.

A Bah for *Becket*

I TAKE STRONG exception to Arthur Knight's glowing review of *Becket* [*SR*, Mar. 7], which encouraged my husband and me to sit through three hours of schmaltzed-up history for the masses.

In the first place, history was gravely distorted—and apparently the original play was also—in order to fit one of England's strongest kings into the Procrustes bed of Peter O'Toole's mercurial talents. The depiction of Eleanor of Aquitaine was also a libel on a woman generally agreed to be as charming as she was strong-willed. And who, amidst all the careful archeological research, dressed the two twelfth-century court ladies in fifteenth-century costumes?

In the second place, contrary to your critic's statement, all the spectacle and the blaring Hollywood background music did detract from the original intellectual drama; one tended to watch the sets rather than the actors. . . .

LOUISE M. FORSCHER.

Bedford, N.Y.

Kudos for a Critic

YOU ARE PROBABLY well aware of the interest and respect that Katharine Kuh's articles are gaining in the art world. Criticism is tricky business, and no one can expect or hope to be agreed with all the time. But Mrs. Kuh's articles command attention and stimulate discussion wherever people who care for art are gathered.

Congratulations to *SR* for her thoughtful and honest voice. She is a credit to you, and a force for the good of our common cause.

ROY R. NEUBERGER, President,
American Federation of Art.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Anatomy of Burton's Melancholy

RICHARD BURTON was a long way from mastering *Hamlet* when he played it at the 1953 Edinburgh Festival, and the errors of his pursuit were readily apparent (*SR*, Sept. 13, 1963). Eleven years later, Burton would seem still some distance from Hamlet, but now his errors are less obvious.

Perhaps this is because Sir John Gielgud has conceived and directed this new production as a rehearsal of *Hamlet*. Thus, he has changed the actors' contract. No longer is it the usual one of creating the illusion that the events of the play are really happening, or making us feel that understanding them is of much importance. Instead, the actors are doing what actors actually do at a rehearsal, which is to practice their acting techniques.

Since Sir John is superb at finding a technically effective shape for any stage performance, he has been able to orchestrate these rehearsal crescendos and diminuendos into an evening that moves along at a sprightly pace as if it knew exactly where it was going. However, one feels a lack of commitment by anyone to bringing the play alive. The actors come and go, each contributing his or her well-disciplined solo and departing, presumably for coffee and a sandwich at the Gaiety Delicatessen across the street.

All of this encourages Burton simply to act his role speech by speech. Secure in the knowledge that the greatest Hamlet of modern times is conducting, he seems to feel completely free to explore his instrument. Since it is a magnificent instrument, a sensualist can enjoy the rich open diapason. the sustained blasts of power, and the sudden sharp staccato —for their own sake. Yet, it is hard to find any deliberate significance in them.

The most memorable moments in Burton's performance are unrelated. Furthermore, they seem to come from concern for the relationship between the actor's own experience and what Hamlet finds himself saying or doing. Burton's silence after a beautifully phrased speech in which he has explained that external passion "can not denote *me* truly" is darkly deep. The beginning of "To be or not to be" stunningly strikes the core of his subconscious, before "perchance to dream" jolts him back to the surface. His rapid, unostentatious delivery of the speech to the players, at the beginning of the second act, creates a nice sense of before-the-play urgency. And most moving of all is his brief avowal of cameraderie with Horatio, as if he had found all his passionate relationships with family and women less true than the shared understanding that can exist between two undemanding friends.

Sir John has also staged the final scene imaginatively. After Laërtes foully pinks Hamlet from behind with his poison-tipped sword, the Prince simply walks over to the guilty duelist and takes the weapon from his unresisting hand. And Burton's brutish gesture to the King's corpse and his foolish little laugh in the same direction just before he says, "The rest is silence," suggesting that Hamlet may be rather pleased with how things have turned out, seem at least original.

There are a few more surprises in this production. One is the ghost's appearance by means of a giant motion picture silhouette of its head against the back wall, while Sir John's rich voice bubbles out of loudspeakers. Another is Alfred Drake's subsidence into a compelling genuineness in the prayer scene. There, he abandons his disappointing, cheerily shallow Claudius and attempts to display remorse, only to find it all too false. At this point, we sense a true emotion, the lament of a man trapped in his own superficial, public personality.

Eileen Herlie as Gertrude, Hume Cronyn as Polonius (with a cane), George Voscovec as the Player King. and George Rose as the Gravedigger all leave us with a sense of having seen a characterization, but one feels that even they miss the assistance of character-defining costumes, mood-supplying settings, and unarrested accumulation of dramatic intensity that comes when role reacts with role instead of actor with actor.

This is not to disparage the Gielgud notion of doing a Shakespearean play as rehearsal. But if one attempts this, might it not be better to make it a deliberate streamlining and elimination of all the distractions that might otherwise take some of our attention away from the play's subtle substance? If so, Ben Edwards's impressive, poetic recreation of the whitewashed rear wall of a theater would have been replaced with black drapes, and the variously styled and colored modern jackets and sweaters worn by the cast would have been simplified and abstracted. Of course, there is another intriguing possibility. That would be for some modern Pirandello to use the contrast between

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Mood Ebony

TWO new films dealing with racial matters provide highly thought-provoking if not entirely pleasant experiences. They are *The Cool World,* directed by Shirley Clarke, a young woman whose talent is combined with an uncompromising sense of reality, and *Black Like Me,* the first directorial effort of Carl Lerner, perhaps the most noted film editor in the East. Miss Clarke's film is the better of the two. She has gone directly to an area of New York's Harlem to tell the story of a fifteen-year-old Negro boy whose primary aim in life is to own a gun and take over the leadership of his teen-age gang. The entire cast of youngsters in the movie was chosen from students of Harlem junior high schools. All of them, including Hampton Clanton, who plays Duke, the gang leader, perform with astonishing ability and do much to provide the chilling quality of reality the movie possesses.

Miss Clarke has already made one controversial feature, *The Connection,* which became embroiled in censorship because of the use of a word or two not commonly heard on sound tracks. She has not learned her lesson, because the same word is heard occasionally in *The Cool World.* But it is hardly the use of any particular word that shocks here; it is rather her use of the camera to portray Negro desperation and violence, a sense of overwhelming futility among members of a segment of our society, and a mood of literally black despair that causes shock in the viewer, no matter what his skin coloration.

The story has been taken from Warren Miller's novel, which was also turned into a not particularly good play. Miss Clarke wrote her own screenplay with Carl Lee, who is brilliant in one of the adult roles (a Negro gangster), and both allowed for some improvisational scenes by the young people. The movie is, as a result, best in its documentary aspects, and occasionally weak in its drama, which is perhaps as it should be. What is shown is a group of emotionally deprived young people reacting instinctively to a bleak environment, all but immune to the public education they are given, and either doping themselves or stimulating themselves through violence, sex, cheap wine, and crime. The world they are supposed to grow into is basically "white" in its outlines, and it is as though they just don't see it. Their faces turn literally blank when they are taken on a school bus for a visit to the stock exchange and are told that someday they can "own a share of America." Duke and a friend, in fact, ignore the teacher (who is white) and talk about the difference between a Colt and a Luger.

The movie ends with a fight between two rival Negro gangs, in which Duke is grabbed and taken away roughly by the police; if you wish, you can view him as one more boy gone and put out of harm's way for awhile. He is a killer, after all, and society is owed its protection from him. But what made the killer? Miss Clarke plays her camera over the wide-eyed, innocent faces of small Negro children on the street and makes you wonder if they, too, are going to join the environmental outlaws some day. She shows a Black Muslim exhorting a Negro crowd and proclaiming "the decline of the whites." And meanwhile, what is all too evident is that "cultural lag" we sometimes hear about, and *de facto* segregation, and something that could perhaps be termed a "black psychosis," which is to say an image of oneself that is dominated by the color of one's skin. Quite obviously there is a "white psychosis," too.

While after truth with her camera, and catching a good deal of it, too, Miss Clarke has nevertheless emphasized matters to bring out tones of violence and has only hinted at other forces in the Negro communities. One young Negro, well dressed, thoughtful, intelligent, a Freedom Rider, and brother of a heroin addict, can't symbolize vast groups of Negroes who are asserting the facts of their citizenship. And the evident sympathy she feels for Duke doesn't always get transmitted to the audience, for the boy's hostility is reasonless on a conscious level, and his total social amorality, beginning with a handbag theft and ending with a knifing, doesn't make him much of a hero except to minds as distorted as his own. The tragedy lies in what he might have been; but Miss Clarke's camera has no way of providing the answers.

Black Like Me was an award-winning newspaper series and book, but the screenplay written from it by Carl and Gerda Lerner is unrelieved by any subtlety and all too often turns into caricature what might have been vastly compelling. The film presents, in a style that is sometimes documentary, sometimes patently staged, the adventures of the pseudonymous John Finlay Horton, a Southern white newspaperman who darkened his skin and traveled throughout the South as a Negro. The transformation, as undergone by James Whitmore, seems hardly convincing, for Mr. Whitmore takes on the rugged look of a Maine potato farmer who has wintered too long at Miami Beach, and his acting has a heavy anguish that hardly needs such histrionic stressing, considering what he undergoes.

While hitchhiking his way, he is picked up by several kindly chaps who soon evince an excessive interest in his sexual habits. A bus driver refuses to let him visit a rest room at one of the stops. He is terrorized by white boys in cars looking for trouble and is followed by two sadistic white youths on a

street. But the worst experience he undergoes is that of "feeling like a Negro," as though his skin color has begun to permeate his spirit. Mr. Lerner, in exploring what is encountered by a quasi-Negro, has told us what we are already well aware of, and this is the principal fault of his movie. He has stuck to the surface facts of prejudice, the shameful meannesses brought about by encrusted habit, ignorance, and fear, but he does not convey that basic injury to the psyche that comes from (as one character puts it) being "black in a white man's country." Just as he seems about to probe this matter, he shies away from its complexities, and although Mr. Whitmore makes every attempt to get his feelings across to us they don't impinge with salutary force.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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One Man's Method

FIVE years ago, when MCA, Inc., bought Universal City in Hollywood to make television films, there was only one waterfall on the back lot. The producers of *Laramie* and *Wagon Train* both used it, I learned recently in a conversation with Albert A. Dorskind, treasurer and vice-president of the corporation. But the heavy TV traffic past the waterfall and the possibility that viewers would recognize the same setting in different episodes forced Mr. Dorskind to build a second waterfall. This, in turn, soon threatened to become too familiar, and directors had to solve the problem by devising new shooting angles. But business prospered so much that today Universal City has three waterfalls. Now, in this bonanza of waterfalls, wagon trains cross rivers or get stuck in the mud, and viewers suffer neither geographical confusion nor disenchantment.

It is people like Albert Dorskind who must solve such problems of TV film production. His job, he says, is to "put more on the screen for fewer dollars." He points out that the less you spend for facilities, the more you have in your production budgets with which to attract important writers, directors, and actors.

On the other hand, one can't afford to be too tight with sets. The other studios provide a competitive yardstick by which viewers can measure the quality of the backgrounds against which illusion nightly flickers on the blue light of the nation's television tubes. Mr. Dorskind not only compounds waterfalls at Universal City; he sees to it that in certain sections of the West on the back lot a sprinkler system keeps *Laramie*'s grass eternally green. He travels to Europe looking for new and less expensive sources of raw film stock. He supervises thirty-two sound stages and $25,000,000 of new construction and major improvements, including a half-million-dollar computer system and a fourteen-story headquarters tower—the world's tallest studio building.

One hears horror stories in Hollywood to the effect that Revue Productions (the name on MCA films) is a boiler-plate factory (it is a fact that the studio has shot as many as nineteen television shows in a single day). Mr. Dorskind and his associates parry the charge by pointing to the "creative independence" of their producers—yet they are proud of their mass-scale efficiency. "We are in a risk business," says the treasurer. "We are not supported by advertisers. Our profits don't begin till we go into syndication after the first network run."

At the beginning of a new television season Mr. Dorskind is a voracious watcher of the small screen. "I'm curious about what the nets are buying," he says. "I want to see what the competition is doing—if we're getting our money's worth. One cameraman, for example, works with very hot key lighting. This makes the cast work slowly and increases the cost of air conditioning. Watching the show on the air, I can judge whether he's justifying the extra expense. My wife complains that I'm watching too much television and turns off the sound." The MCA executive rarely tunes in his TV set once the season is under way. "Being in the business has spoiled it for me," he says. "If I had my way, there would be only Greek tragedies and comedies. But it's a mass industry—don't forget that—so I have to do quite a bit of reading."

Trained as an attorney, Dorskind was formerly a member of the Broadcast Bureau of the FCC. Working in Hollywood, he has apparently resolved his personal dilemma of what the Greeks called *techne* (doing) and *episteme* (understanding). Unconcerned with content, he concentrates only on method. Many creative people in Hollywood are not so fortunate: they must face the content. As for television viewers, if they are disappointed by the *episteme* of next season's programs, they can join the treasurer of MCA in relishing *techne*. After all, there's always the fun of trying to spot the same set twice.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

USA-BLE WORDS

Listed below in Column One are the abbreviations of 25 of our 50 states. Norma Gleason of Emmett, Michigan, has incorporated these within words which are defined in Column Two, and she asks you to fill in blanks. Answers on page 71.

1. _ _ _ _ _ ORE	child's apron
2. _ _ _ TEX _	excuse (usually false)
3. _ _ _ TENN _ _ _	pertaining to 100 years
4. _ _ NEV _ _ _ _ _ _	charitable
5. _ _ _ _ WIS _	in a similar manner
6. _ WASH _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	swaggering
7. _ _ SD _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	petty crime
8. _ _ NEBR _ _ _	thicket of bamboolike grasses
9. _ _ _ ARK _ _ _ _	noteworthy
10. CONN _ _ _ _ _	pertaining to marriage
11. _ IND _ _ _ _ _	perception after an event
12. _ _ MO _ _	celebrated
13. MICH _ _ _ _ _ _	September 29th
14. _ _ _ KY	contrary
15. FLA _ _ _ _ _ _	vanilla, lemon, etc.
16. _ ALA _ _ _ _ _ _	amphibian resembling the lizard
17. _ _ _ _ DEL _ _ _	unfaithfulness
18. COLO _ _ _	perfume
19. _ NC _ _ _	to fix or fasten
20. _ NH _ _ _ _ _	intrinsic
21. _ _ ILL _ _ _ _	sparkling
22. _ _ MD _ _ _	monotonous
23. _ _ MISS _ _ _	acknowledgment
24. _ SC _ _	scarf
25. _ NM _ _ _	hostility

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Notes of a Peripatetic Gallerygoer

IN THE heady if sometimes disconcerting atmosphere nebulously called "the New York art world," we tend to overlook propitious straws in the wind from other parts of the country and even from our own small island. Briefly described below are several such "straws" that have particularly impressed me during recent months.

Topping the list is the Houston Museum of Fine Arts, where in three years an extraordinary revitalization has taken place under the leadership of a new director, James Johnson Sweeney. Buying with obsessive fervor, knowledge, and courage, Mr. Sweeney has wisely concentrated on sculpture—often monumental pieces that have stunning impact when seen in Cullinan Hall, a celebrated modern wing designed by Mies van der Rohe. Here one finds not merely good examples but definitive masterworks by such contemporary artists as Calder, Chillida, and Consagra. In fact, nowhere in the world is Calder so brilliantly represented. Mr. Sweeney has also tracked down a group of notable primitive carvings from Africa, Latin America, and the North and South Pacific. In contrast, a sophisticated, larger-than-life-size bronze figure of Ephebus by a Greek sculptor from the school of Polycletus is a work of such superlative subtlety as to leave one breathless.

In Washington, the newest art event is Philip Johnson's recently completed wing for the Robert Woods Bliss Collection of Pre-Columbian Art at Dumbarton Oaks. This small building, which everywhere opens out on handsomely landscaped gardens, is a flawless setting for superb art from the Olmec, Mayan, Incan, and other Pre-Columbian cultures. The museum and the collection act as an object lesson in selectivity. Only examples of the highest quality are shown in uncluttered surroundings where every detail, every texture, every color complements the art itself.

Out West the Oklahoma Printmakers Society, founded six years ago by seven citizens of Oklahoma City, sponsors an annual national survey of prints, watercolors, and drawings from which, miraculously, it sells better than one-third of the works shown. The exhibition (an excellent one, as a rule) is judged each year by a well-known professional but is otherwise efficiently administered entirely by volunteers. The purpose of the organization, put succinctly by one of its officers, is "to bring good art to Oklahoma while aiding good artists and avoiding factionalism." A small group of intelligent citizens working together without pomp or desire for prestige accomplishes more than many overorganized, overpublicized institutions.

Also noteworthy is the Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Arts in North Carolina, which has made history as the first full-time, nonprofit sales organization devoted to art in the South. Opened in 1956, it sells and rents works selected from a five-state area by competent professional jurors. The gallery, located on the main square of Old Salem, a beautiful Moravian town now being restored, is again run by a dedicated staff composed almost exclusively of volunteers.

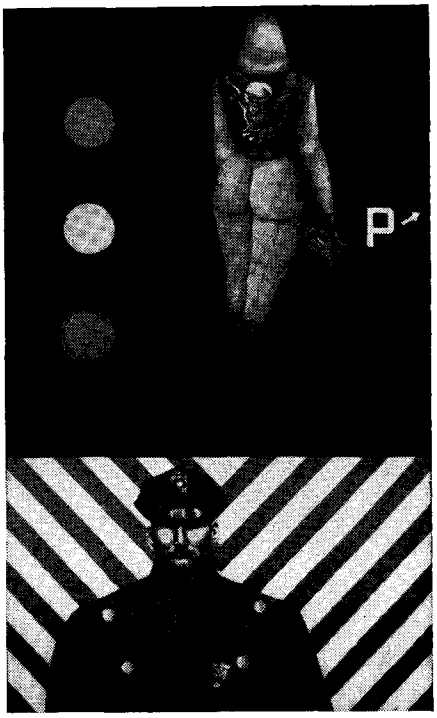
Last December eighteen sculptors opened their own cooperative gallery in St. Louis, a venture described by art critic George McCue in the *Post-Dispatch* as filling a "long-felt need for an avenue of communication between sculptors and architects." In addition, he said, it offers "a businesslike operation, taking over the sculptor's marketing problems while allowing the artist to concentrate on his work." Called the Sculptors Gallery, the venture not only arranges frequent exhibitions but sponsors numbered editions of small pieces that can be produced economically and yet properly supervised so that quality is not forfeited. An indication of the interest generated by this organization was the number of visitors (2,500) that crowded the opening.

The Primitive Museum and Asia House in New York and the Phillips Collection in Washington continue to reassure us as classic examples of first-rate specialized galleries. One can always depend on them for well-selected exhibitions, informative catalogues, and impeccable standards. While larger organizations, swayed by numerous trustees and committees, often water down their decisions, these more privately directed institutions adhere uncompromisingly to their original principles. It is comforting to find them still undiluted by group pressures.

For me, two recently published art catalogues stand out as exemplary: Margaret Scolari Barr's book on Medardo Rosso and H. H. Arnason's study of Jean-Antoine Houdon, the latter prepared for an exhibition at the Worces-

(*Continued on page* 71)

—*Houston Museum of Fine Arts.*
Ephebus; school of Polycletus.



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One Way, by Richard Lindner.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Leonard Bernstein's *Kaddish* Symphony

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S first program of his final weeks of the Philharmonic season was devoted in large part to two third symphonies: Johannes Brahms's and his own. The Brahms was pleasurably played, with a stronger sense of line than of mood, but in obedience, for the most part, to its time-honored traditions.

Like its two predecessors, which are known as *Jeremiah* and *The Age of Anxiety*, Bernstein's third symphony bears a title. It is *Kaddish*, derived from the Jewish prayer for the dead. It has parts for a female Speaker (performed by Felicia Montealegre), for a female vocalist (Jennie Tourel), for a large orchestra, for an adult chorus, and for a chorus of boys. Each of the three movements contains a reference to the *Kaddish* text, sung in Hebrew, as well as some parts of the text—Bernstein's own—spoken in English.

It is from the latter, for the most part, that disaffection for the work derives. Anyone has the right to address himself to God after his own fashion, and the program book takes note that as Job raised his voice in protest, so "Mr. Bernstein feels strongly the peculiarly Jewishness of this Man-God relationship" that "allows things to be said to God which are almost inconceivable in another religion." But is it expectable that a deity would answer to such challenges as "Listen, Almighty, with all your might," or "Do I have your attention?" or, a little later on, "Did you hear that, Father?" Apparently the God that Bernstein reverences is made in his own image, for there are, presently, indications that some rapprochement has been achieved, that it is the weaknesses of the deity that are being forgiven rather than those of the man who speaks so rudely.

The plot of *Kaddish*—for it is a theatrical composition, meant to be listened to as such—resembles the scheme of many musical comedies, though here it is "Boy meets God, boy loses God, God gets boy." This may strike the reader as irreverent—especially if he hasn't heard *Kaddish*—but it is the essential philosophic pattern of the exclamations in English, which run, in all immodesty, from "Lord God of Hosts, I call you to account" and "If I die, you die with me," to "You ask for faith; where is your own?" In the end, in a striking paraphrase of the silent cinema's favorite subtitle, the speaker announces, "The dawn has come." God has justified himself to man, and the chorus joins in a fugue of veneration.

Turning from its ideas to its esthetics, there were some suggestions that Bernstein may have invented a new form in *Kaddish*—what might be called not a symphony but a cinophony. Building on the Norman Corwin kind of radio drama, which it resembles in its blend of spoken, sung, and played elements, it embodies more than a few possibilities for visual elaboration. The chorus occasionally indulges in a *Carmina Burana* variety of chanting in which the singers add rhythmic handclaps from time to time. The esthetic ancestry of the six-man percussion section, from which the score derives a good deal of its nervous agitation, hardly needs specification or further exploration here.

While waiting for *Kaddish* to reach its ultimate form on the screen—home or Cinerama—mention may be made that it embodies more musical skill than anything the composer has previously contrived for the concert hall. The script, or scenario, permits a good deal of theatrical contrast, which Bernstein has utilized to advantage in musical expressions of anguish, frenzy, despair, hope, etc. Every so often a lull sets in, especially when words are absent, but there is always plenty to occupy the mind in wonder at what had preceded and the anticipation of what might come next.

THE musical rhetoric is based on quite recognizable syntax and grammar, which is to say that Bernstein never undertakes to mask his purpose in tonal obscurantism. A kind of row is employed, but its series of fourths seems calculated for harmonic coloration rather than to obscure a tonal center. Some of the melodic contours are expressive if not highly personal. Considering the resources utilized—and skilfully utilized—the total effect is of a rather scrappy, discontinuous musical texture that never achieves the emotional purpose of the verbal text (whether or not one likes that text). It is all in the French tradition of the "big machine," in which the musical impulse is subordinate to the literary.

Miss Montealegre's impassioned performance and Miss Tourel's artful expression of what she had to do added much to the result and to the applause it earned. Those who may have wondered why it did not appear in the broadcast sequence should be aware that no other work utilizing a chorus will be broadcast this season by the Philharmonic. Too expensive.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Fiddlers Before the Flood

THERE has been a good deal of melodrama in almost every novel Robert Penn Warren has written, from *Night Rider* (1938) on. But usually there has been much more than melodrama. Although his best-known novel, *All the King's Men*, contains melodramatic elements, one remembers it as a shrewd study of politics and a confrontation of serious philosophical questions. With regard to some of his later books, especially *Band of Angels* and *The Cave*, some critics have felt that melodrama has taken over, but it has seemed to me that most of the time it is kept under control and is made to serve a valid literary purpose, just as is melodrama in Shakespeare's tragedies. About Warren's new novel, *Flood* (Random House, $5.95), I am not so sure.

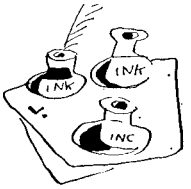
The story is laid in a small town in Tennessee named Fiddlersburg, which is living its last days before the water rising behind a new dam inundates it. Bradwell Tolliver, a native of the town but lately a successful script writer in Hollywood, is asked by a famous director, Yasha Jones, to work on a film about the death of the community. Tolliver has a sister, Maggie Fiddler, who lives in the old Fiddler house with her mother-in-law. Other characters are soon brought on stage, and the various complexities of the story begin to develop.

Tolliver belongs to a species in which Warren has always been interested—the hard-bitten, wise-cracking young man who is in fact deeply troubled by his inadequacies and his failures to come to terms with the world. Jack Burden in *All the King's Men* is the prime example; but Slim Sarrett in *At Heaven's Gate* and Isaac Sumter in *The Cave* have some of the characteristics.

By means of an intricate series of flashbacks we are made acquainted with Tolliver's life. His father was a tough and uncouth individual who made a lot of money and bought up most of Fiddlersburg, including the Fiddler mansion. Brad's closest companion in boyhood was a Huck Finn from the swamp, Frog-Eye, who grew up to be "the only free man left." Later, in defiance of his father, Brad went to college, became interested in writing, published a collection of short stories, mostly about Fiddlersburg, and left college to devote himself to literature. He fell in love with an upper-class Communist, Lettice, married her after taking part in the Spanish Civil War, and went to live in Fiddlersburg while he worked on a novel. Meanwhile his sister Maggie had married Dr. Calvin Fiddler. After his marriage with Lettice had broken up, Brad went to Hollywood and did well.

We are told less about Yasha Jones, but there are some episodes from his past, particularly experiences as an OSS spy in occupied France. Jones is presented as a true artist and a man of integrity, a contrast to confused and cynical Brad Tolliver. He has been married, but lost his wife in a tragic accident which has left him with a sense of guilt.

Maggie becomes more and more important as the book proceeds. First we learn that her husband is serving a life sentence in a nearby penitentiary, and then we discover that he shot a man he believed to be Maggie's lover. These



events are presented in an ingenious way, partly through Brad's recollections, partly through the transcript of Dr. Fiddler's trial, and partly through the story Maggie tells Yasha Jones.

There are other themes: the story of Pretty-Boy, the Negro murderer who refuses to pray; various incidents directly connected with the flooding of the town; Tolliver's strange adventure with a blind girl, and his surprising encounter with a gas station attendant. The novel also introduces a lawyer, a relative of Brad's, who is almost as garrulous as Faulkner's Gavin Stevens.

The story moves slowly towards its climax. We know that Maggie and Yasha are spending much time togeth-

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er, and we gather that they are falling in love. We also know that Dr. Fiddler once escaped from the penitentiary, and that, though normally a quiet man, he is capable of violence. So we are not surprised when he breaks loose and confronts Maggie, Yasha, and Brad. It would not be fair to tell what happens then, and in any case I should find it embarrassing to describe the episode, one that Brad Tolliver, in his capacity as script writer, would have been ashamed to use in a Grade B movie. Thereafter Warren ties up the loose ends with his usual dexterity.

Architecturally the novel is admirable: Warren tells a complicated story and tells it in a complicated way, with many flashbacks and constant changes in point of view, but he is always in control. It must also be said that there are many good passages: the scene at the penitentiary, with the discursive deputy warden; Brad's humiliation by the gas-station attendant; Brother Potts and Pretty-Boy; some episodes in the domestic life of Brad and Lettice. Warren still knows how to write and how to put a novel together.

AND yet, as I have intimated, the novel is a disappointment, and not merely because of the melodramatic climax. It is a novel about self-discovery. Yasha, I take it, understands himself pretty well in the beginning, but he finds fulfillment with Maggie and brings her to maturity. The events of the story lead Brad to a badly needed understanding of himself, and they enlighten Dr. Fiddler. Even Lettice, we learn from her letter to Maggie, has found herself in the church; and the Negro gas-station attendant has his bitter moment of revelation.

This is a respectable subject for a novel, though scarcely an original one; but the trouble is that the principal characters do not have reality enough to give significance to their self-discoveries. Yasha is almost purely synthetic, and Brad, though he is less skeletal, seems put together according to a formula Warren developed long ago. It is, of course, true that characters in melodrama tend to become one-dimensional if not actually types, and the question one has to ask is whether Warren has not been playing around with melodrama too long. Not only is the climax a gigantic cliché, as I have indicated; many of the subordinate episodes suggest instalments of a TV serial. I am sure the book will be popular, and heaven knows it is easy to read; but I at least cannot say of it, as I have said of almost every other novel Warren has written, that, whatever the devices it employs, it has something of importance to tell us. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

Who's Running the Country?

By HANS J. MORGENTHAU, *Albert A. Michelson Distinguished Service Professor of political science and modern history at the University of Chicago.*

WHO GOVERNS us? Most certainly, it is not the people, you and I and the man next door. We do not participate in the decision as to whether the war in Vietnam should be expanded, continued on its present scale, or liquidated, or whether the Civil Rights Bill should contain a public accommodations clause and how far it should go. "Government by the people," in the sense in which democratic folklore thinks of it, is an illusion, and it has always been one, short of the rare instances of direct democracy where the Aristotelian requirement of face-to-face relations among the citizens could be fulfilled. Men have always been governed by elites, that is, by minorities who have a special claim or a special ability to govern.

What distinguishes a democratic elite from others is its responsiveness to public opinion. In a democracy, the ruling elite is confirmed in power, or else replaced by a new one, by the majority of the citizens in periodic elections. Thus an elite must rule in accordance with the preferences of the majority of the citizens if it wants to keep itself in power. Democracy, then, is distinguished from other forms of government not because the people rule but because elites rule with the consent of the people.

The reality, however, is more complicated than that. For our society contains elites that govern without being accountable to the citizenry and use the elected representatives of the people to do their bidding. These representatives, instead of being responsive to the preferences of the people, become the tools of hidden or half-hidden rulers, and the democratic process becomes distorted and corrupted.

Traditionally, we have considered certain economic interests to be our hidden rulers. In the nineteenth century it was the bankers, the utilities, the railroads, and the "trusts" in general. Since the beginning of the twentieth century it has been an article of faith among us that our Latin American policy has been "dollar diplomacy," *i.e.*, determined by and pursued on behalf of private commercial interests. (How often have I not been asked, with the expectation of an affirmative answer, whether our Middle Eastern policy was determined by the oil interests!) After the First World War, it was the "munitions makers" and the House of Morgan, for the sake of whose investments our government was supposed to have intervened in that war. Fascism and Marxism have elaborated on the theme, and it is a basic tenet of their philosophies that parliamentary democracy is a sham manipulated by economic forces for their interests. The "warmongers of Wall Street" have become standard equipment in communist propaganda.

In our day, two new elites have risen to prominence, baffling and disquieting us: the military and the scientists. Of the two, the military baffle us less. For from the beginning of the Republic we have regarded them with misgivings as a threat to democratic government, and they fit easily into the stereotype of our political folklore as the highly effective and virtually unassailable manipulators of our seemingly democratic institutions. As such, they simply take the place of the economic elites of the past. The "merchants of death" of forty years ago have been succeeded by the "purveyors of death" or a combination of the two. That kind of argument has the additional advantage of requiring but a minimum of intellectual effort. You just substitute one devil for another, and while you cannot tell what to do about him, you have at least the satisfaction of knowing who he is.

TRISTRAM COFFIN's *The Passion of the Hawks: Militarism in Modern America* (Macmillan, $5.95) and John M. Swomley, Jr.'s *The Military Establishment* (Beacon, $6) embrace the "devil" theory of the military. Coffin does it with unrestrained gusto, while Swomley looks at the military with the distaste and the premonitions of the pacifist. Neither author seems to be aware of the similarity of his method of argument to that of all witch-hunters, whether of Right or Left: to personify unintelligible and unmanageable substantive problems and to generalize from isolated experiences. Some retired officers indeed play a prominent role in ultra-Rightist organizations, as do business

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men, dentists, and ministers of the gospel. But what of the retired generals and admirals who have served successive Administrations faithfully and effectively in high civilian positions? And what about the overwhelming majority of retired officers who are Republicans or Democrats like the rest of us? What can be proven by Mr. Coffin's list of members of Congress who hold reserve commissions in the armed services, whom he characterizes as "the leaders of the Pentagon's loyal legion on Capitol Hill"? Anybody who knows anything about Congress will realize that most of the real militarists are not on that list, and that many of those who are included can by no stretch of the imagination be so classified. In a word, the methods used a decade ago to discredit the State Department are no more legitimate when they are applied to the Pentagon.

THE Pentagon as the center of unrestrained and irresponsible power is a myth. What the Pentagon is and what it is not Jack Raymond makes admirably clear at the level of factual reporting in *Power at the Pentagon* (Harper & Row, $6.50). The military are indeed a new center of power, due to new international and technological conditions, competing with other centers of power, old and new, for the determination of the policies relevant to its tasks. But, far from being a single-minded colossus, it reflects within itself the same variety of philosophies and policy commitments that characterize American opinion in general. There are advocates of preventive war and of disarmament and of all kinds of strategies and tactics within the Pentagon, as there are without. The determination of policy within the Pentagon is a result of the same kind of pluralistic competition and conflict that we find in the Department of State, Congress, and American society at large. And, most importantly, the arbiter of these contests is not a military man but the Secretary of Defense and, ultimately, the President of the United States.

Contrary to popular assumptions, the power of the military *vis-à-vis* the civilian centers of power has steadily declined in recent times. It reached its apogee during the Second World War and the immediate aftermath, primarily because of the vacuum that existed at the top of the civilian hierarchy. Professor Samuel P. Huntington, in the fall 1963 issue of *Daedalus*, has called attention to the factors responsible for the decline of military influence since that time. Today civilians determine military strategy and the allocation of resources among the armed services. To give only two recent examples, both the multilateral seaborne nuclear force and the extension of the Vietnamese war to North Vietnam have been devised and prompted by civilians outside the Pentagon.

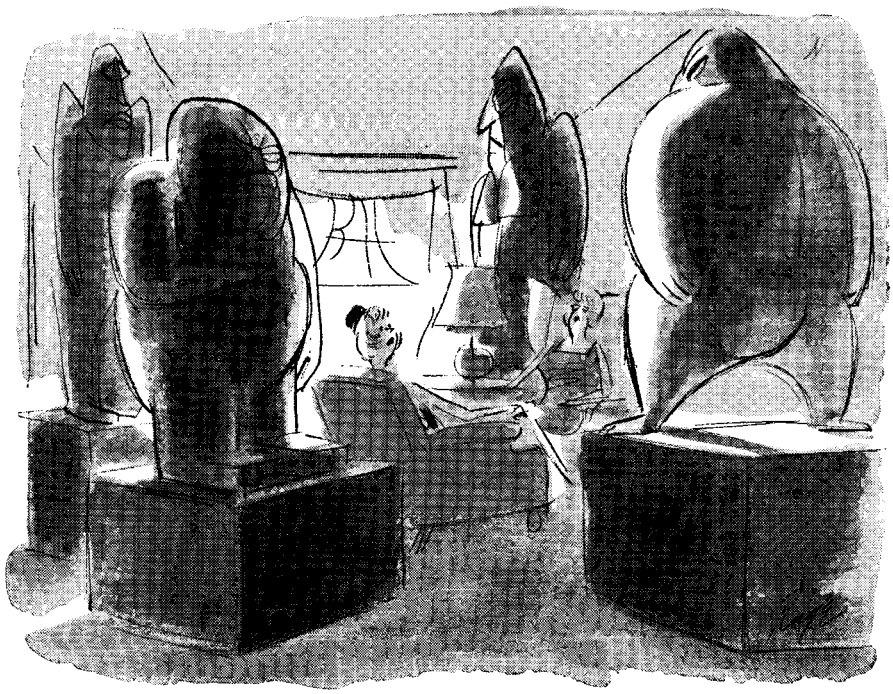
WHY, then, is it that the image of the military as the sinister rulers of America persists in our consciousness? Aside from the traditional mistrust of the military referred to above, it is, so it seems to me, the irrationality of the policies to which the military are committed that makes us uneasy in their presence. The man in the street tries to come to terms with the paradox, felt rather than understood, of his government wedded to traditional modes of thought and action in the face of the conditions of the nuclear age calling for novel modes of thought and action commensurate with the novelty of those conditions. He witnesses an enormous military machine consuming every year about 10 per cent of the gross national product for the purpose of preventing a war which, if waged, would destroy us all. Unable to understand the historic reasons for so enormous an undertaking of such staggering irrationality, he unloads his resentment upon the military, holding them responsible for what he fears.

A similar incomprehension marks our attitude toward the new scientific elite, only that attitude is one of awe and deference rather than resentment. We tend to take it for granted that scientists decide, by virtue of a monopoly of competence, what weapons or delivery systems we shall develop and what kind of space policy we shall pursue. The man in the street tends to regard the scientist as the guardian of the *"arcana imperii,"* the secret remedies for public ills. Thus the scientific elite is surrounded with an aura of both infallibility and secrecy, a kind of priesthood endowed with a monopoly of truth.

Donald W. Cox's *America's New Policy Makers: The Scientists' Rise to Power* (Chilton, $6.95) gives a serviceable, factual account of the public role of American scientists that does not quite bear out either the title or the subtitle, for the facts it reports show that scientists have rarely made policy and have risen to influence rather than power. *Scientists and National Policy Making*, edited by Robert Gilpin and Christopher Wright (Columbia University Press, $7.50), to which eight eminent experts besides the editors have contributed, endeavors to assess the actual role scientists have played, and ought to play, in the making of policy. The book is an important and frequently an original and brilliant contribution to analysis and policy. Both explicitly and by implication, it provides a long-overdue antidote to Sir Charles Snow's thesis of the "two cultures." *Scientists and National Policy Making* ought to replace Snow's *Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* and *Science and Government*, monuments to superficial thinking, sloppy arguments, and undeserved popularity that have strengthened popular prejudices by giving them pseudo-philosophic justification.

As concerns the making of policy, the relevant distinction is not between the scientist and the layman but between the scientist as the constructor and op-

(*Continued on page* 70)



"It all started several years ago when Ralph didn't know what to do with his Sundays."

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A Line on the Illogical

Marc Chagall, *by Franz Meyer (Abrams. 775 pp. 1,254 illus. $35), illuminates the clocks and fishes, the acrobats and peddlers and swooning lovers that inhabit the canvases of a modern master. George Heard Hamilton is professor of the History of Art at Yale University and Robert Sterling Clark Professor of Art at Williams College.*

By GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON

THE PAINTINGS and prints of the Russian-born artist Marc Chagall are as well known as those by any of the great masters of our modern tradition, but they have not for that reason, even now when the painter is in his late seventies, quite taken their place in the neatly articulated structure of contemporary art history and criticism. His intensely romantic and idiosyncratic expression, in many respects so like the art of Odilon Redon and of Gustave Moreau even earlier, eludes the closed categories of Fauvism, Cubism, and Surrealism, from each of which Chagall took what he needed and remained himself. But even if the Chagallian imagery is easily recognizable, the clocks and fishes, the acrobats and peddlers, the lovers swooning in the depths of immense bouquets, what should we make of them? How did he come to paint this way, what meaning does he ascribe to such forms, what uses can we find in them for ourselves?

In this massive volume the gifted Swiss art historian Franz Meyer sets out "to explore the roots of Chagall's art, and the law that governed its evolution, to discover the artistic logic behind his apparent illogicality, and to determine the nerve centers around which his work revolves." His earlier volume on Chagall's graphic work (1957) guaranteed his scrupulous attention to archival research; that he is also the artist's son-in-law adds weight to his argument for, as he says, on many points he has adopted the artist's personal views. Nevertheless it is reassuring to see that affection does not distort his judgment.

He is aware that often when Chagall's form is "observed in isolation without reference to the intrinsic character of the work [it] seems lax and clumsy." But almost on the same page he places these troublingly unstructural forms in a more appropriate pictorial perspective: ". . . the imagery is not the subject but constitutes no less than the colors and the forms, a structural element of the picture." If one grants that the image may have formal significance in its own right, at least for Chagall, then the way is open to a more sensitive criticism of an art which in its lengthy course has depended less on radical formal reconsiderations than on varying intensities of accents with which to express the artist's awareness of how marvelous and yet how difficult it is to be human. When we look for narrower meanings of the images or symbols (and we should remember that Chagall, rejecting conventional allegorical systems insists that "one must not start with symbols but arrive at them"), we discover that the subject of all his work is nothing less than a celebration of his love for this world, of his joy in human beings, and of his sorrow when love fails or is withheld.

Unconcerned with strictly formal or artistic problems as ends in themselves, as puzzles to be solved, but not unmind-

—*From "Marc Chagall."*

Above: "Les Toites," 1953 (Galerie Maeght, Paris).

Left: "La Mariée à Double Face," 1927 (Collection Ida Meyer-Chagall).

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ful of the demands of draftsmanship, Chagall continually expresses his belief, in Dr. Meyer's words, that "sensual experience, not as a limited drive but as a complete spiritual reality, must be restored to its place in the whole range of human experience." It is this attitude, this pictorial conviction, that allows us to name him with the masters he himself admires, with Giotto, Piero, and Watteau, to whom we may add Rembrandt, Daumier, and Renoir. Each of these, however different in style and scope, created his own world, a world not just of forms but of people, for whose joys and sorrows, for whose triumphs and humiliations, for whose physical misery or spiritual beauty each artist spent a lifetime finding the necessary pictorial form.

THIS emphasis on expression and content rather than on form and design appeared in Chagall's work from the first. He was intractable as a student, indeed practically self-taught, but so eager was his curiosity that from the first, in the provincial town of Vitebsk, where he was born, and later in St. Petersburg, he found what he needed, not in the routine of academic instruction, but in the ageless Russian pictorial arts, in the icon and the shop-sign, in folk painting and the popular woodcut. He shared with their anonymous authors the conviction that the direct perception of an object, conveyed by firm contours and bold colors, was more communicative than an object adjusted to the conventions of modeling and perspective. A few months in St. Petersburg with Leon Bakst revealed the opulence of theatrical color and the lessons of symbolic design in Gauguin's Tahitian paintings and in oriental textiles. During his years in Paris before the First World War he discovered Léger's brand of Cubism, Delaunay's Orphic color abstractions, the Futurists, and Archipenko's fragmentation of sculptural volumes. These all left traces in his work, but they were no more than means with which to express "the illogical, impossible nature of our existence, the miracle, the other dimension."

Yet there was more than one dimension to his art. In periods of intense happiness with his first wife, the beloved Bella of the many portraits, he produced his ecstatic festivals of married love, but when in the later 1930s his world turned toward unimaginable disasters, and after Bella's death in 1944, he painted his unorthodox Crucifixions, wherein a Jewish Christ dies again in the midst of the pogroms that had befallen so much of humanity. In the work of an artist as long-lived and insatiably prolific as Chagall there will inevitably be periods of petition or of relaxation, but no other painter of his stature and generation has made so many varied and memorable images of modern spiritual experience.

This book is the latest in The Library of Modern Masters series, which presents today's leading artists with the scholarly apparatus one usually finds only in works about the honored dead. Here are a chronology, an exhaustive bibliography, excellent color plates and, in addition to many full-page, black-and-white illustrations, a "classified catalogue" of several hundred small illustrations with which to chart the chronology and stylistic fluctuations of the work as a whole. The lengthy text follows Chagall's career from country to country, with careful analyses of the groups into which the pictures fall from time to time. There is new information on Chagall's life in Russia between 1914 and 1922, and reproductions of important works in Russian collections, both private and public, which have been inaccessible for too long. Nor are the more recent productions slighted, as so often happens once an author has passed the climactic period in the formation of his subject's style. Dr. Meyer carries us down to the present, to the magical windows for the synagogue, Hadassah Clinic, Jerusalem, and to the ceiling for the Paris Opera which he can no more than mention since the artist is even now at work upon it. This reviewer regrets that the format of this series, unlike the same publisher's Library of Great Painters, permits only infrequent discussion and very scanty comparative illustration of the sources of an artist's style, but in all other essential respects, this is now the definitive volume on Marc Chagall.

Art and the Shared Metaphor

Meditations on a Hobby Horse and Other Essays on the Theory of Art, *by E. H. Gombrich (Phaidon. 184 pp. 140 illus. $7.50), is scornful of abstract art and expressionism. Harold Rosenberg is the author of "The Tradition of the New" and "Arshile Gorky: The Man, the Time, the Idea."*

By HAROLD ROSENBERG

E. H. GOMBRICH's hobby horse is a pun, one that exemplifies his taste for the play on words as well as for the ambiguous visual image. On the one hand, the hobby horse of this collection of essays and lectures is an idea about art its author is riding; on the other, it is an object he uses to explain the relation between a work of art and the things it represents. Like the hobby horse, a painting is a man-made entity; it does not portray a horse but is a kind of actual horse, a "horse substitute," Gombrich calls it. One may say that it "represents" a horse, but in that case care must be taken to distinguish between "represent" as signifying a visual imitation, an image that might be mistaken for a real horse, and "represent" as meaning an emblem or an imaginative equivalent of a horse, in the sense that the flag "represents" the United States.

Once released from the prison of art as imitation of appearances, painting shows itself to be as rich in metaphors as the dreams. A favorite allusion of Gombrich is the Pygmalion project, the artist making art that can be life. Works of art, he observes, form a system, an "institution"; it is within that system of shared creations that individual works come into being, and from it they derive their meaning. The bronze *Chair with Fruit* by Manzu would not be what it is, nor create the effect it does in the spectator, were it not for the chairs of van Gogh. That paintings and sculptures are based not directly on observations of nature but on art means that no artistic creation is ever altogether original; or, as Gombrich puts it, "up to a point, all art is derivative." It is through derivation that, in Gombrich's opinion, there arises the continuity which endows art with a history and makes styles possible.

Related to the dependence of art on art is the collaboration between the artist and his audience. Because of art he has seen before, the spectator sees what he expects to see even when it is not there (he will not notice that the guard in the foreground of van Gogh's *Prisoners' Round* is standing on one leg); one who insists on checking out details against equivalents in nature confesses his estrangement from "the social context of the esthetic attitude." Also common tastes and moral values—*e.g.*, treasure-hunting among the Victorians, rationalized living in twentieth-century cosmopolitan centers—influence style and serve as a bond between artist and

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public. The chapter on "Visual Metaphors of Value in Art" is one of the best in *Meditations*.

Professor Gombrich is learned, clear-headed, and plausible. He does not shrink from bold summaries: "All art is image-making and all image-making is rooted in the creation of substitutes." Besides his immense reading, which comprises not only art history and literature but such modern specializations as anthropology, linguistics, psychology of perception, he has the knack of illustrating his arguments by impressive selections of off-beat pictures. His criticisms of studies by other art historians—André Malraux's *Voices of Silence*, Arnold Hauser's *Social History of Art*—are closely reasoned and authoritative; the latter review, though not ungenerous, employs a veritable fireworks display of erudition to demonstrate that Hauser was less interested in historical fact than in elaborating a pattern of historical interpretation.

In the chapter "Art and Scholarship" Gombrich urbanely defends scholarship as an antidote to myth, including the Big Lie of modern dictators. Whatever the bearing of learning on society, however, Gombrich's contention that art history, good or bad, has a direct bearing on art is supported by a visit to any modern-art gallery.

—*From "Meditations on a Hobby Horse."*

"Adam and Eve" (Detail), 1230-1240, Bamberg Cathedral, Bavaria.

Picasso: Drawing for "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon."

Left: Botticelli: "The Birth of Venus" (Detail), about 1485 (Uffizi, Florence).

Given the author's extraordinary gifts of ingenuity, knowledge, and perception, one might anticipate genuine illumination concerning the painting and sculpture of the past fifty years. I regret to report that the reader will find in *Meditations* little of importance on this subject. The portions of the book dealing specifically with emerging creations are not only the weakest with respect to observation; they impede understanding of art in our time by their fantastic oversimplification of its objectives. For Gombrich the art of this century centers on abstraction and expressionism (art as self-expression and as expression of the age), for both of which he finds it difficult to restrain his scorn. His most fervid objections are contained in the chapter "The Vogue of Abstract Art," originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title "The Tyranny of Abstract Art." Typical of such attacks, the piece is a combination of academic unctuousness and undisguised virulence. Not a single artist is analyzed, only cheats and dupes and reasons why the public is taken in by them. "My knowledge of exhibitions is scanty," Professor Gombrich confesses happily, "and my experience of abstract art therefore limited." Evidently, to judge contemporary art demands no further scrutiny; it has been taken in at a glance.

Professor Gombrich is acting as a high-level popularizer. Here, at any rate, he is not investigating "what happens when somebody makes an image": he is explaining what happens when an imagination like his own, keyed to traditional problems of representation, reflects on that image. Under these auspices and with these motives, no wonder he permits himself formulations like the following: "He [Picasso] invents the game of Cubism, the art of representing Humpty Dumpty after the fall."

MOST strikingly absent is any indication that Professor Gombrich in his suave appreciations of past art and his exalted indignation at that of the present, has asked himself concerning the artist of his day that most pertinent of historical questions, which he himself has cited: "What difficulties does he encounter?" These difficulties hold the key, of course, to the living artist's relation to tradition. Gombrich himself, however, has given the reason for the omission: to enter into this experience would necessitate passing from the calm of the library and the lecture hall to the disorder of the studio. One gathers from the tone of *Meditations*, as well as from its stated attitudes, that the last thing Professor Gombrich is eager to share with contemporary art is its agitated sense of crisis.

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The Sailing Was Never Smooth

Dulles Over Suez: The Theory and Practice of His Diplomacy, *by Herman Finer (Quadrangle. 538 pp. $7.50), charges the former Secretary of State with having worsened the critical situation that brought on clash with Egypt. Samuel Flagg Bemis, a Sterling Professor Emeritus of diplomatic history and inter-American relations at Yale, is a general historian and biographer.*

By SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS

"DAMN Dulles Over Suez, Anyway!" would be a more indicative title for this strongly persuasive but mightily debatable dissection of the late eminent diplomatist's statecraft. The author studies the background, personality, and foreign policy of John Foster Dulles and the theory and practice of his diplomacy as it was focused on the Suez crisis of 1956 and upon NATO. Disastrously focused, so he feels, as do many supporters of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization on both sides of the water. The Suez settlement, Herman Finer believes, was a diplomatic disaster, one that was largely the fault of the American Secretary of State, and of President Eisenhower behind him. Any immediate triumph of peace they achieved in the United Nations was at the cost of fearful forebodings for the future of allied unity for peace with justice.

Mr. Finer gives considerable and rather ironical attention to Mr. Dulles's Wilsonian background, his character, church affiliations, and prayerful attitude. He describes him as a reform Calvinist, excessively self-righteous, who considered himself an Isaiah among the world's statesmen, a man of "massive intellect" but "very high-handed, almost contemptuous," with a manner of "exclusive rectitude," one that was devious, brusque, and at times smacked of actual prevarication, exciting distrust in those with whom he dealt. It is, therefore, quite in order to note the personal background of Mr. Finer.

According to the jacket of this powerful arraignment, Herman Finer is "one of the most distinguished political scientists of our time." He is the author of some twenty-two well-known books on modern government and international relations, including *The British Civil Service, America's Destiny,* and *The Presidency: Crisis and Regeneration.* He was "raised" in England, taught for twenty-two years at the London School of Economics before coming to the United States in 1944 to assume a professorship at Harvard. Since 1946 he has been professor of political science at the University of Chicago. Further reference reveals that he was born in Rumania, and is now a naturalized American citizen.

Presumably political "science" comprises classification and description of governments with a study of politics, domestic and international, and of political institutions. Beyond that, when one comes to behavioral psychology and its influence on particular statesmen, and such things as theories of the "decision-making process," political "science" gets pretty fringy, and not altogether reliable. Professor Finer was well aware of this fact as he proceeded to gather data for this book.

FOR the historian, and presumably for the political scientist, documents are the first and most reliable source. Even the documents don't tell the whole story: they are often selectively and deceptively presented, and even if fully and honestly published, they do not reveal the human factors behind and around them. In the case of Suez the formal record of conferences and numerous diplomatic exchanges are available in print, but not the still-secret archives of governments and personal papers of high participants. The relevant papers of the State Department on the Suez crisis are, of course, not open to historians any more than are those of other foreign offices concerned; the Dulles Papers in the Princeton Firestone Library are, according to the author, affected by the same ban.

This unavailability of basic documents should not prevent study of a recent world crisis so important to the student of American foreign policy. Therefore, Professor Finer makes the chief source of his work a "systematic interrogation" of the thirty or so top men who, in and around the Suez affair, directly participated with Dulles and Eisenhower in developing and executing American policy. He also interviewed the principal representatives of Britain and France, as well as "knowledgeable" Israeli and Egyptian officials.

This type of source has come to be known in our day as "oral history," carefully recorded by supposedly objective "scientific" researchers. It cannot be dismissed as unimportant, but it must be subjected to all the canons of scholarly criticism. For example: Who said it? What is the quality of his memory? What are his nationality, background, personal bias if any? How much have events since the time of his observation colored his memory? What questions were not asked? What important people were not interviewed? Mr. Finer lists in two pages of front matter the persons interviewed, but in his book he makes few attributions to the specific person who furnished the important information on which he relies.

It is from such material that he draws his characterization of Dulles. This practice would not conform to the historian's concept of "scrupulous scholarship" for which the book's jacket vouches. But perhaps it is the most we can get before the veils are lifted. It all depends on how the author has made use of his information; let us tentatively give him the benefit of a doubt—at least till we know more than he does. Now to his thesis.

"At the very outset," Mr. Finer reminds us, "it must be emphasized that it was not Dulles who waged war in Suez and Sinai, but Britain, France, and Israel." But it was Dulles, he asserts, who messed up the critical situation that brought on the war. His abrupt withdrawal of the proposed Aswan loan gave the Egyptian dictator Nasser the pretext for nationalizing the Suez Canal in violation of the Treaty of Constantinople of 1888 and the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1954 confirming the guaranties of the former (to neither of which was the United States a party). Dulles (and President Eisenhower back of him) deceived their closest NATO allies, Great Britain and France, by repeatedly giving them to understand that if *all* efforts for a peaceful solution were exhausted, the Government of the United States would not preclude the use of force in last resort. But when the final crunch of war came, they abjured the use of force in any case, and sided against Britain, France, and Israel, ultimately voting with Russia in the United Nations. Dulles and Eisenhower were so afraid of the Soviet Union's threats of nuclear war that they lost their nerve before the apparition of a third world conflict, and pusillanimously exerted "sanctions" on their own allies.

The result was irreparable damage to NATO and great advantage to Soviet Russia, now evident in Cuba, Panama, and Vietnam (all outside the scope of

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NATO and SEATO, as was Egypt). Sir Anthony Eden, poor fellow, and David Ben-Gurion are the vanquished heroes of the book, Nasser the victorious villain, egged on, armed, and supported by Russia at every step, and never faced down by Dulles; little Israel was resolutely fighting for her life.

Mr. Finer presents his indictment of his adopted country's Suez diplomacy in great detail and in bitter, biting language. He has put the supporters of Dulles and Eisenhower on the defensive. But his is not the last word. The case for the United States has not been made. We must await the next volume of General Eisenhower's memoirs, presumably covering the Suez crisis, and the more scholarly study of John Foster Dulles and his diplomacy by Professor Louis Gerson in a forthcoming volume of the new series "The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy." So far Herbert Nicholas of Oxford University has written the most balanced account, in his Albert Shaw Lectures at Johns Hopkins University, *Great Britain and the U.S.A.*

Time and the Political Tide

Suicide of the West: An Essay on the Meaning and Destiny of Liberalism, *by James Burnham (John Day. 312 pp. $5.95), spells out the dangers inherent in what the author regards as a lethal ideology. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

PLOWING through *Suicide of the West*, it is hard to avoid the feeling that its author is in the grips of an acute obsession. Starting from the premise that "for the past two generations Western civilization has been shrinking; the amount of territory, and the number of persons relative to the world population, that the West rules have much and rapidly declined," he reaches the dismal conclusion that, unless an ideology which he believes presently dominates the thinking and the political life of much of the West is abandoned, the ideals and the influence of Western civilization are doomed.

To define this pervasive and lethal ideology is the task to which the greater part of this book is devoted. While James Burnham protests at an early stage that he will "not try to answer now or later" the question "why has the West been contracting," the whole drift of his argument is to fasten full responsibility on what he chooses to denote as "liberalism." This is the villain in the piece, and the obsessive villain which the author attacks with obvious relish.

By way of making his meaning abundantly clear, Mr. Burnham summarizes in the seventh chapter "nineteen liberal ideas and beliefs" which he has previously discussed. It is highly doubtful that many can be found who would subscribe unconditionally to this whole body of doctrine, and dissent will surely grow as one follows the author in the development of his thesis. He protests that he does "not want to end up sticking pins into a straw man." Yet liberalism, as he defines it, is the veriest straw man even if the pin-sticking is left to others.

On rare occasions the author indicates some vague awareness of the changing aspect of the world of today. He admits, for instance, that "in our time, rapid communication and transport have made all nations neighbors to each other; and this fact as well as the existence of weapons of mass destructive potential must inevitably be allowed for in the practical exercise of sovereignty." But in spite of such casual admissions, it is clear that Mr. Burnham is governed by a nostalgic desire to turn the clock back—to return to the good old days. It is not the awakening in the twentieth century of slumbering masses, the gradual spread of literacy, the revolution of rising expectations, the population explosion, or, above all, the development of thermonuclear weapons that make any such return impossible. Rather it is the growing influence of the baneful encroachments of liberalism.

It seems safe to say that only a small minority predisposed to the cultivation of illusions would accept this as a realistic interpretation of the forces determining the evolution of political thought today. One may agree with Mr. Burnham's contention that colonialism has been liquidated at times with inadequate preparation, and yet be conscious of the fact that the era of Western imperialism had come to an inevitable end. One may regret the errors of judgment that have allowed a new Soviet imperialism to extend its dominion well into Eastern Europe, and yet

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Messages Written in Darkness

Milovan Djilas—idyls and platitudes.

***The Leper and Other Stories,** by Milovan Djilas, translated by Lovett F. Edwards (Harcourt, Brace & World. 247 pp. $4.95), plumb the disasters of war and men's divisive emotions. Robert L. Stilwell teaches English and comparative literature at Ohio State University.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

THE PLIGHT of the Yugoslav writer and political figure Milovan Djilas furnishes analogies, however oblique, to that of the broken revolutionary Rubashov in Arthur Koestler's novel *Darkness at Noon*. A member of the Communist Party in Yugoslavia since 1932, Djilas rose quickly to a place among its ideologues and highest officials, establishing himself after World War II as one of the three or four most powerful presences within the Tito government. Then began his period of intransigence, of unhealed conflict with the system for which he had served as an architect. And from 1956 to the present, excepting brief respites, he has been in Mitrovica Prison, under protracted sentences for his "revisionism."

Of course, this sort of progression has become an old story by now, a parable hardened into a paradigm. From one of its re-enactments to the next the names remain as interchangeable as so many Volkswagen parts. Yet in Djilas's case an important result of his severance from the Party has been that he is now discussed, and at least nominally read, in the West. He has come to be accepted—with that self-righteous judging and labeling to which the cant of our times impels us—as one of those vaguely respectable disillusioned visionaries, as a potentially redeemable penitent detained by the yahoos with whom he hobnobbed during his less regenerate days.

Among English-speaking readers Djilas is likely to be known principally for his autobiography, *Land Without Justice,* and for the polemical books *The New Class* and *Conversations with Stalin.* It was through his stories and poetry, however, that he first gained literary recognition in his native country; and since his imprisonment he has continued the writing of short fiction. *The Leper and Other Stories* exhibits ten recent or fairly recent specimens of his work in this genre.

It would be gratifying to admire them unequivocally. Each of the stories gathered here aspires to seriousness and compassion—in the best senses of those much-battered words; several of them are idyls, although the majority deal with the disasters of war and with the internal struggles of men's divided emotions. By most accounts, furthermore, their author is a brave and humane man who has suffered deeply and who evidently wishes to make "the human spirit" something more than just another sudsy catch-phrase. Then, too, documents produced in prison lay special claim on any but the toughest sympathies. For these reasons, therefore, it seems a detestable circumstance that all the pieces in *The Leper* should be second-rate and that a few of them should possess, as literary art, virtually no merit whatsoever. Yet such, I am afraid, is the case.

Where do their flaws lie? Why have so much pain, so many decent intentions, issued in so little? One problem is that most of these stories are distractingly outmoded, even reactionary, in technique. Aside perhaps from "Sudikova" and "The Song of Vuk Lopusina," which test the boundaries separating fiction from the nostalgic essay, not one of them could be said to enrich the possibilities of form by wrenching the traditional limits of those possibilities. To be sure, literature shall not live by innovation alone; but neither is there much virtue in concocting warmed-over imitations of early Turgenev.

Another difficulty is the curious, watered-soup flatness that pervades these stories. They contain little genuine resonance of pity and horror; nor is their plainness the kind that annihilates through its very starkness. Some idea of this lack of dimension can be obtained by contrasting Djilas's sketch of an aged refugee and his small granddaughter (in the tritely titled "Old and Young") with the searing pictures of refugees in Hemingway's dispatches from the Spanish Civil War.

Still another objection is that Djilas's rhetoric of persuasion—or his didacticism, to haul out that blunter term—constantly impinges on his artistic imagination. The reader is forever being told what he ought to think about this or that, rather than being allowed to decide for himself. In this respect the fable called simply "War," in which a peasant couple witness the behind-the-lines execution of their soldier son, is probably the worst offender; however, none of the pieces escapes this intrusiveness of predigested "messages." And I might add, without being able to determine whether author or translator is responsible, that the exposition of these "messages" comes close to forming one endless skein of platitudes ("No man can escape eternity"), shameless clichés ("He was ready to give the shirt off his back"), and unarguable truisms ("Every man must create for himself some way of life by the very fact that he is alive").

None of these blemishes need imply that the volume is totally without distinction. Some of its evocations of nature, as in "Woods and Waters," have a pleasant lyricism. Toward its conclusion the long title story becomes quite moving, and so do "The Execution" and "The Foreigner." Nevertheless—to put the case uncharitably—the more disappointing pages in *The Leper* almost make one wish that Djilas had spent his time studying astronomy, as Rubashov hoped to do, instead of fashioning a collection of homemade fiction.

Coming May 16

Spring Children's Book Feature

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Destination Despair

Erich Maria Remarque—meaningful.

The Night in Lisbon, *by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt, Brace & World. 244 pp. $4.95), bares the life-in-death anguish of a couple destined to be fugitives ad infinitum. William S. Lynch, who devotes much of his time now to literary criticism, has been a professor of the humanities at Cooper Union.*

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE MAN on the run from the Nazis, all too familiar as he may be in recent history and fiction, never fails to command our attention. Lost in the only world of meaning to him, that of consulates, police stations, internment camps, the one thing that counts is a passport—a valid one preferably with the necessary visas. Loneliness, homesickness, and universal indifference were his lot in the late Thirties and early Forties. Even now his plight shocks us, as does the memory of the millions of other Nazi victims.

This is the story of one such refugee as told to another the night before he was to sail to America, the goal for which he had struggled for years, only to have at this last moment all purpose taken away from him by a fate as cruel as any from which he had fled. The adventures of this man whose passport named him Schwarz, recounted by an old master like Remarque, provide a tale of suspense and intrigue on the order of those of Ambler or Greene. But to leave it at that is not enough. For here, too, is a tragic love, complicated and desperate, as Schwarz, driven by compulsions he does not himself really understand, returns to Germany to find his wife, Helen, from whom he has not heard for five years. He finds her, flees again, this time with her in a frantic effort to escape from the Europe in which there is nothing for either but barbarism and fear. In pursuit are not only the usual forces of German officialdom, but a special nemesis in the form of Helen's brother Georg, a high-ranking member of the Gestapo. To report what happens would not be fair. It can be said that the events incidental to their efforts to escape are exciting and chilling.

More meaningful than the thriller side of the book, though, is the life-in-death relationship of the two, clinging together in a world where there is "no going back and no destination, just flight, flight together, and despair." Sometimes tenderly, sometimes fiercely, sometimes even with distrust and loathing, they move on and on, lost in the terrible jungle in which they are trapped. In revealing their lot to us, Remarque displays his already proven talent for setting and incident. Things are real as he describes them; they can be felt as well as seen. Remarque long ago mastered the art of keeping a story moving without at the same time appearing too glib or slick. His tortured characters here are convincing as well as sympathetic. No *All Quiet on the Western Front* (how could there be another?), this is first-rate Remarque, with less philosophizing than some of his others, but meaningful and pertinent.

"FASCINATING" —N. Y. Times

"BRILLIANT" —N. Y. Daily News

ROBERT MURPHY'S

bestselling book about a career "never surpassed by any other individual in the history of our foreign service"—*Saturday Review.* 16 pages of photographs; 4th large printing; $6.95 at all booksellers. **DOUBLEDAY**

DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS

And So to See Again

The Blind Heart, *by Storm Jameson (Harper & Row. 217pp. $3.95), deals with the moment of recognition that comes to three persons whose vision has been clouded by love or hate. The latest literary study by British novelist and critic Walter Allen is "The Modern Novel in Britain and the United States."*

By WALTER ALLEN

THE THEME of Storm Jameson's new novel is the restoration of sight to hearts blinded by love or by hate. There are at least three such blinded hearts described, and this, in view of the book's brevity, is probably one too many. Of that, more later; the other two are most effectively done.

The setting is the countryside around Grasse in Provence, which Miss Jameson, an unsentimental lover of France and the French, renders most vividly, both in its heat and aridity and in the idiosyncrasy of its people. At the center of the scene is Aristide Michal, Greek by birth, a cook of near genius, and the landlord of a small restaurant. The chance of buying it comes to him; he loses it, together with his life's savings, by an act of generosity. One says, "by an act of generosity"; but beyond this as the real precipitant of Aristide's troubles is the fatal flaw in his character: his blind love for his adopted son, who betrays him doubly by stealing his money and seducing his wife.

With Aristide, Storm Jameson attempts one of the most difficult tasks a novelist can set himself: the creation of a positively good man—and she is largely successful. Aristide is not a tragic figure; but in his generosity of spirit and in the stoicism, even in the common sense, with which he accepts the consequences of his uncritical love for a psychopathic son, he may stand as representative of the ancient Greek virtues.

Miss Jameson is almost as successful with the second of her portraits, that of an Englishman who is consumed with bitterness against the young wife who has cuckolded him and who seeks revenge by writing a novel about her, to be published after his death. In the end, he forgoes his revenge and burns his book. Again common sense—in the recognition of the limitations involved in being human.

With her third instance of a blind heart the author fails, by comparison, to convince. This is the tale of the son of a Frenchwoman deported to Germany during the war, who is adopted as a baby by German foster parents, and who returns years later, against his will, to his

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real mother in France. His story is insufficiently integrated with the others and, somehow, crowded out by them. To satisfy, one feels, it would need to be expanded, even to the extent of becoming a separate novel.

Storm Jameson is a tough-minded writer. She is haunted by human cruelty, especially that cruelty which may be called gratuitous, whether between men and women, parents and children, or arising out of war. Never sensational or sentimental, her prose is sharp and precise.

Christian Endeavor: Elizabeth Jenkins, English novelist and biographer, doesn't believe in the social interpretation of crime. Miss Jenkins believes in Christian responsibility. She also believes that there are good people and bad people, but that a Christian must learn to forgive.

To illustrate all these worthy sentiments, Miss Jenkins has written *Brightness* (Coward-McCann, $3.95), an extremely tedious novel—which is, alas, hard to forgive. We have Marion Sugden, a grasping and materialistic rich woman who has raised a dangerous oaf of a son. We have her neighbor Una Lambert, a gentle though impoverished widow who has raised a theological Peace Corps type in a Cambridge blazer. We have Marion's slogging, bewildered husband and Una's dominating sister. We have a defiant young girl named, of course, Faith. And, oh yes, the town prostitute, poor girl. Naturally, there has to be a contrived tragedy so that everyone can get the message: be responsible, learn to forgive, and make the old Cambridge try for Christianity.

The setting is a small English town near a big industrial complex. Miss Jenkins is very good on gardens.

—MARGARET PARTON.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1081

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1081 will be found in the next issue.

CSAHA AWAHNOSLMP LK FRQ

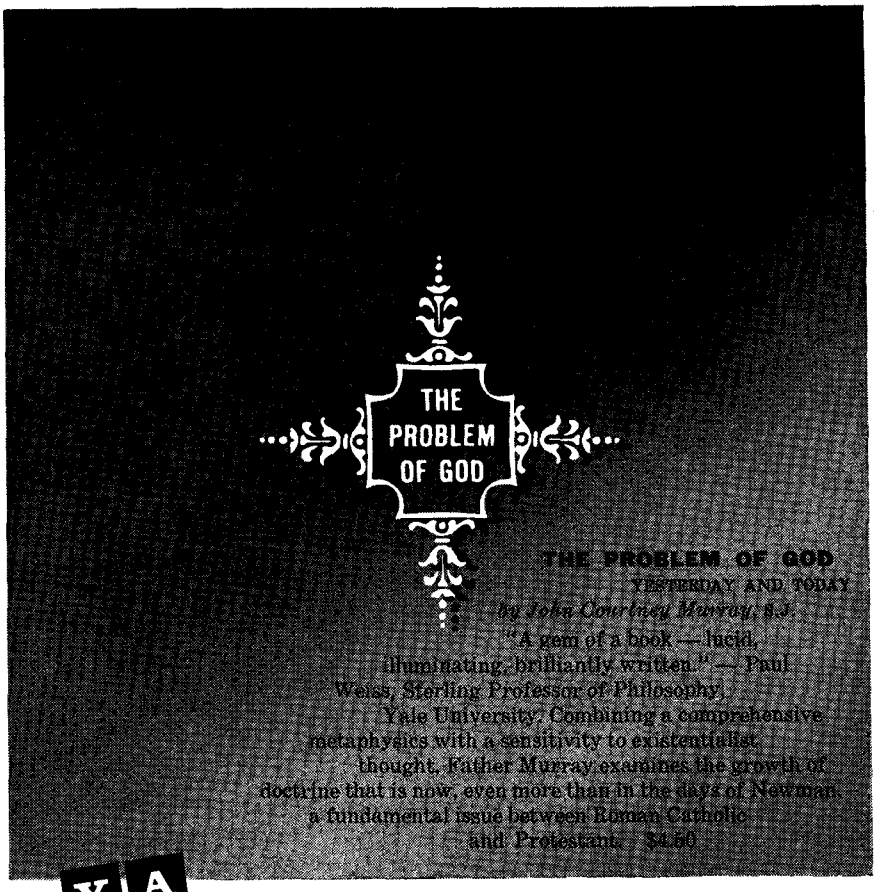
LO UBKO FA PTTQ OT XMTC

OSA CTHKO.

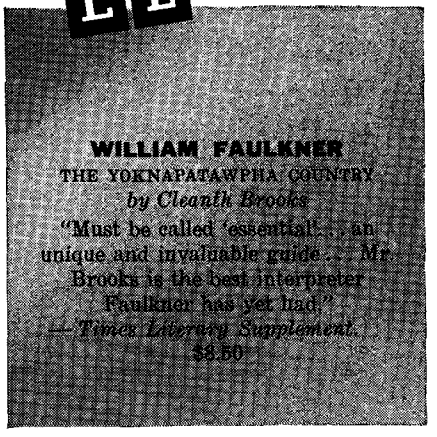
FHRQGAN

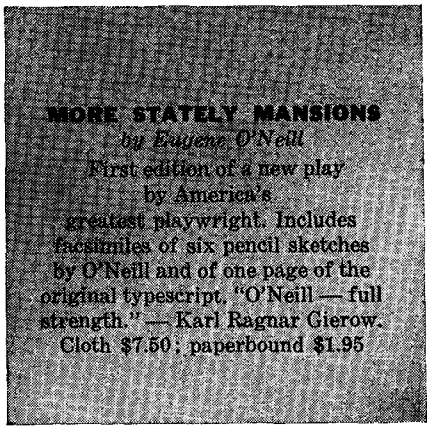
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1080

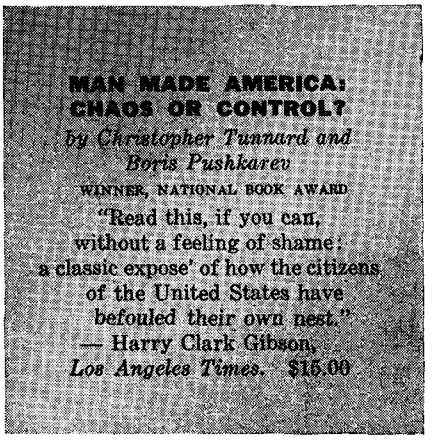
If one considered life as a simple loan, one would perhaps be less exacting. —DELACROIX.

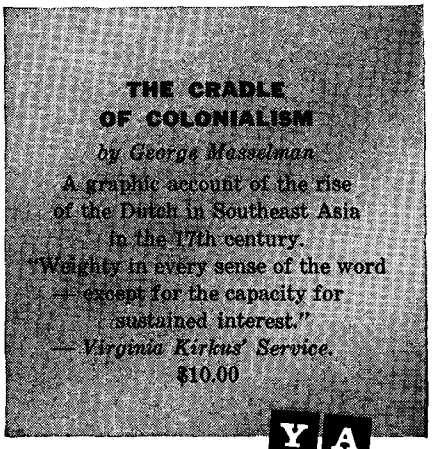

THE PROBLEM OF GOD
THE PROBLEM OF GOD
YESTERDAY AND TODAY
by John Courtney Murray, S.J.
"A gem of a book — lucid, illuminating, brilliantly written." — Paul Weiss, Sterling Professor of Philosophy, Yale University. Combining a comprehensive metaphysics with a sensitivity to existentialist thought, Father Murray examines the growth of doctrine that is now, even more than in the days of Newman, a fundamental issue between Roman Catholic and Protestant. $4.50

Y A L E *Yale University Press, New Haven and London*


WILLIAM FAULKNER
THE YOKNAPATAWPHA COUNTRY
by Cleanth Brooks
"Must be called 'essential' . . . an unique and invaluable guide . . . Mr. Brooks is the best interpreter Faulkner has yet had."
— Times Literary Supplement.
$8.50


MORE STATELY MANSIONS
by Eugene O'Neill
First edition of a new play by America's greatest playwright. Includes facsimiles of six pencil sketches by O'Neill and of one page of the original typescript. "O'Neill — full strength." — Karl Ragnar Gierow.
Cloth $7.50; paperbound $1.95


MAN MADE AMERICA: CHAOS OR CONTROL?
by Christopher Tunnard and Boris Pushkarev
WINNER, NATIONAL BOOK AWARD
"Read this, if you can, without a feeling of shame: a classic expose' of how the citizens of the United States have befouled their own nest."
— Harry Clark Gibson, Los Angeles Times. $15.00


THE CRADLE OF COLONIALISM
by George Masselman
A graphic account of the rise of the Dutch in Southeast Asia in the 17th century.
"Weighty in every sense of the word — except for the capacity for sustained interest."
— Virginia Kirkus' Service.
$10.00

Yale University Press, New Haven and London Y A L E

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Adventures in Serendipity

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THIS year some of our children will have a new word—serendipity—one of the pleasant ones that have found their way into the English language. The afterword to Elizabeth Jamison Hodges's new version of an ancient tale, *The Three Princes of Serendip* (Atheneum, $3.95), explains that the word was coined many years ago by Horace Walpole. The current dictionary definition of it is: "The gift of finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for."

Serendip was the old name of Ceylon, and from that island three princes were dispatched by their father to travel. Ostensibly their quest was for 100 lines of verse upon a single scroll. Entitled "Death to Dragons," these lines contained the secret of a potent liquid, which if poured into an ocean lane could utterly destroy ". . . all dangerous monsters there." The princes had many adventures, discovered many things, but returned with only fragments of the magic formula. How the monsters that plagued the land of Serendip were destroyed is told in the last chapter. The book, which "draws from" one printed in London in 1722, is attractive, though some of Joan Berg's pictures seem to lack imaginative feeling.

There is always a certain amount of serendipity in children's books, even at the beginning of a season when the new ones start to come in. As the year goes on, one compares some books with others, but the spring holds undoubted surprises and freshness. Later in the year certain of these books may be overlooked; they should not be. A real surprise this spring was a little book, *The Giraffe of King Charles X*, whose story and pictures are by Miche Wynants, a Belgian artist (McGraw-Hill, $2.50). The unlikely title leads into an unlikely but true story, narrated by the exceedingly decorative giraffe and substantiated by the author at the end of the book.

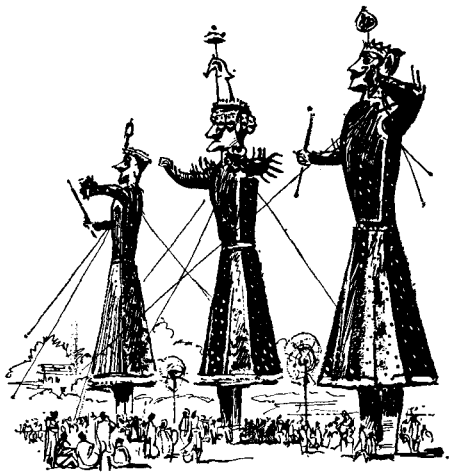
It is always delightful to find a story one has never seen told. Imagine Mohammed-Ali presenting a giraffe to the king of France because "no one has ever seen a giraffe in France." Such goings-on! Can you see her making the trip from Marseilles to Paris accompanied by three milk cows and two antelope? And impatient Parisians "making brief trips back and forth to meet 'the beautiful African' "? That—and a great deal more besides—happened in the years 1826-27. The pictures use much texture, being chiefly in collage, but never prevent the children from seeing this "Lady of the Tropics." The color, however, makes the overprinted text almost illegible, in two places.

Then there is a piece of unexpected good fortune in *Elisabeth the Cow Ghost* (Viking, $3), a new edition of the first picture book made by William Pène du Bois in 1936. Elisabeth was "the sweetest and gentlest cow in all Normandy," but when she died and came back as a ghost, she had (so she thought) a different personality. When Leo found her floating spectrally over the bathtub, she said, "I am the ghost of a cow so fierce, the bravest matadors of Spain nightly thanked their favorite saints that I was not born a bull." A very funny book with delightfully amusing and decorative drawings.

And thoughts of the brave matadors of Spain lead to a most outstanding, exciting book for young people, *Shadow of a Bull*. It is by Maia Wojiechowska, with drawings by Alvin Smith (Atheneum, $3.50). Never did I think that I would read a book about bullfighting twice at one sitting, but this is about more—much more than the bullring.

Manolo is the son of a famous matador who, in his twenties, was gored by a bull and died. From every side it is impressed on Manolo that he must be his father's successor. Six mysterious *aficionados* take him to a bullfight and from then on they tutor him. Manolo believes he is a coward because he is afraid of bulls. He tries to overcome this fear but cannot.

From "The Orphelines in the Enchanted Castle."



—From "Delhi Old and New."

At twelve years of age Manolo faces his first bull in the ring. Given the sword for "the moment of truth," he knows he cannot kill, and hands the weapon to his friend Juan, who longs to be a matador. The whole book is a gripping story of a boy who finds a way to be himself, and remain true to his father.

Green Is for Growing. *By Winifred and Cecil Lubell. Rand McNally.* 64 *pp.* $2.95. The gay and springlike jacket of this book leads into text and pictures that are full of information as well as wonder about the spring. *Green Is for Growing* ranges farther afield than most nature picture books, going back to the original green plants. "The name we give these plants is algae (al-jee)." The text is described on the front jacket flap as "rhythmic prose," on the back flap as "a series of beautiful poems." I'd say it is skilfully cadenced prose. If it consisted of "beautiful poems" would some scientific names be given phonetic pronunciation in the text? In any case, it's an interesting book. Ages 6-9.

It's Nesting Time. *By Roma Gans. Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. Crowell.* 40 *pp.* $2.75. For country and suburban families this book is useful because it has charming water-color sketches of birds, as well as descriptions of how they build their nests. For permanent city-dwellers it can give a vicarious view of one of springtime's great joys. However all the pictures should be in color, to help with bird identification, thus making the book doubly useful. And why is that most cozy, chattery bird, the wren, omitted? Nevertheless the book is one that has been needed; contrary to some ideas, suburban mothers and teachers are not always nature experts—and these little books promise real help. Ages 6-8.

Graywings. *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrations by Marie Nonast. Scribners.* 58 *pp.*

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$2.95. It is most pleasant throughout the year to see gulls flying over rivers and lakes and posturing on the beaches; they also have a value as scavengers of city harbors. Children know them, and will like to learn how they build their nests and rear their young. Graywings, described here, is a herring gull, most commonly seen on the East and West coasts, and on the Great Lakes.

This is not one of Alice Goudey's well-known "Here Is" books, but is entirely different in size and presentation—a bit of serendipity that might always be helpful when books are growing rapidly into a series. The pictures in green and gray are accurate and decorative. Ages 6-10.

The Gingerbread Rabbit. *By Randall Jarrell. Pictures by Garth Williams. Macmillan.* 56 *pp.* $2.95. Mr. Jarrell has mixed almost everything into this story, the main elements of which are the gingerbread man and the crafty fox. I realize that the book is supposed to be a spoof of folk tales and people's reaction to them, but why is the gingerbread rabbit saved from the cruel (?) fate of being cooked and eaten—unless this is poking fun at those who always want a happy ending? Some children will enjoy the story; there are a few amusing moments in it as well as in Garth Williams's pictures, although these are not his best.

The Orphelines in the Enchanted Castle. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Pictures by Adrianna Saviossi. Harper & Row.* 128 *pp.* $3.50. To me this is the most entertaining of the "Orpheline" books—and the one most likely to introduce readers to the other three. The Orphelines are now in an old castle in the forest of Fontainebleau and, as they are about eight years old and uniformly romantic, they love it. When they are to be joined by an equal number of boy orphans, they decide that they will be fair ladies and the boys will be knights.

It doesn't work out that way. The boys are *boys*. And although in the course of the story they become Cub Scouts of France, they are still boys (or wolves of the Wolf Pack on occasion). At the end of the book Pierre makes one semi-knightly gesture to the fair ladies, but it is really his good deed for the day. (Like many a Cub Scout, he has difficulty finding 365 good deeds for the year.) Ages 8-10.

This Is a Tree. *By Ross E. Hutchins. Photographs by the authors. Dodd, Mead.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. This handsome and informative book will appeal to young people with an interest in the outdoors, particularly as the trees come into new leaf. "Imagine, if you can," writes the author, "a world without trees." He offers powerful arguments for conservation, and in clear, well-reproduced pictures lets us see the "personality" of trees, as well as their pollination, growing rings, and other details (shown in close-up). Mr. Hutchins also explains the tree as a chemical factory—not just the dry facts but the wonder of it all. The book is an excellent companion to *This Is a Leaf* and *This Is a Flower* by the same author. Older boys and girls.

The Wonders of Fungi. *By Lucy Kavalar. Illustrated with photographs and drawings by Richard Ott. John Day.* 128 *pp.* $3.95. One of the most interesting science books we have had, this is a companion to *The Wonders of Algae,* which had remarkably good reviews. There are many surprises for those who do not know about fungi, or who know them only superficially. The classic serendipity that resulted in penicillin and went on from there to other antibiotics makes an interesting story in itself as told here. The book also projects algae and fungi as foods of the future. Ages 10-14.

Fighter for Independence: Jawaharlal Nehru. *By Alfred Apsler. Messner.* 192 *pp.* $3.25. It is fitting that this brief but efficient biography should begin with the dramatic big night when India's freedom was celebrated, instead of with a slower-paced childhood. There are brief flashbacks to family life, school in England, but the main part of the book is concerned, as it should be, with the nonviolent struggle for freedom and Nehru's preparation, under Gandhi, for his political leadership of India. As prime minister, he preached his brand of neutrality "with a near religious fervor." An Indian friend has told me that his strengths and weaknesses are discussed fairly.

Then, in a closing chapter as dramatic as the first, Communist China suddenly invades "its Asian brother," and Nehru is forced to accept the resignation of Krishna Menon—and to accept reality. What will come next to India? After Nehru—who? Older boys and girls.

Delhi, Old and New. *By Emily Polk. Illustrated by Emil Weiss. Rand McNally.* 144 *pp.* $2.75. This is one of the Cities of the World series—*San Francisco,* by Jean Fritz, also illustrated by Emil Weiss's informal sketches, being among the best of the others. The Polks made their home in Delhi for several years, and are still living in India. While Mrs. Polk crowds too much into a small book and seems to be enthusiastic about everything, one cannot help feeling a strong desire to visit India's capital city, to see the streets planted with different flowering trees, to be there at the many festival times, one of which, the Swing Festival, must indeed be "enchanting to watch." "Every tree becomes a circus of gaiety" with little children, girls, and young women all in their brightest clothes, singing and swinging." A little of the history of the country is given, and the old part of the city is carefully described. Older boys and girls.

Awards

THE NEWBERY MEDAL for 1964 was awarded to Emily Neville for *It's Like This, Cat* (Harper), a present-day story of a boy growing up in New York. Runners-up were Sterling North for *Rascal* (Dutton) and Ester Weir for *The Loner* (McKay).

The Caldecott Medal was awarded to Maurice Sendak for *Where the Wild Things Are* (Harper). Runners-up were Philip Reed for his woodcut presentation of *Mother Goose and Nursery Rhymes* and Leo Lionni for *Swimmy* (Pantheon).

All but *Rascal* (published as an adult book) were reviewed in *SR.*

Only once before have the medals both been awarded to the same publisher—previously to Harcourt, Brace & World.

"I hate to say this, sir, but it looks like a parking ticket!"

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

ECONOMIC AND PHILOSOPHIC MANUSCRIPTS OF 1844. By Karl Marx. Edited by Dirk J. Struik. International. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.95.

MONEY TO GROW ON. By Stuart Chase. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Crime, Suspense

THE GRAND CENTRAL MURDERS. By Slater McGurk. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE HOSPITALITY OF THE HOUSE. By Doris Miles Disney. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE MISTY CURTAIN. By Lucy Cores. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE PROTECTORS. By Harry J. Anslinger and J. Dennis Gregor. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

TRIO FOR BLUNT INSTRUMENTS: A Nero Wolfe Threesome. By Rex Stout. $3.50.

Current Affairs

ATLANTIC CRISIS. By Robert Kleiman. Norton. $2.95.

THE DISPERSION OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS: Strategy and Politics. By Richard N. Rosecrance. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

RELIGION AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS. By Wilber G. Katz. Northwestern Univ. Press. $3.50.

Essays

IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR. By Maurice Bowra. World. $5.95.

THE LITTLE PACKAGE: Pages on Life, Literature, and Landscape from a Traveling Bookman's Baggage. By Lawrence Clark Powell. World. $6.50.

Fiction

ECHOING CLIFFS. By Hjalmar Thesen. McKay. $3.50.

SABARIA. By Gusztav Rab. Norton. $3.95.

MANY SLIPPERY ERRORS. By Alfred Grossman. Doubleday. $4.50.

MERRIE ENGLAND. By Paul Johnson. Macmillan. $3.95.

MORTAL LEAP. By MacDonald Harris. Norton. $4.50.

THE NIGHT IS FOR MUSIC. By George Selamm. Norton. $3.95.

History

IN SEARCH OF WEALTH AND POWER: Yen Fu and the West. By Benjamin I. Schwartz. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

RENAISSANCE AND SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY STUDIES. By Joseph A. Mazzeo. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE REPUBLIC IN PERIL: 1812. By Roger H. Brown. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

SOVIET PARTISANS DURING WORLD WAR II. Edited by John A. Armstrong. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $12.50.

THE YEAR THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. By Brian Gardner. Coward-McCann. $5.75.

Literary Criticism

THE DOUBLE IMAGE: Concepts of the Poet in Slavic Literatures. By Victor Erlich. Johns Hopkins. $5.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE THREE CLASSES. By Patrick J. McCarthy. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

Miscellany

BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO WINNING CHESS. By Fred Reinfeld. Follett. $3.95.

CUE'S NEW YORK: World's Fair Edition Duell, Sloan & Pearce. Paperback, $2.95.

DANGER—SHARK! By Jean Campbell Butler. Little, Brown. $5.

DOWNSTREAM: A Natural History of the River. By John Bardach. Harper & Row. $5.95.

FIVE WEEKS TO WINNING BRIDGE. By Alfred Sheinwold. Trident. $4.95.

GOLFERS' GOLD. By Tony Lema with Gwilym S. Brown. Little, Brown. $4.95.

HEALTH IN THE LATER YEARS. By Dr. Robert E. Rothenberg. New American Library. $6.95.

THE NEW YORK TIMES GUIDE TO DINING OUT IN NEW YORK. By Craig Claiborne. Atheneum. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

NONFICTION: From Idea to Published Book. By Harry Edward Neal. Wilfred Funk. $3.95.

THE TEEN-AGER'S GUIDE TO DIET AND HEALTH. By Dr. Robert S. Goodhart. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

Music

CHANSON AND MADRIGAL, 1480-1530: Studies in Comparison and Contrast. Edited by James Haar. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.25.

Personal History

CROISET THE CLAIRVOYANT. By Jack Harrison Pollack. Doubleday. $4.95.

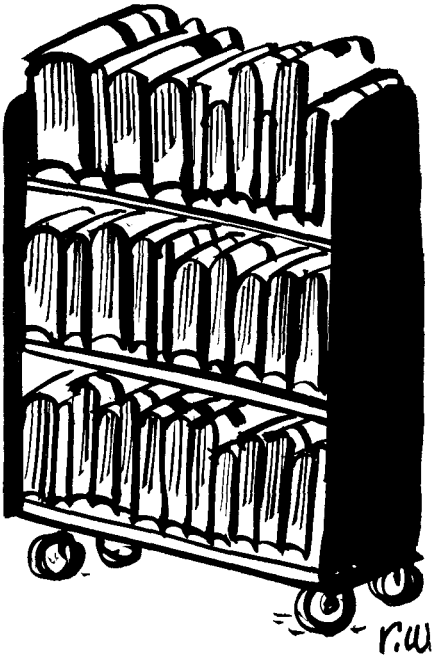
FAULKNER AT WEST POINT. Edited by Major Joseph L. Fant and Lt. Col. Robert Ashley. Random House. $4.95.

IT WAS ALL QUITE DIFFERENT: The Memoirs of Vicki Baum. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

THE JOHN F. KENNEDYS: A Family Album. By Mark Shaw. Farrar, Straus. $7.50.

THE LONG WALK HOME. By Leonard Kriegel. Appleton-Century. $4.50.

A SHOP IN THE HIGH STREET. By Sybil Leek. McKay. $4.



Reference

CASSELL'S NEW COMPACT LATIN DICTIONARY: Latin-English; English-Latin. Edited by D. P. Simpson. Fung & Wagnalls. $2.95.

DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY. By J. E. Zimmerman. Harper & Row. $4.95.

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—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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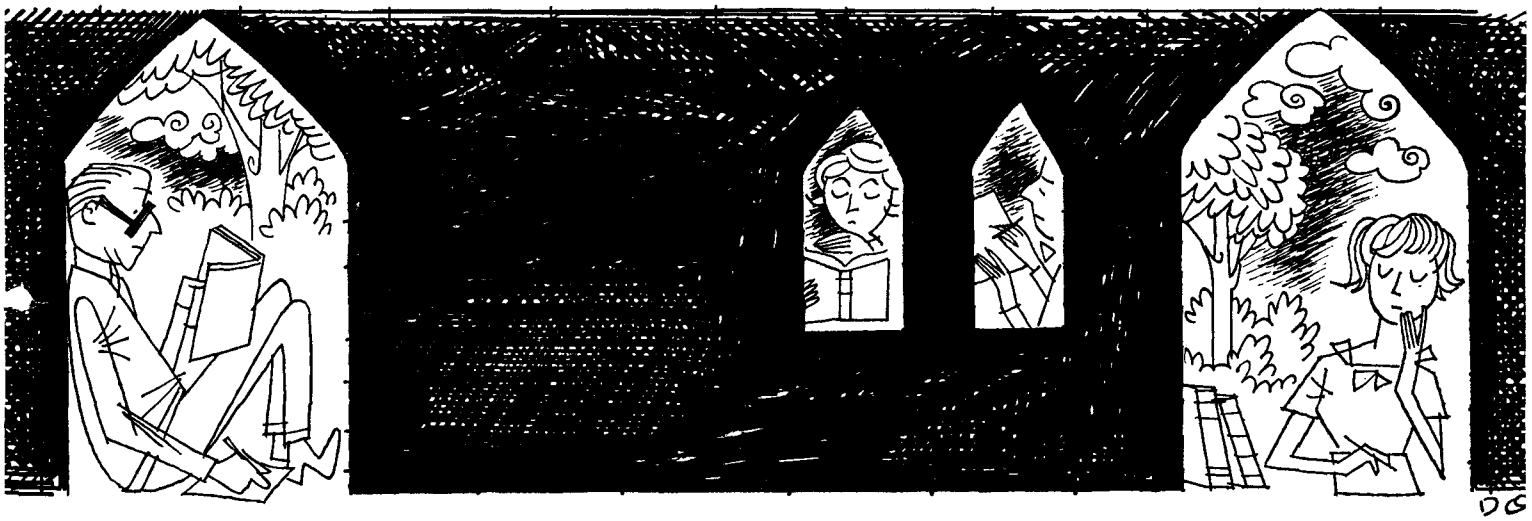

WRITERS' WORKSHOPS

By GORHAM MUNSON, *author of "The Written Word" and "Making Poems for America: Robert Frost," currently assistant professor of English at Fairleigh Dickinson University and director of the Florham Park-Madison Writers Conference to be held on the University's Madison, New Jersey, campus.*

THE STATISTICS are scanty, but there are a few unscientific indications that about 2 per cent of the adult education market is composed of what Kenneth Roberts called the "I-want-to-writes." Once again, nearly thirty summer writers' conferences, meeting for from one to three weeks, are sending brochures to these hopefuls, and are expecting to register about 2,000 conferees. Supplementing the appeal of the "long" summer conference are the twenty or so "short" ones, several of which will be in session no longer than one day. They will attract another 2,000 "I-want-to-writes."

What are they like, these 4,000 would-be writers? At the poorer conferences there is very little talent; but at the better ones—well, let Robert Mitchner tell about last year's session of the Indiana University Writers' Conference:

> Our enrolment limit, first raised from 100 to 125, was raised last year to 150 (and we forced ourselves to turn forty-three away). We ended up with amazingly serious and hard-working groups of really professional and near-professional writers. Everyone commented on their high caliber. Four of them made important magazine sales before the year was out, and one—a Negro schoolteacher—was signed to a contract by Dodd, Mead for her projected biography of Countee Cullen.

It has been many years since the summer writers' conference has been attacked as an exploiter of the "needs of vast numbers on the outside looking in" at the professional literary life. However, a supercilious attack was made last fall in *The Reporter* by one of the would-be writers, who apparently attended Bread Loaf and looked with scorn on faculty and fellow "would-be writer" alike.

Alan Levy, author of the *Reporter* article, said that at Bread Loaf the pens of the conferees "dutifully record every pedantic noise made by speakers who ought to know better"; yet he found it hard to fault individually Mark Harris, Eric Ambler, Nelson Algren, Brock Brower, and other instructors. And indeed it would be a feat, even for a "superior" young man, to achieve a supercilious attitude toward the many writer-editor-teachers who have set the standards of workshop instruction.

We must return to the fundamental idea of the writers' conference as formulated by Robert Frost before Bread Loaf was started: "a place where writers come together to see what they can get out of meeting each other." Glancing over the directory appended to this survey, I jotted down the names of a number of writers on conference staffs this summer whose friendly interest will be accessible to would-be writers. Would Mr. Levy or any other critic of the writers' conference discount the prospects that student writers would get something good out of meeting (conferring with) such professionals as Ray Bradbury, Christopher Isherwood, Donald Demarest, William Lederer, John Frederick Nims, Padraic Colum, William Jay Smith, Eudora Welty, Shirley Jackson, Nathaniel Benchley, Elizabeth Janeway, Anya Seton, David McCord, Whit Burnett, Kay Boyle, Brewster Ghiselin, Howard Nemerov, Andrew Lytle, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and William Sloane?

Oh, but the writers who go to summer conferences, says Mr. Levy, are "Helen Hokinson ladies who turn up with checkbooks, much-thumbed manuscripts, lonely hearts, and vague yearnings to write like Fannie Hurst or Faith Baldwin." And if one asks in reply, "What about Catherine Drinker Bowen, Jean Stafford, Shirley Barker, Josephine Johnson, and other ladies of literary reputation?" Mr. Levy will shift his ground and say that at "most conferences the ratio of nontalent to talent is high." So it is—so it is everywhere in life. At Bread Loaf the faculty, according to Mr. Levy, estimated that five out of 150 might have some good writing in them. Well, how much *good* writing (better than publishable and salable writing) turns up in 150 submissions to a magazine or book publisher? If they accept one out of fifty submissions, it is a *high* acceptance rate, and it still leaves open the question of good quality.

It is unfair to demand that the majority of conferees be unusually talented, which is what Mr. Levy does. It is enough that most of them get published, even if only in the home-town newspaper or church magazine. I have

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encountered conferees who have "made" *The New Yorker*, the *Reader's Digest*, *Poetry*, the lists of prominent publishers, and, counting Mr. Levy, *The Reporter*. It won't do to dismiss "discoveries" at writers' conferences as "needles in haystacks." Discoveries occur rather more frequently there than in the incoming mail of book publishers and magazine editors. Which is one reason why editors diligently scout the writers' conferences.

What is it that the writers' conference offers that the aspiring writer can find nowhere else? John Ciardi put this best when he said that it is talk of a special quality—"talk from *inside* the writing" by writers. And this brings us back to Robert Frost's definition of a writers' conference: "a place where writers meet to see what they can get out of each other."

One- to Three-Week Conferences

IDYLLWILD PLAYWRIGHTS WORKSHOP AND WEEKEND, under auspices of University of Southern California and Idyllwild Arts Foundation, will meet July 17-24 at Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild, Calif. Founded 1956. Director: James Allardice. Tuition: $33 for week. Room and board: $6 to $7.50 per day. Guest writers present for the weekend. Last year's enrolment: 20. For brochure, write University of Southern California, Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild, Calif.

SANTA CLARA WRITERS INSTITUTE, under auspices of University of Santa Clara, will meet June 23-28 at the University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif. Founded 1961. Director: Dr. John J. Quinn. Staff: Clayton Barbeau (novel and article), John Beecher (poetry), Donald Demarest (juveniles, short story, novel). Guest speakers: Fr. Simon Scanlan, O.F.M., Duane Newcomb, Cornelia Jessey, John Howard Griffin. TV and radio manuscripts will also be reviewed. Mss. due June 1. One unit of credit in English. Registration: $5. Tuition: $35. Room and board: $35. For brochure, write Writers Institute, Summer Session, University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif. 95053.

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of California State College at Los Angeles, will meet June 22-July 9, evenings, Monday through Thursday, at California State College, Los Angeles 32. Founded 1953. Director: Leon Surmelian. Staff: Christopher Isherwood, Ray Bradbury, Irving Shulman, Mrs. Aldous Huxley, Anaïs Nin, Wirt Williams, William Kelley, Charles Beaumont, Rod Serling, John Houseman, Frederick Shroyer, Martin Dibner, Charles Beckwith, Lawrence Lipton, Henri Coulette, Philip Levine, Ann Stanford, Ann Richards, Allardine Hockensmith. Several motion-picture and stage stars and directors will discuss character creation. Undergraduates may earn three units. Tuition: $59. Mss. evaluated free. Board available at college cafeteria. No rooming facilities. Last year's enrolment: 132. For brochure, write Leon Surmelian, Pacific Coast Writers Conference, California State College at Los Angeles, Los Angeles, 32, Calif.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of San Diego State College, will meet Aug. 10-21 on the palm-tree campus of San Diego State College in historic San Diego, Calif. Director: Noel M. Loomis. Staff: Rus Arnold, Thomas H. Uzzell, Hal G. Evarts, Daniel S. Halacy, Jr., Gary Edmondson, Robert J. Steelman, Mabel Robison, David Westheimer, Helen Ellsberg, Neil Morgan. Theme: Writing for Publication. College credit offered. Mss. read by arrangement. Small-group criticism. Tuition: $14.25 per week. Rooms concentrated in new dormitory at dormitory prices; meals in cafeteria, special reserved section. For program and other information, write Noel M. Loomis, English Department, San Diego State College, San Diego, Calif. 92115.

THIRTY-FIRST WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under auspices of University of Colorado, will meet July 19-31 at Libby Hall, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. Director: John H. Wrenn. Staff: William Lederer (novel), John Frederick Nims (poetry), William O. Steele (juvenile writing), George Lanning (short story), Leonard Gross (nonfiction). Limited number of fellowships and scholarships available. Tuition: $65 minimum, $100 maximum. Room and board: for two weeks, single room with nearby central bath, $94; double room with nearby central bath, $74. Last year's enrolment: 100. For brochure, write John H. Wrenn, Director, Writers' Conference, Hellems 122W, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

SEVENTH ANNUAL INSTITUTE IN TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COMMUNICATIONS, under auspices of Colorado State University, will meet July 6-10 at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo. Founded in 1958. Director: Herman M. Weisman. Program: Communication—Transference of Meaning, Dr. Shirleigh; Psychological Aspects of Achieving Meaning, Dr. C. O. Neidt: Transference of Meaning of Technical Meaning to Non-Technical Audiences, Harold F. Osborne; Creativity in Scientific Writing, Herbert B. Michaelson; Administrative Communications, Dr. George T. Vardaman; National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Information and Communication Program, Melvin S. Day; Lessons from the Caveman—Visual Aids *vs.* Idiot Cards, H. N. Hubbs; Personnel Subsystems Development—An Approach to Technical Manuals, Waldo T. Boyd; Science Information Centers, Dr. Israel Light; Anatomy of Uncommunicativeness, Roy C. Davison; Transcultural Communication, Dr. Roy C. Nelson; Programmed Instruction, William E. DeSmith; The Instructional System: Context for Technology, Capt. John B. Haney; Panel on Optimum Program for the Education and Training of Communication Scientists and Information Specialists, Julius Frome, Abram Fiskin, Lt. Col. Arthur Dreyer, Herman M. Weisman; Banquet Address, Dr. John Olive; Problems of Transference of Meaning in Automated Techniques, J. W. Perry; Problems in Meaning, Dr. Herman M. Weisman; Interstellar Communication, Dr. B. M. Oliver. Tuition: $75. Room and board: $34 per person for double room, $42 per person for single room; reasonable rates for meals. Last year's enrolment: 60. For brochure, write Herman M. Weisman, Director, Institute in Technical and Industrial Communications, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo. 80521.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Suffield Academy, will meet June 21-28 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn., midway between Hartford and Springfield, Mass. Founded 1956. Director: Paul G. Sanderson, Jr. Scholarship and manuscript chairman: Mrs. Edmund L. Krochalis, 1439 Enfield St., Enfield, Conn. Staff: William Jay Smith, Padraic Colum (poetry), Eudora Welty (novel), Nathaniel Benchley (short story); Guest lecturers: Louis Untermeyer, Shirley Jackson. Limited number of scholarships available for writers, teachers, and college students who have not previously attended. Address Scholarship Chairman for application forms. Conference directed to perceptive reader and to published and unpublished writers. Daily seminars in poetry, novel, and short story; informal manuscript readings and evening lectures. Manuscript consulation with individual staff member if desired. Tuition: $50. All-inclusive fee for tuition, room, and board for the week: $110. For brochure, write Paul G. Sanderson, Jr., Director, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspieces of the Summer School, Georgetown University, will meet Aug. 3-14 at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Riley Hughes. Staff: Stewart Beach (short story), Leo Brady (one-act plays), Lt. Col. C. V. Glines, USAF (military writing), Esther Douty (juvenile nonfiction), Joseph T. Durkin, S.J. (history), Brother G. Francis, F.S.C., and Brother Patrick Collins, F.S.C.H. (religious market), Marjorie Holmes (article and teenage fiction), Milton Lomask (biography), Patricia McGeer (novel), Raymond Roseliep (poetry), Hazel Wilson (juvenile fic-

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tion). Visiting lecturers: Anne Freemantle, Elizabeth Janeway, Frederick J. Moffitt, Caskie Stinnett, Louis B. Wright. Fourteen scholarships (four for teachers only). Tuition: $40 for six days, $75 for twelve days. Room: $20 a week, air-conditioned; $15 a week, not air-conditioned. Last year's enrolment: 84. For information, write Miss Paula Sullivan, Summer School, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007.

SOUTHERN WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of University of Georgia Center for Continuing Education, will meet Aug. 16-21 at the University of Georgia. Founded 1957. Director: Loran Smith. Staff to be announced. For brochure, write Southern Writers Workshop, Center for Continuing Education, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

MCKENDREE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of McKendree Writers' Association, will meet June 21-27 at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. Founded 1955. Director: Dr. Mildred Silver. Staff: Gordon Aldrich (writing for religious magazines), Charles Chapman (fillers), Phil Enoch (TV and radio), Alice Grant (high school group), Charles Guenther (poetry), Gertrude Barlow Meyers (juveniles), Berniece Roer (articles), Jack Stokes (play writing), Anne West Zimmerman (short story). Instructor for novel to be appointed. Many visiting lecturers. Speaker for Saturday luncheon honoring Illinois and Missouri writers: Harry Mark Petrakis. Tuition: $20 plus $10 for college credit. Room and board: $20. Attendance limited to 100. For brochure, write Dr. Mildred Silver, Director, McKendree Writers' Conference, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Indiana University, will meet July 6-11 at Bloomington, Ind. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Staff: Anya Seton (novel), Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (short story), Ernest Havemann (nonfiction), Sam and Bella Spewack (dramatic writing), Lionel Wiggam (poetry), Keith Robertson (juveniles), Harry Mark Petrakis (fiction techniques), Lillian Pompian (feature articles). Seminars: Book Reviewing and the Literary Column (Mary Rennels Snyder), Writing About Cooking and Gardening (Elisabeth Woodburn). Visiting lecturers and consultants: Robert Paul Smith, Robert Fitzgerald, Jack Olsen, William Poople. Mary Russell, Ann Elmo, Gertrude Hecker Winders, Mary B. Orvis. Fellowships, scholarships, and prize awards: Bobbs-Merrill Fellowship in Juveniles ($100); Bobbs-Merrill Grant-in-Aid for Juveniles ($100); one or two $100 grants from Dodd, Mead for promising book-length works-in-progress; ten regular tuition scholarships, five young-talent scholarships, a $100 grant-in-aid, and five cash prizes for superior writing offered by Indiana University Foundation. Registration fee: $5. Tuition: $25 for one regular workshop, $45 for two (no student may be a mss.-submitting member of more than two workshops, but may audit others at $15 for the first and $10 for each additional one); minimum

tuition for a teacher-auditor, $25. Room and board: $2.50-$3.75 per person per night for dormitory rooms; $5-$6.50 per person per night for air-conditioned rooms with private baths in Memorial Union. Meals at student rates at all campus restaurants. Last year's enrolment: 150 (the absolute maximum). For information, write Dr. Robert W. Mitchner, Director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, 448 Ballantine Hall, Bloomington, Ind.

EASTERN KENTUCKY STATE COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Eastern Kentucky State College, will meet July 22-28 at Richmond, Kentucky. Founded 1964. Staff: Guy Owen, N.C. State College; Louis D. Rubin, Jr., Hollins College; Walter Sullivan, Vanderbilt University. For information, write Byno R. Rhodes, Eastern Kentucky State College, Richmond, Ky.

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Morehead State College, will meet July 26-Aug. 7 at Morehead, Ky. Founded 1952. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: Dayton Kohler, David Madden, James Still, Billy C. Clark, Harvey Curtis Webster, and others. Workshops in poetry, fiction, playwriting, and essays. Limited number of scholarships; magazine and booklet publication; Eagle Editions in poetry. Tuition: $15 per week. Room: $7 per week; board: about $12 per week. Last year's enrolment: 60. For information, write Albert Stewart, Director, Box 841, Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky.

CAPE COD WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of a local planning committee consisting of two members of the Cape Cod Community College faculty and two members of local writers' groups, will meet at Craigville Inn, Craigville, Mass., Aug. 17-21. Staff: George Abbe (poetry), Wilma Pitchford Hays (juvenile writing), Richard Banks (fiction). Speakers and panelists: Emily Flint, Ardis Whitman, John Stevens Wade, George Moses, and Sidney Clark. For information, write Mrs. Pierre Vuilleumier, Secretary, Cape Cod Writers' Conference, West Hyannisport, Mass.

STAR ISLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 1-14 at the Oceanic Hotel, Star Island (Isles of Shoals), N.H. Founded 1957. Director: Mary Chisholm Sweetser. Staff: Edna C. Cornell. Visiting lecturers: David McCord, Barbara Robinson, Frederick T. McGill, Wilbur Nickerson, Shirlee Petkin Newman, Dr. Robert S. Illingworth, E. Roelker Curtis, Beulah Fenderson Smith, Charles Haywood. Tuition: $35. Room and board: $49-$53 first week; $42-$45 second week (plus $10 additional per week if twin-bed unit is used as single room). For brochure, write Mary Chisholm Sweetser, Director, 10 Kneeland St., Malden, Mass. 02148.

FLORHAM PARK-MADISON WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Fairleigh Dickinson University, will meet July 6-18 at the Madison, N.J., campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University, fifty minutes from New York. Founded 1961. Director: Gorham Munson. Staff: Sloan Wilson (novel), Whit Burnett (short fiction), George R. Klare (nonfiction), Gustav Davidson (poetry), and others to be announced. Poetry workshop sponsored by Poetry Society of America. PSA Festival Day, Sat., July 11. Nonfiction workshop specializes in technical writing. Five Prentice-Hall scholarships for technical writers. Registration: $5. Tuition: $100. Three credits, graduate or undergraduate. Room and board: $80. Last year's enrolment: 39. For brochure, write Dr. Paul Gillen, Conference Administrator, Florham Park-Madison Writers' Conference, Fairleigh Dickinson University, 285 Madison Avenue, Madison, N.J.

GLORIETA BAPTIST ASSEMBLY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, will meet July 31-Aug. 5 at Glorieta, N.M. Founded 1954. Director: Clifton J. Allen. Staff composed of professionals in creative writing and experienced teachers in journalism. Fiction, magazine articles, poetry, playwriting, juvenile writing. Prize awards. Registration fee: $3. Room and board: $5-$8.50 per person per day. Last year's enrolment: 100. For information, write Dr. Clifton J. Allen, 127 Ninth Avenue North, Nashville 3, Tenn.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITER'S WORKSHOP will meet July 6-24 at Chautauqua, N.Y. Director: Dr. Stanley Koehler. For information on program, staff, and tuition, write Miss Ruth Ransom, Coordinator, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N.Y.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Columbia University Summer Session, will meet July 20-Aug. 6 at Columbia University, New York. Founded 1951. Chairman: J. R. Humphreys. Staff: Leonie Adams, Rita Smith, Seymour Krim. Visiting lecturers: Nelson Algren, Ralph Ellison, William Goyen, Stanley Edgar Hyman, Shirley Jackson, Elizabeth Janeway, Kenneth Koch, Kenneth McCormick, Allan Seager, Susan Sontag, and others. Tuition: lecture series, $25; lecture and seminar series, $144. Room and board: dormitory room, $1.85 per day minimum; breakfast and dinner, $2.25 per day; rooms available in New Hall, $8 per day. For information, write Chairman of the Writers' Conference, 604 Lewisohn Hall, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027.

(*Continued on page 47*)

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June 21–28

POETRY	WILLIAM JAY SMITH
NOVEL	EUDORA WELTY
SHORT STORY	NATHANIEL BENCHLEY
GUEST LECTURERS	LOUIS UNTERMEYER, SHIRLEY JACKSON
	PADRAIC COLUM

Padraic Colum, who has been with the Conference from its first year, will participate daily in the Poetry Seminar and in afternoon poetry readings.

The Conference is a unique one in that it is directed to the perceptive reader as well as to the published and unpublished writer. All participants may submit manuscripts for individual consultation with a staff member. Limited scholarships are available for writers, teachers, and college students who have not previously attended the Conference. Apply to Scholarship Chairman, Mrs. Edmund L. Krochalis, 1439 Enfield Street, Enfield, Conn.

The daily program, including seminars, informal readings and discussions, and evening lectures, produces a free exchange of ideas on the creation, understanding, and enjoyment of the written word.

Enrollment limited

For brochure write: **Paul G. Sanderson, Jr., *Director***
Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

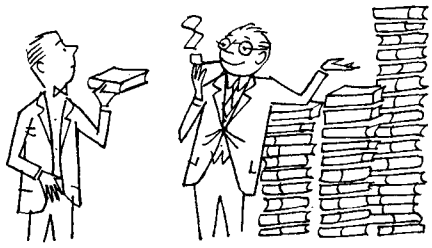
TECHNICAL WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of Rensselaer Institute, will meet June 15-19 at Troy, N.Y. Founded 1953. Director: Jay R. Gould. Staff: Sterling P. Olmsted, Wentworth K. Brown, Robert A. Sencer, Douglas A. Washburn, Philip M. Park. Visiting lecturers: S. J. Goodman, T. P. Curran, Willard E. Roberts, John W. McFarlane, Kenneth E. Twombley, Carl B. Palmer, C. Allen Merritt, Jennings Hammer, Warren B. Deck, Robert J. Longood, Carleton C. Porter, Allan C. Turrits, Stello Jordan. Tuition: $175. Room and board: dormitory and cafeteria rates. Last year's enrolment: 70. For brochure, write Jay R. Gould, Director, Technical Writers' Institute, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

WOODSTOCK WRITERS' WORKSHOP will meet July 14-Aug. 28 at the Colony Arts Center, Woodstock, N.Y. Founded 1959. Program Director: Bill Newgold. Workshops in fiction, nonfiction, and playwriting for beginning writers only. Tuition: $12 for any 3-day workshop; writers may submit a manuscript or project for analysis without additional fee. Room and board: accommodations available at the Colony Inn at special rates for those attending the workshops—$4 a day, single; $3 per person, double occupancy with private bath. Last year's enrolment: 38. For further information and reservations, write Bill Newgold, Colony Arts Center, 22-24 Rock City Road, Woodstock, N.Y.

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Wagner College, will meet July 5-17 on the campus of Wagner College, Staten Island, N.Y. Founded 1956. Director: Kay Boyle. Staff: Kenneth Koch, Howard Nemerov, Herbert Kubly, Arnold Weinstein. Fellowships and prizes. $500 Stanley Drama Award. Two or three academic credits may be earned on undergraduate or graduate level. Tuition: $110. Dormitory accommodations: $60 for twelve days. Last year's enrolment: 52. For brochure, write Administrative Secretary, Writers' Conference, Wagner College, Grymes Hill, Staten Island 1, N.Y.

RIDGECREST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly, operated by the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, will meet June 19-24 at Ridgecrest, N.C. Founded 1931. Director: Clifton J. Allen. Fiction, magazine articles, poetry, playwriting, juvenile writing. Prize awards. Registration fee: $3. Room and board: $5-$8.50 per day. For information, write Dr. Clifton J. Allen, Director, Ridgecrest Writers' Conference, 127 Ninth Ave. N., Nashville, Tenn. 57203.

ST. DAVIDS CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of St. Davids Christian Writers' Association, will meet June 21-26 at Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pa. Founded 1958. Director: Charles A. Waugaman. Staff: Marion Van Horne (beginning writers), Barbara Bates (writing for children), Harry Neal (nonfiction), Faith Coxe Bailey (dramatic writing), Ralph W. Seager (poetry), Walter D. Ferguson (Bible as literature), David D. Raycroft (short story), Daniel Hertzler (devotional), Elliott McDowell (adult books). Visiting lecturers: Frank E. Gaebelein, Mary Alice Jones, Lee Wyndham. Some scholarship aid. Tuition: $20 per week, $1.50 per session. Room and board: room, $15 per week; board, $15 per week. For brochure, write Charles A. Waugaman, Director, St. Davids Christian Writers' Conference, 166 Beach Ave., Cambridge Springs, Pa.



SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the Summer School and Department of English of the University of Utah, will meet June 8-19 at the University campus, Salt Lake City, Utah. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: Howard Nemerov (poetry workshop), Andrew Lytle (novel workshop), Walter Van Tilburg Clark (short story workshop). Various scholarships covering tuition and manuscript fees. Tuition: one week, $30; two weeks, $40 for all workshops, $30 for one workshop; manuscript fees, $6 up. Room and board: room, $9-$13.50 (double or single occupancy) per week; board, $15 per week. For brochure, write Brewster Ghiselin, Director, The Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Middlebury College, will meet Aug. 12-26 at Bread Loaf, Vermont. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Assistant Director: Paul M. Cubeta. Staff: Eunice Blake, Brock Brower, Dudley Fitts, Nancy Hale, Shirley Jackson, Howard Nemerov, Robert Pack, William Raney, William Sloane, Dan Wakefield. Visiting lecturers: Theodore Morrison, William Hazlett Upson. Six fellowships and eight scholarships are available (no self-nominations; fellows and scholars must be recommended by publisher, editor, or agent, and must have published). Tuition (over-all fee including room and board for two

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weeks): contributors, $210 to $245; auditors, $180 to $215. Last year's enrolment: 150. For information, write Paul Cubeta, Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS' AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE will meet July 4-11 (Extension School July 11-18) at Green Lake, Wis. Founded 1948. Director: Dr. Glenn H. Asquith. Staff: Elizabeth Yates, Marion Holland, J. Wesley Ingles, Alfred P. Klausler, Edward D. Fulweiler, Mary Alice Jones, Rowena Ferguson, Charles Waugaman, Ellrose D. Zook. Visiting lecturers: Harold E. Fey, Jesse Jai McNeil, John Mack Carter. Tuition: $20 first week, $5 second week. Room and board: $6.75 to about $14 a day. Last year's enrolment: 150. For information, write Mrs. Margaret S. Ward, Program Director, Division of Christian Publications, American Baptist Convention, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481.

RHINELANDER CREATIVE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Wisconsin Regional Writers Association, will meet July 13-31 at the Wisconsin Idea Theatre, College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. Director: Robert E. Gard. Special instruction will be offered in novel writing, playwriting, short story writing, poetry, article writing, and juvenile writing. Staff to be announced. Enrolment limited to approximately 75. Tuition: $30 for three weeks, $12 on weekly basis. For information, write Robert E. Gard, Director, Wisconsin Idea Theatre, College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. 53706.

One- to Four-Day Conferences

TWENTIETH ANNUAL ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, founded 1945 by Arkansas Pioneer Branch, National League of American Penwomen, will be held at the Albert Pike Hotel, Little Rock, Ark., June 6-8. Director: Anna Nash Yarborough. Staff: Rowena Ferguson, Clement Hoyt, Rosa Marinoni, Lily Peter, Martha Sherwood Johnson, Ercil F. Brown, Margaret Ross, Ernestine Gravley. Awards totaling more than $500 for fiction, features, and poetry. Registration: $1 per day. Last year's attendance: 200-plus. For brochure, write Anna Nash Yarborough, 510 East St., Benton, Ark.

TENTH ANNUAL WRITERS' WEEK IN PASADENA, under auspices of Pasadena City College Educational Services Division, will meet May 11-14 at Pasadena Public Library (mornings) and Harbeson Hall, Pasadena City College (evenings). Founded 1955. Director: Helen Hinckley Jones. Lecturers: ten writers of established reputation. Tuition free. Last year's attendance: 136 daily average. For brochure, write Educational Services Division, Pasadena City College, 1570 East Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, Calif. 91106.

SIXTH ANNUAL LONG BEACH WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet at Lafayette Hotel, Long Beach, Calif., May 14-16. Director: Eva T. Logan. Registration: $1. For information, write General Adult Division, Long Beach City College, 701 Locust Ave., Long Beach 13, Calif.

WRITERS' WEEKEND, formerly Valley Writers Conference, will meet June 27-28 at the University of Santa Clara Campus, in conjunction with the Writers Institute. No registration fee. $5 charge for Saturday and Sunday. Sat. luncheon, $2.50; dinner, $4. For information, write Hal Rogers, Director, P.O. Box 485, San Jose, Calif. 95103.

STORYBOOK WRITING SEMINAR will meet at Miami Beach Hotel, Aug. 17-20. Director: Eve Titus. A conference for juvenile writers. $25 bond award for most promising manuscript. For information, write Storybook Writing Seminar, P.O. Box 817, Coral Gables 34, Fla.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of William Allen White School of Journalism and Public Information, with University of Kansas Extension, will meet June 23-26 at Lawrence, Kans. Founded 1948. Director: Frances Grinstead. Staff: William Harrison (short story), Iola Fuller (novel), Ted O'Leary (nonfiction), Edsel Ford (poetry), Holly Wilson (juvenile writing). Friends-of-Conference Dinner, June 25. Tuition: $35. Room: $5 single, $3.50 with roommate. Last year's enrolment: 55. For brochure, write Professor Frances Grinstead, 203 Flint Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kans.

MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ocean Park Association, will meet Aug. 25-28 at Ocean Park, Maine. Founded 1941. Chairman: Kitty Parsons. Advisory Chairman: Adelbert M. Jakeman. Staff: Loring Williams, George Abbe. Visiting lecturer: David McCord. Prizes for fiction, article, and poetry. Tuition: $1.50 per day. Room and board: rates on application. Last year's attendance: 100. For information, write Miss Mildred M. Thomas, Registrar, Ocean Park, Maine.

BOSTON COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Humanities Series, Boston College, met April 18 at Library Auditorium, Chestnut Hill Campus, Boston College. Director: Francis Sweeney, S.J. Staff: Andrew Turnbull, Sean O'Faolain, Elizabeth Janeway, Edward R. Sheehan, Gorddon Manning, Daniel D. Mich, Michael Novak, Richard Eberhart, Howard Nemerov, Danny Abse, Tuition: $3.50. No mss.-reading service. For information about 1965 conference, write Boston College Humanities Series, Chestnut Hill 67, Mass.

MICHIGAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of English Department, University of Michigan, will meet May 7-8 at Ann Arbor, Mich. Founded 1951. Director: R. F. Haugh. Staff: John F. Muehl (nonfiction), Donald Hall (poetry), R. F. Haugh (fiction). Lecturers: Allan Seager, Alfred Kazin. Tuition: $5. Did not meet last year. For information, write Professor R. F. Haugh, Department of English, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, co-sponsored by Detroit Women Writers Club and the Division of Continuing Education, Oakland University, will meet Oct. 3. Founded 1962. Co-chairmen: Priscilla Jackson and Josephine Winn. Staff: Don Hall, Edgar Logan, Sheila Pritchard, Sylvia Cooper, and others. Last year's attendance: 390. For information, write Mrs. Priscilla Jackson, Division of Continuing Education, Oakland University, Rochester, Mich.

SOUTHERN LITERARY FESTIVAL, under auspices of Mississippi State College for Women, met April 23-25 at Columbus, Miss. Guest speakers: Walter Allen, John K. Bettersworth, John Gassner, John Crowe Ransom, Stephen Spender, Bell I. Wiley. For information about 1965 festival, write George T. Buckley, President, Southern Literary Festival Association, Mississippi State College for Women, Columbus, Miss.

EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 24-27 at Portales, N.M. Founded 1952. Director: Dr. E. Debs Smith. Staff: Allan Seager, Dr. Jim Penrod, Joanna Black. $200 cash awards for best writing submitted. Tuition: $12. Room and board: $3.50 per day. Last year's enrolment: 100. For information, write Dr. E. Debs Smith, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N.M.

IONA COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE met April 11, 18, and 25 at New Rochelle, N.Y. Founded 1964. Director: Patrick S. Collins. For information about 1965 conference, write Writers' Conference, Iona College, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

CLEVELAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Sept. 18-19 in Cleveland, Ohio. Director: Louise Allen. For information, write Allen Writers' Agency, 29134 Euclid Ave., Wickliffe, Ohio 44092.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of University of Oklahoma, will meet June 10-12 at Norman, Okla. Founded 1938. Director: Foster-Harris. Assoc. Director: Helen Reagan Smith.

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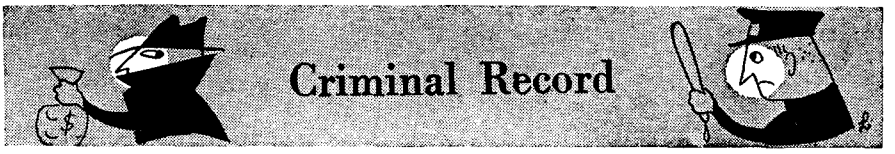
Staff: Dwight V. Swain, James Neill Northe (poetry), Mary Lyle Weeks (confession story), Jeanne Williams (juvenile), Darrell K. Wolfe (religious story), Laurence V. Fisher (mystery novel), Paul Reynolds (nonfiction), Foster-Harris (short story). Guest speakers: Savoie Lottinville, Edward Kuhn, Laurence Hughes, William R. Scott. Tuition: $15. Last year's enrolment: 350. For information, write Professor Foster-Harris, Director, Short Course in Professional Writing, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of a number of writers' clubs in the Philadelphia area, will meet June 3-5 at the Warwick Hotel, Philadelphia. Founded 1949 by Florence Kerigan, honorary president. President: Walter M. Breish. First Vice President: Fred A. Werner. Staff: Pauline Bloom, William Harris (short story), David Taylor (novel), Dr. Austin J. App, Howard Wiley (poetry), Edgar Williams (articles), Jean C. Soule (light verse), Florence Brown (confessions), Dr. Earle T. Crooker (drama), Dr. Charles Lee (literary story), Edwin Fulweiler (religious writing), Claire Wallis (youth novel). Evening speakers: Elizabeth Gray Vining, Phyllis Whitney, and a panel discussion on Changing Markets. Manuscript prize contest and scholarships. Tuition: one three-day workshop, $7; each additional workshop, $6. Special room rates at Warwick Hotel for conferees. For program and contest rules, write Mrs. Emma S. Wood, Registrar, P.O. Box 897, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Dept., University of Pittsburgh, met on March 13. Director: Edwin L. Peterson. Lecturers: C.P. Snow, Marie Torre, Milton Lehman, Frederick Maguire, Jesse Stuart. For information about 1965 conference, write Edwin L. Peterson, English Department, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FINE ARTS FESTIVAL, under auspices of Departments of Art, English, Journalism, and Music of Stephen F. Austin State College, will meet May 5-8 at Nacogdoches, Tex. The Festival will incorporate a writers' conference formerly known as the Piney Woods Writers' Conference, which will meet Thursday, May 7, and Friday, May 8. Program: Lecture by Larry McMurtry; Fiction Workshop, Larry McMurtry; Journalism Conference, speakers to be announced; Poetry Workshop, Karl Shapiro; Lecture by Karl Shapiro. Writers are invited to attend free of charge. For information, write Professor Edwin W. Gaston, Jr., Stephen F. Austin State College, Nacogdoches, Tex.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' SUMMER INSTITUTE will meet July 9-10 at the Student Lounge, University of Vermont, Burlington. Director: Gary Earl Heath. Lectures to be announced. Registration fee: $1 for nonmembers. For information, write Mrs. Harriet Riggs, Secretary, League of Vermont Writers, Richmond, Vt.



Simon Wheeler, Detective. *By Mark Twain. Edited with an introduction by Franklin R. Rogers. New York Public Library.* $5. This literary curiosity is a combination of satire (the target is the Pinkerton annals), love story, and blood-feuding along the Kentucky-Missouri border. (The manuscript is in the Berg collection.)

The Crime of Colin Wise. *By Michael Underwood. Crime Club.* $3.50. English TV repairman carries out murder designed to put him on Easy Street; see-all technique highly effective, trial scenes also. Top drawer.

Death in Deakins Wood. *By Rhona Petrie. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. English exurban colony is jolted when three die; literate (even literary) Yarders take over; peacock-breeder present; harp and flute are played. Take it slow and easy and you'll love it.

She Died Because . . . *By Kenneth Hopkins. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Bumbling English prof agog when his housekeeper is knifed; more astute colleague looks into things (pair are 81 and 79 respectively); police are baffled, too. Comedy number has its moments.

Coffin for Baby. *By Gwendoline Butler. Walker.* $3.50. Workers in London infant clinic tizzy when tot is kidnapped; good police take over; there are dead. Wispy at times, and lacks organization, but an honest, sincere, sympathetically turned-out tale that becomes a sort of case history.

Ellery Queen's Anthology: 1964 Mid-Year Edition. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Davis Publications. Paperback,* $1. Two short novels (Rex Stout, Irwin S. Cobb), three novelettes (Cornell Woolrich, Philip MacDonald, G. B. Shaw), and fifteen short stories make up this seventh volume. The tried-and-true formula is still operative.

The Quarry. *By Robert L. Pike. Crime Club.* $3.50. Sing Sing break alerts Lt. Clancy and associates of New York's 52nd Precinct; several die ere last round-up. (Note to author: There are no metered cabs in Ossining.) Accelerates agreeably.

The Benefits of Death. *By Roderic Jeffries. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Disappearance of unpleasant English female dog-fancier puts hubby on spot; law asks lots of questions. Holds up well.

Burning Is a Substitute for Loving. *By Jennie Melville. London House & Maxwell.* $3.75. When three women die in explosion in English dress shop, Policewoman Charmian Daniels (nice gal) gets busy. Sensitive and assured with fine atmosphere, nice humorous touches.

Uneasy Lies the Dead. *By M. E. Chaber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Milo March, ace insurance investigator, trails subject from NYC to Cleveland, DC, SF, upstate New York, with goons on the alert all the way. Hero is holding his licker as well as ever.

Blood on the Stars. *By Aaron Marc Stein. Crime Club.* $3.50. Peeper Matt Erridge, on minor Texas industrial assignment, runs into murder, snatch, big horse (and we all know what *that* is); wetbacks from Mexico into U.S. Brisk and breezy.

The Sped Arrow. *By Valerie Watkinson. Scribners.* $3.95. Kidnapping of small boy brings Sydney (Australia) police into action; tale has strong sociological implications. Literate, well-planned, motionful—and her first.

Silence in Crete. *By Elisabeth Ayrton. Morrow.* $3.95. War-deafened Greek youth-turned-bootlegging-archeologist tries to dissuade greedy pals from cashing in on treasures; innkeeper's death sparks trouble. Written with assured familiarity with place, people, and buried artifacts.

Mr. Christopoulos. *By Charity Blackstock. London House & Maxwell.* $3.95. Remember the earlier Cyprus ruckus? This sensitively written yarn is all about *that* one: an English medical-research team which has its likes and dislikes. There are dead.

Teacher's Blood. *By Ivan T. Ross. Crime Club.* $3.50. When murder removes big-US-city high-school instructor, fellow faculty member gives sharp and vivid picture of just what today's pedagogues are up against.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Political Tide

Continued from page 36

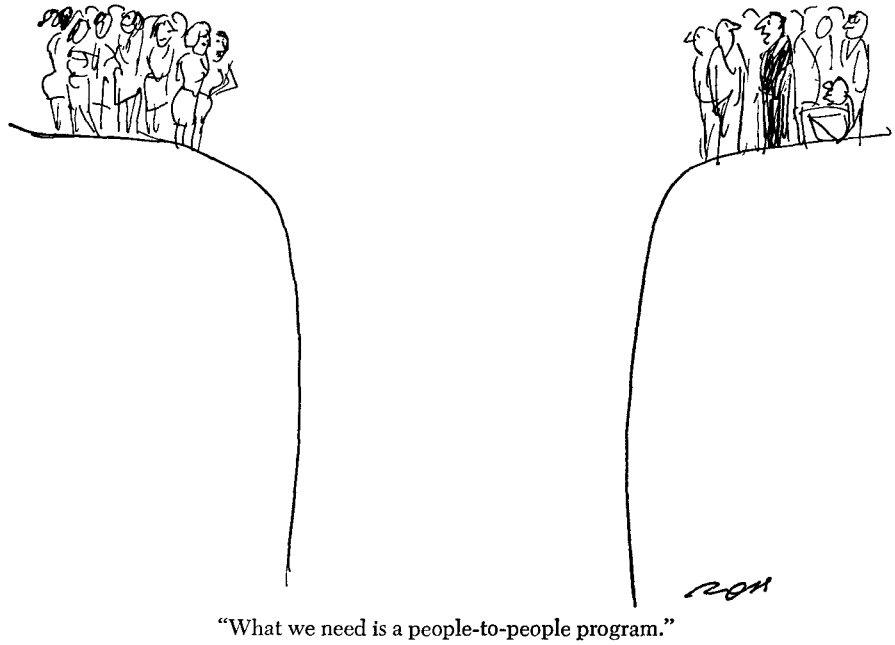
realize that any attempt to turn back its advance by the use of that Western military power which in Mr. Burnham's words is "still far superior" to that "of the non-Western regions" might indeed in this thermonuclear age precipitate the suicide of the West.

It is not "the will to make use of the means at hand" that "has evidently been lacking," as the author asserts, but rather a conviction that the use of the *military* means at hand is not in present circumstances well calculated to achieve the desired end. On this account most thoughtful individuals, including those characterized by Mr. Burnham as liberals, would be inclined to give the highest priority to peace as an objective of policy. For without peace those other values he lists—justice, freedom, and liberty—would, like Western civilization itself, have little prospect of survival. And that this does not signify adherence to the slogan "Better Red Than Dead" is evidenced by the fact that our Administration, infested allegedly by the ideologues of liberalism, met the Cuban confrontation courageously, and continues to spend over $50 billion on defense.

If in this period of so-called nuclear stalemate armed conflict seems remote, the struggle for the minds of men continues unabated. And here the example we set may prove of determining importance. Accordingly it is fortunate that, consistent with our abiding faith in the principles laid down by the Founding Fathers, we as a nation have been searching for ways of giving ever greater reality to the American dream. We have made continuing and encouraging progress in the field of social legislation. We are presently engaged in an attempt to remove the veil of hypocrisy that we have too long permitted to obscure the clear meaning of our Bill of Rights.

That all such manifestations of legislative activity in the interest of social reform are anathema to the author is evidenced throughout this volume. One illustration may suffice. Speaking of urban renewal, Mr. Burnham refers to the attempt to provide decent quarters for those now condemned to live in the slums. In his view, this "whole operation has proved to be, inevitably, an ideological illusion. Since Skid Row is not in reality a static thing or a place, it cannot be abolished or rubbed out. . . . There are not a few who hope that it will be refounded; and it will be."

The quotation with which this review appropriately ends will serve adequately to indicate the extent to which Mr. Burnham views the passing scene through prejudiced eyes. Describing Senator McCarthy as "a second-rate small-town politician, with no organization or machine, no competent staff or administrative talent, very little money at his disposal, not backed by any serious economic or social force, attracting mostly third-raters as his ardent admirers, [who] could not possibly have got very far without the help of the liberals," Mr. Burnham continues: "The liberals required an enemy on the Right. All real ones of importance were beaten down or in quiescence, so in their desperation they invented McCarthy and McCarthyism." This would seem to cast a revealing light on book and author alike.



"What we need is a people-to-people program."

Theater

Continued from page 24

rehearsing actors and actual characters, and between modern New York, Elizabethan England, and medieval Denmark to make some new point.

This *Hamlet* chooses not to pursue the logical direction implied by either of these premises. It leaves us with a feeling not so much of failure but of a lack of total commitment to either Shakespeare's play or a play by two of the modern theater's greatest talents.

The new musical, *High Spirits*, is a hit for reasons that probably have less to do with the labors of adapters Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray than they do with the basic comic soundness of the situations Coward constructed in *Blithe Spirit*—and the heights at which Tammy Grimes and Beatrice Lillie soar above their material.

As Elvira, the wifely ghost, Miss Grimes flies as if to the broomstick born, not only at dizzying heights and at daring speeds, but in character. And when she sets out to break up her husband's second marriage, she employs such undercutting common sense that the old lines have a fresh validity. While she hasn't been given any very effective song to sing, she manages to make a good deal out of "Home Sweet Heaven," a number that has the same kind of brassy flare as "Making Whoopee."

Miss Lillie has considerably less to do in the show, but this doesn't faze her one bit. Her best line is "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers," inserted at an appropriately uneventful moment. The funniest thing she does has nothing to do with *High Spirits* or Madame Arcati. It comes when she is taking her bows for a little clog dance she has just performed in bunny slippers. Miss Lillie, it turns out, curtsies funnier than most clowns perform. First she scowls at her audience as if to say "Really, now you shouldn't be applauding this simple little piece of private nonsense I've been indulging in." Then, reluctantly, she begins her curtsy as if she'd never done one before, only to discover the new demonic pleasure of absurdly embroidering the curtsy with ballerina hand-waving and other coyishnesses.

There is a lively dance number that features the hair-raising manifestations of the spirit world and a couple of songs that attempt a bit of old-fashioned charm. However, director Noel Coward has astutely encouraged his stars to follow a path of sophisticated irreverence even when it must be directed at his play. As a result, our spirits are higher than the quality of this musical adaptation would seem to warrant.

—Henry Hewes.

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—*Eugene Cook.*

Leonard Bernstein with Franco Zeffirelli (right)—
". . . greatly admired production of Verdi's *Falstaff*."

SR/RECORDINGS

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ONE FOR THE ROAD

BY IRVING KOLODIN

IF EVERYTHING planned goes according to plan—and there is no present reason to doubt that it will—a major American musical talent will soon fold his tent and steal quietly away into the shadows for a year-long period of stock-taking, soul searching, and possibly, recharging of the psychic batteries. In some circumstances this might be a silent signal for a moment's forbearance from comment, on the premise that a non-public vacation is any man's privilege.

But when the man is Leonard Bernstein, about to exercise the conditions for a "sabbatical" built into his long-term contract with the New York Philharmonic, the question arises: Would he relish an unremarked acceptance of this self-decreed interlude as much as a public comment on it? Has it been approached in a way to make his impending absence less conspicuous, or more so? In other words, what is the nature of the public man whose private preference is announced months in advance and will, inevitably, cause a chain reaction not only in the concert hall, but at the Metropolitan, in radio, and TV?

The suggestion of a quiet departure is hardly consonant with recent and pending events. He leaves behind—even before a valedictory sequence of four performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Philharmonic in mid-May—a typical outpouring of terminal impressions. As if designed, with all theatrical skill, to keep us mindful in the weeks and months to come of what we are being deprived, the farewell exercises have included his first performances as a conductor of opera at the Metropolitan in the greatly admired production (with Franco Zeffirelli) of Verdi's *Falstaff;* the introduction of a new major composition entitled Symphony No. 3 (*Kaddish*) in Boston and New York (see page 28); and the usual range of spectaculars with the Philharmonic. What he has done lately on behalf of this year's *avant garde* needs no recapitulation: it contributes another detail to the suggestion of a man who is both contemporary and classic, at one with old and new, who is *au courant, in medias res,* at least *sans peur* if not *ne plus ultra.*

For those who have been aware of it over the full term of its exposure—dating to the well-remembered occasion in 1943 when he took over a Sunday concert of the Philharmonic in place of Bruno Walter—the Bernstein talent is as much ours as his and thus subject to a double indemnity. What he wanted to do, what he was capable of doing, had as many shades of purpose as the people who possessed powers of judgment. The sudden rocket-like ascension, with second and third-stage propulsion—derived from the ballet *Fancy Free* and the musical comedy *On the Town*—suggested the possibility of a package, as it is called, that would attain a steady, measurable orbit, become a fixed if man-made star. Alas, for such expectations. Bernstein, however rocket-like, is no mechanized capsule in orbit, but a human, functioning organism with some splendid properties of aptitude and impulse, but also an all-too-human cargo of frailties and cross-purposes.

I term his talent "ours" as well as "his" for the simple reason that, in its variety and abundance, it spanned so many aspects of music that none—composer, conductor, pianist, educator—

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seemed beyond his competence. It thus encouraged the illusion that as well as possessing the capability of becoming a first-rate orchestral conductor, he might also carry forward the task of conciliating the two main streams of American musical impulse—formal and informal—first undertaken by George Gershwin. To recapture the enthusiasm generated by Bernstein's score for *On the Town* is all but impossible, for that, too, goes back twenty years. But retrospect insists that it was a fresher, livelier, less frenetic achievement than such successors as *Wonderful Town, Candide,* or *West Side Story,* in which the eagerness to avoid a commercial failure bore heavily on the urge to achieve an artistic success. Such an urge to live in two worlds may well corrupt the ability to excel in either.

THE irresistible impulse to deal first with Bernstein as a creator is confirmation, however oblique, of the truism that creative talent is rarer, hence more precious, than recreative talent. But even here, the conclusion has to be that Bernstein's three-way stretch has supported him best where the pressure is least, in the creation of such tunes as "Maria," "Tonight," and "I Feel Pretty," from *West Side Story* rather than in the more demanding requirements of his symphonic enterprises. The former are with us all the time, on records, radio, and TV; the latter—whether the *Jeremiah* Symphony, the *Age of Anxiety,* the discourse on Plato for violin, strings, and percussion—show no comparable durability. Rumor has it that he will be busy, during this sabbatical year, with a "musical" based on Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* as well as with a work for piano and orchestra. We wish him well with both and await with curiosity the outcome whenever it occurs.

Of the promise he gave twenty years ago as a conductor, the judgment from this bench would have to be that it has spread wider but it has not penetrated more deeply. Now and again, as in the performance several years ago of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and, more recently, in some aspects of his *Falstaff,* one has a vista of what achievements might be his were he capable of applying always the amount of concentration drawn out of him by such a major challenge. Most of the time, however, one has the feeling that he gets by on facility, quickness of mind, instinct, and the age-old endowment called *chutzpah.* They are admirable attributes for launching a career: they are hardly the integers from which to formulate the mystical equations of mastery. As often as they afford the means for a quick frontal attack on some immediate problem, they leave him with a flank exposed to the pressures of more enduring challenges.

He has not, for example, in six years, contrived to make the Philharmonic play consistently with a sound recognizably "Bernstein." Some of this lack has to do with the now-and-then, off-and-on, in-and-out arrangement of time and schedule that is his preferred way of working out the number of weeks to which he is obligated by contract. In some years, a substantial segment of this time has been allocated to tours, requiring intensive application for five or six weeks of concert giving. This pleases the Philharmonic's administration, by providing more weeks of work for the players and adding income against the annual loss. But it does not make a more unified, better-sounding ensemble for its primary public. It suggests, perhaps, that the Philharmonic should engage its principal conductors in keeping with a newer, more elastic policy: one for the road (Bernstein), another for its concerts at home. They would, thus, benefit both ways, concentrating Bernstein's time of obligation where it would do the most good, by exploiting his public appeal where he is seen least often and filling the unavoidable, Bernstein-less lacunae with a conductor capable of sustaining the best possible standard for the orchestra's home public.

Such an arrangement is, indeed, provided for under the most recent extention of Bernstein's contract, which carried forward his period of service until 1968. The applicable clause, as it was announced in 1961, read: "If this is not feasible" (allocation by Bernstein of more than twelve weeks per season to conducting the Philharmonic in New York) "the Society will seek, in consultation with Mr. Bernstein, an additional principal conductor for a substantial part of the remainder of the season . . ." There are not "any number" of conductors available who could assume such a task on the level of performance appropriate to the orchestra of Toscanini and Rodzinski, Walter and Mitropoulos. But there are a few, certainly, of whom maximum effort could be expected and a profitable artistic result could almost be guaranteed.

The question, then, is not whether there is a capable and willing co-worker available, but whether Bernstein has come to the point of recognizing that such a decision must come, inevitably, so why not now? This implies a firm choice of alternatives that is, of all the things expectable of this gifted but indecisive individual, perhaps the least expectable. Some might see in this a Hamlet-like incapacity to elect a purposeful course and adhere to it—"whether it is nobler in the mind to risk . . .," etc. Others might reduce it to a twist on the simpler terms of Ira Gershwin's lyric for *Lady in the Dark:* "Jenny [Lenny?] couldn't make her mind up."

There is no doubt in my mind that if he could make his mind up, in a carefully reasoned way, Bernstein could be a conductor of the first class, able to perform the high function of leadership to which the Philharmonic is entitled. But there is equally little doubt that he is not temperamentally constituted to decide on such a function. It doesn't absorb him sufficiently, interest him enough, reward him adequately, to sacrifice other things at which he may be less adept, but which tempt him irresistibly. There comes a time, inevitably, of boredom, in which all sorts of other impulses—theatrical, verbal, creative—come to dominate him. The sabbatical year is, thus, less a reward than an escape, less an interim than a reversion, not so much the exception as the norm that he would prefer—until the nagging impulse to get back in front of an orchestra becomes dominant rather than recessive and another cycle of vacillation asserts itself.

One cannot help recalling, at this point, the events of November 19, 1957, the date on which Bernstein acquired his badge of office from the late Dimitri Mitropoulos, at a luncheon to which the press was invited at the Century Club on New York's West 43rd Street. To Mitropoulos, and to Bernstein no doubt, it was, in the former's words "a very important moment." Looking back on the period in which the Philharmonic had been in his care, he expressed himself as "terribly grateful" for the fact that "destiny wanted me to be elected" music director of the Philharmonic. He wanted it to be known that he was "not resigning, but abdicating" in favor of a younger colleague whose talent he had been the first to recognize at Harvard, nearly twenty years before.

Recalling the years he had spent as director of the Philharmonic, and the careers of those who had preceded him, Mitropoulos said: "The Philharmonic is an organization that cannot have a permanent conductor for life. It must get the juice of every talented man who directs it. If he stays too long, there will be deterioration." And, finally: "We come and go. The Philharmonic stays."

Now, in Mitropoulos's prophetic words, it stays as Bernstein goes—if but temporarily. Whatever the road he travels, we hope it is productive, rewarding, regenerating, and we offer "one for the road" in recognition of all he has done. He should have a lot of time for thought in that year. Some of it certainly should be for the Philharmonic and its public, and how he can best contribute to the future of both.

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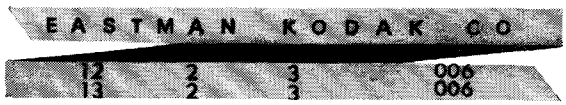

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INSIDE THE NEW YORK STATE THEATER

SINCE the first discussion of the New York State Theater in *SR* ("New York's Newest Showplace," February 22), work has moved on schedule toward a series of opening performances in Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts beginning on April 20. Herewith, in a variety of photographic vistas, is a replica of what the audience will see before the curtain rises on the first performances by the New York City Ballet, co-resident tenant (with the Music Theater of New York directed by Richard Rodgers).

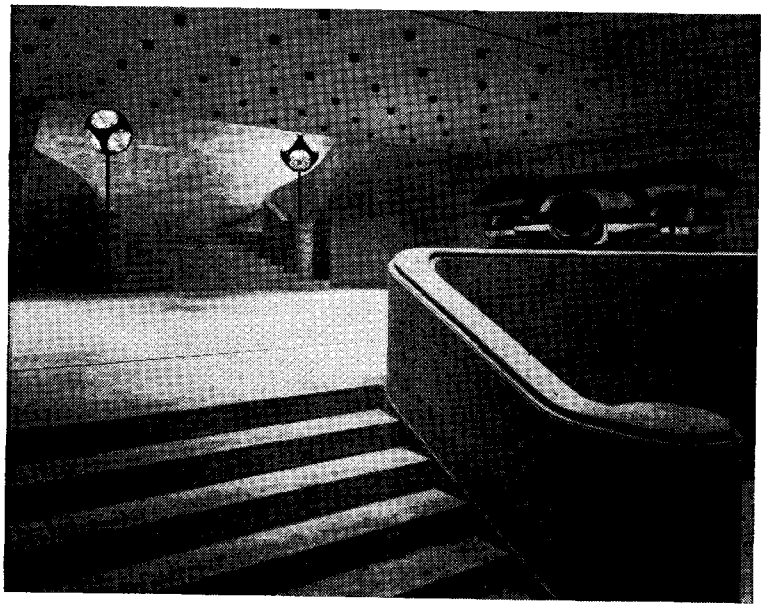
Philip Johnson's conception of an auditorium embodying classical principles of the opera house-ballet theater-musical stage has been transformed into a semicircular sweep of garnet and gold. Walls and seats have been treated in deep red, with the bright relief of metallic sheen on the proscenium frame, the façades of the "Rings," and incidental trim areas. Emphasis has been placed on perfect visibility from every one of the 2,729 seats, which give it rank as a larger house than such famous European constructions as Covent Garden, the Vienna State Opera, and the Paris Opéra. To this objective, a middle aisle has been eliminated from the seating on the orchestra floor, with access instead from numerous entrances, right and left, to rows of seats with a substantially wider separation than prevails in most American theaters. The purpose is to facilitate entrance without disturbing those already seated.

Also an uncommon feature for an American theater is the spacious Promenade (see cover picture). It is reached, from the orchestra level, by the broad staircases shown in the photo at the lower left corner of this page. It rises the full 50-foot height of the four upper Rings, with a floor area of 200 by 60 feet. It is designed to serve also as a spacious room for banquets, luncheons, receptions, and other state functions, with accommodation for 600, when it is not in use for intermission strolling, refreshments, etc.

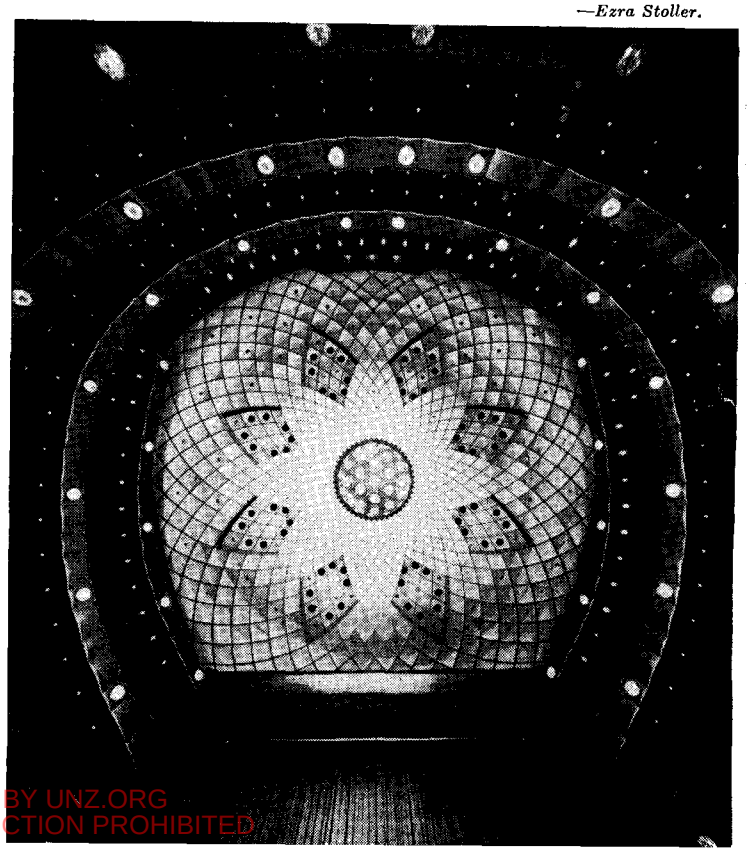
At either end of the Promenade are positioned statuary by Elie Nadelman, who died in 1946. In the view depicted on the cover, the foreground mass is titled *Two Female Nudes* and the statue in the distance *Two Circus Women*. They are executed in white Carrara marble, and are each approximately nineteen feet high and weigh twelve tons each. Elsewhere in the corridors and on the walls of the theater are examples of the art of Lee Bontecou, Edward Higgins, Jasper Johns, and Jacques Lipchitz, Reuben Nakian, and Francesco Somaini—the gifts of the Albert A. List Foundation, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, and others. The whole conception is designed to enhance theatergoing and promote a festive mood increasingly rare in the urban surroundings of our great cities.

Designed, also, to provide suitable surrounding for performing arts events in conjunction with the New York World's Fair (whose opening precedes the first formal use of the theater by a day), the New York State Theater embodies a rare coordination of effort by state, municipal, and private agencies. Rather than erecting a temporary pavillion at the World's Fair site on Flushing Meadow, it was the conception of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller that the legislature finance a building within the Lincoln Center area itself that would remain a permanent testament to the state's interest in the arts.

Interviewed recently at his New York



—*Ezra Stoller.*



—*Ezra Stoller.*

Above: A view of the staircase from the lobby level to the Promenade; on the far wall *Untitled Relief* by Lee Bontecou. *At right:* A contemporary treatment of the classical chandelier is framed by the diamondlike light reflectors on the façades of the Rings; the view is panoramic, showing the top of the proscenium as well as the Rings at the back of the house.

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office, Governor Rockefeller expressed pleasure at the good reports he had had on the nearly complete structure (he is deferring his own visit until the formal opening, when he will be one of the speakers), and added: "In Albany they were calling it 'Rockefeller's Folly.' But back in 1960 we could see that more people would be coming to New York than ever in history for this World's Fair. What was then promised for completion by fair time at Lincoln Center would hardly have been enough." Out of this awareness emerged an arrangement by which the state appropriated $15,000,000 for the construction, the city provided $4,383,000 for land costs and certain facilities, and Lincoln Center added $2,150,000 from its contributed funds. At the end of its World's Fair usage, title to the theater will be transferred to the city without financial consideration. It will continue to be operated under lease to Lincoln Center.

In addition to the spacious public areas shown in the adjacent pictures and in the cover photo, the New York State Theater is unique, among New York theaters and those elsewhere in the United States, in the amount and variety of facilities backstage. In addition to side stages where scenery can be arranged for quick changes, the seven-story structure embodies completely independent office space and rehearsal facilities for the two resident companies: the Music Theater of Lincoln Center and the New York City Ballet.

—*William Stuart.*

—*Ezra Stoller.*

Above: A view from the stage during a press conference in March. The five Rings can be seen, together with the gallery at the rear seating 500. In this view the cluster of lights at the top is at the height it will permanently occupy.

Left: The full proscenium from a side-rear view. The seating arrangements at the sides of the Rings are restricted to a pair of seats facing the stage, thus permitting full visibility from all points.

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A Question of Majesty

By WINIFRED CECIL

THE difficulty nowadays—perhaps at any time—of casting operas of certain schools is common knowledge. Sadly, the difficulty becomes too often an excuse. In Mozart, for example, the Queen of the Night, or Osmin, is a notorious trough of despair, both roles written for singers with phenomenal voices and techniques—dual capacities seldom matched in contemporary singers. For their exceedingly florid styles, Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini seem to have had at hand such an abundance of prima donnas (of both sexes) that later, poorer eras, which find extraordinary aristocratic beauty in the music of the early nineteenth century, must be content most of the time with approximations of the ideal. Coming closer to our time, we know that Wagner had some singers on call who, report says, were able to meet his demands.

Now I suspect that there will never be a universally acceptable definition of vocal capacity on which the mass of listeners and the so-called experts will agree. Norwegians, for instance, found it nearly incomprehensible that "their" Kirsten Flagstad, who was unable to fill Oslo's concert hall for a recital, was "packing them in" in New York. More than one artist of justified stature has sung a handful of performances here and departed, unappreciated, for good. Whether or not in my reading I have missed unfavorable opinions of Jenny Lind's singing, I somehow have the romantic impression that she was infallible and, therefore, matchless.

With every edition, today's musical press echoes the difficulty for us. In the dazzling vocal displays of a Sutherland or a Callas, are we privileged to hear again what the mid-nineteenth century is said to have heard more or less regularly and taken as a matter of course? If so, in listening to these alleged reincarnations, how many of us have any real notion of what we ought to hear? Indeed, how many individuals know for sure what they're listening for? I ask these questions here, as I have asked them of myself many times, because I have grave doubts of the standards by which performances are measured.

Which is more influential: the music that the composer wrote or the stunt that draws primary attention to the figure presently before the footlights? In a

—*Guy Gravett.*

Joan Sutherland as Elvira—"... a contrived achievement."

world that professes to support art for its own sake yet is so concerned with the material, the speciously spectacular, the electrical charge to the belly, a conscientious observer may wonder—in my opinion, he should wonder—if the mass of self-sacrificing people, the "public," those who pay their way in often at considerable cost to themselves, really decide for themselves what is good, or if they can be led, like sheep by Jenny Lind's publicity, to their own slaughter.

We report (I'm afraid somewhat by rote) that "we know what we like," but do we know what we hear that becomes the basis of the liking; or, in glibly repeating a meaningless sequence of words, are we merely providing ourselves with an excuse for liking anything at all?

In one of these delightful excursions that it is my pleasure to enjoy from time to time, I have been listening to London's recording of Bellini's *I Puritani* (4373, $4.98; stereo 1373, $5.98), a lovely if archaic work rarely performed until recently, but engagingly presented now by a cast that includes Joan Sutherland, Ezio Flagello, and Renato Capecchi, with Richard Bonynge (how weary the poor man must be of being labeled as "Miss Sutherland's husband") doing one of his better jobs as conductor. Both Flagello and Capecchi come closer and closer to first-rate singing as the recording progresses, and they "wear in." Less can be said for the unseasoned Pierre Duval, tenor, who essays the appalling vocal hazards of the hero. In attempting a role that could give pause to the most mature and accomplished singer, Mr. Duval perhaps deserves top grades for effort and courage. If he isn't vocally convincing, if his inadequacies are rather wide, no one can deny his high D. The success with which he manages it is, however, something else again.

As will be the case with most listeners, my attention focused on the provocative singing of the prima donna, to whose singing I am a convert; a convert, moreover, with some reservations. Unquestionably, Miss Sutherland's accomplishments in the upper reaches of the scale are breathtaking, so breathtaking, in fact, that they are likely to numb one's appreciation of her performances in what we may call "the more mortal" vocal areas. Nevertheless, however overwhelming the top may be, however dismaying (to less gifted aspirants) the sheer bravura in the high register, Miss Sutherland's vocal quality diminishes progressively as she descends the scale. With a voice that, for all of its admittedly stupendous scope and gallery appeal in the acrobatic area, is limited elsewhere, what, then, accounts for the Sutherland *réclame*?

I have explored this question, world without end, ever since I heard Miss Sutherland's local debut in *Beatrice di Tenda*, and I still think, as I thought then, that in spite of the marvels of the by now legendary accomplishment, hers is a contrived achievement that has its source in mechanics, not in music. I admire phases of the performance by which I am moved not at all.

CERTAINLY Sutherland's is not the exact, brilliant, shimmering, diamonds-on-velvet quality of a Galli-Curci. Indeed, compared with Galli-Curci (on records) Sutherland's performance and sound suggest a carelessness of ultimate refinement, as if the exquisite diamonds of the queen had been traded for massive gems, impressive, to be sure, but lacking in the subtle distinction and innate character of true aristocracy. If I point to no further faults in the Sutherland performance, if, as has happened for the past week, my interest has compelled me to play *I Puritani* over and over, while much of Sutherland's singing has left me with my mouth open, I remain emotionally unconvinced. Somehow, I anticipate as little recalcitrance in Miss Sutherland's vocal mechanism as I expect when I press an electric button.

Now, whatever anyone may say about the intellectual content of music, we know that its first impact is, and is intended to be, emotional. Whether or not we know if we are hearing all of the

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notes as they are written is less important than the immediacy of our response—our response, let it be repeated again and again, to an idea that we would like to believe was originally the composer's. Yet, a whole generation adored Lily Pons without having an idea, or caring, how or if the glamorous, eternally entertaining Lily compared in technique or vocal opulence with Galli-Curci, Tetrazzini, Sembrich, or any other of her illustrious predecessors. Lily has something of her own to say, by whatever means—an unbelievable variety of means, in fact, not all of them strictly related to music. And how marvelously the fabulous Lily managed —from some creative source within herself! It is this communication, theatrical or not, that I miss in Joan Sutherland. When Miss Sutherland swings from one far-flung trapeze to another, I'm not with her. Moreover—and this is what is so distressing—I have the distinct impression that Miss Sutherland is so sure of the omnipotence of her vocal function that she is indifferent either to my concern or to my presence. At least one listener, therefore, who wants eagerly to admire and enjoy without stint is condemned to wishing and yearning for something that is not, and apparently will not be, vouchsafed.

Is it to be wondered, then, that I am more impressed by the precise and altogether convincing musicality of Maria Callas, who, in her performance of "Qui la voce" (Elvira's showpiece, the primary reason, I dare say, that *I Puritani* has been revived) sings the score as it is written and, without any of Sutherland's interpolated embellishments or stunts, moves me infinitely more than Sutherland's incomparable pyrotechnics? What does Callas's disciplined musicality impart that is lacking in Sutherland's quite legitimate display of fireworks—a display, be it noted, entirely in keeping with the prerogative of the Bellini prima donna?

I am forced to conclude that in Sutherland I miss an innate musical respect: heart, it may be, a quality sensed intuitively rather than known intellectually. What I hear in her, as in a long roster of performances, from Olympia Boronat's (1904) through that of Galli-Curci, a list of lesser lights, and finally Callas and Sutherland, is an aspect of the conflict between vocal display for its own sake and the inflexible musical integrity of which Toscanini was the prime exponent in our time. To my amazement, although the *Great Recordings of the Century* reprint gives us only the lyrical portion of "Qui la voce," Olympia Boronat's performance, recorded without editing in 1904 (think what "corrections" misguide us today!),

(*Continued on page* 65)

Handel Down to Size

HANDEL: *"Israel in Egypt." Adele Addison, Louise Natale, sopranos; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; the Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Frederic Waldman.* Decca DXA 178, $9.96; stereo DXSA 7178, $11.96.

There are many points in favor of this fourth recording of *Israel in Egypt* currently available: it employs an able quartet of soloists, a beautifully trained chorus and orchestra, a conductor sensitive to the peculiar stylistic problems of the Baroque era, and engineers equally sensitive to the need for definition in contrapuntal passages. On these counts alone, the Decca version has an edge over its competitors (the Dessoff Choirs on Vox, the Utah Symphony on Westminster, and the Sargent-Huddersfield-Liverpool combination on Angel). The crucial advantage of the new recording, however, lies in its fidelity to the appropriate Handelian scale.

The forces employed are small. No exact numbers of orchestra and chorus personnel are listed in the accompanying brochure, but the intimacy of the sound, the flexibility of massed line, the clarity of the diction, the transparency of the orchestral texture, and the relatively narrow dynamic range all point to chamber-music proportions. This naturally reduces the pseudo-Romantic appeal of the score as we are accustomed to it; but what is lost in pomposity is gained in immediacy of impact. The result: an oratorio reduced from super-human to merely human dimensions—a reduction as welcome for psychological reasons as for musicological ones.

Handel purposely stressed the human element in *Israel,* avoiding the operatic elements that were to serve him so well in later oratorios. The vocal soloists are allotted only four short recitatives, four simple arias, and three duets (one of which is inexplicably reassigned on the recording to the chorus); the chorus, however, sings no less than twenty-eight numbers, each of extraordinary individuality and inventiveness. Eighteen are set for eight voices, and it is in these that the use of a small, divided ensemble is especially rewarding.

Florence Kopleff—"security . . . never ceases to astound."

Frederic Waldman leads the work with obvious dedication. Even though it may strike some listeners as a bit dry, the Waldman interpretation is far preferable to a dozen more "inspired" readings that are marred by stylistic anachronisms. One might wish for a bit more drama and fire—such qualities, after all, can be conveyed with the musical vocabulary of the Baroque as well as with that of the Romantics—but the musicality of the Waldman performance offers ample compensation.

SINCE the major vocal burden is alloted to the chorus, it is fortunate that the Musica Aeterna ensemble is so well-trained and well-equipped to cope with the specialized problems involved. The coloratura lines of the joyous finale, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He has triumphed," are executed with a combination of abandon and accuracy that reinforces the text masterfully.

For the continuo, Waldman quite correctly utilizes both an organ and harpsichord in addition to the inevitable cello. Playing a precious old positive organ borrowed from the New York Pro Musica, Robert Arnold provides just the right lightweight undertone to the orchestral fabric; and harpsichordist Albert Fuller adds an equally appropriate amount of invention and embellishment to the melodic line. The vocal soloists, for their part, are rather sparing in their use of embellishment, but in view of Handel's de-emphasis of virtuosity, this may be fitting. Outstanding in the quartet is Florence Kopleff, whose security in the low register (to which she usually descends without a trace of a break) never ceases to astound. Adele Addison sings with her customary purity of tone, and John McCollum executes his duties (mostly narrative) with the artistic perception one expects from him.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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Recordings in Review

Ives for Quartet

IVES: Quartets No. 1 (1896) and 2 (1907-13). *Kohon String Quartets.* Vox 1120, $4.98; stereo 501120, $4.98.

What strikes the attention first about these works (including the first, written when Ives was a Yale student and twenty-two years of age) is that they are extremely well-written quartets, put together with a keen sense of how four instruments will sound, whatever the momentary tonal combination. Also there are clear evidences that the first quartet, which bears the subtitle, "A Revival Service," and contains quotations from several familiar hymns, is written in a parodistic spirit. The opening fugue is straight enough, but the succeeding allegro has more than a wink of recognition for the Mozartean minuet, as the finale has for certain Beethoven practices in the Opus 18 series. Always and ever, however, the spirit is Ives's own, whatever the formal models.

The second quartet is both more questing and harder to follow. It takes off, clearly, from the *Tristan* idiom, but soon leaves any such clear allusions behind in a grinding pursuit of those individual lines and clashes of unrelated elements to which Ives was partial. Now and then, there is a patch of clearing in the forest of underbrush, in which the sun illuminates a phrase out of *Dixie*, or a quote from *Marching through Georgia*. But it does not, on the whole, seem so entertaining a form of whimsy in the string quartet as it does in the orchestra. Probably, this has to do with the more limited range of instrumental colors, and the difficulty of making such allusions stand out.

The quartet led by Harold Kohon, which has done much that is worthy on behalf of other recondite projects, is even finer performing Ives than in its prior pioneering. Every instrument is in the hands of a man capable of doing justice to his part, and they have the individual strength as well as community of purpose to compete, yet coexist. In the second quartet, in which Ives resolves his conflict in terms of "The Call to the Mountain," the players show a high order of intuition by pursuing the composer's sometimes obscure lines of thought. Highly successful reproduction.

Herr Falstaff

NICOLAI: *"Merry Wives of Windsor" Excerpts: Overture, "Nein, das ist wirklich doch zu keck," "Nun eilt herbei," "Als Büblein," "In einem Waschkorb?" "Horch, der Lerche singt," "Mein Mädchen," "O süsser Mond," "Fasst hin, Geister," "So hatt denn der Schwank der frölichen Nacht." Gottlob Frick, Ernst Gutstein, Kieth Engen, Fritz Wunderlich, Ruth-Margret Pütz, Gisela Litz, and Edith Mathis, with Robert Heger conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Bayerische Staatsoper.* Angel 36149, $4.98; stereo S 36149, $5.98.

As a kind of supplement to the current abundance of matter bearing on Verdi's *Falstaff*, this abridgement of Otto Nicolai's time-honored score is both ingratiating and disappointing. The elements that make it welcome—the spirited conducting of Robert Heger, the delightful vocalizing of those heroes of last month's *Bartered Bride*, Fritz Wunderlich and Gottlob Frick, plus the hitherto unfamiliar Ruth-Margret Pütz and Gisela Litz—are the same as those which make it disappointing; this is to say that they create a desire for more than can be accommodated on two sides of a single LP disk.

For those whose familiarity with Nicolai may be restricted to the well-loved overture (crisply performed here under Heger) or such an aria as "Nun eilt herbei," (a favorite of Lotte Lehmann, Maria Cebotari, and similar singers), the encouraging word is that almost all that can be heard here is just as good. How much it has to do with *Falstaff*, let alone Shakespeare, is purely coincidental, but it is all excellent entertainment, especially with such an artist as Frick to perform Falstaff's "Als Büblein klein."

Both in technique and musicianly elaboration, *The Merry Wives* stands midway in the lore of German stage works between *Der Freischütz*, whose ancestry can be noted almost as often as a new turn of thought is introduced, and those of Suppe to come. As Nicolai was only thirty-nine when he died (of a sudden illness a few months after it was first—and successfully—produced) it was, in all probability, far from the last word he had to say on the subject of comic opera, if he had had the chance. Let us hope that it will not be too long before we have all that he had to say on this aspect of it.

More from Horowitz

BEETHOVEN: Sonata Op. 13. DEBUSSY: *Les Fées sont d'exquises danseuses, Bruyères, General Lavine —eccentric.* CHOPIN: *Etude in C minor, Op. 10, No. 12 (Revolutionary), Etude in C sharp minor Op. 25, No. 7, Scherzo No. 1 in B minor, Op. 20. Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* Columbia ML 5941, $4.98; stereo MS 6541, $5.98.

Not only by their infrequency, but even more by their quality, the two recent recordings by Vladimir Horowitz have each been an event of the months in which they appeared. And such is the case with the third, both in sound and content one of the most beautiful piano recordings there is. Given the distribution possible in stereo, the solidity and breadth of the reproduction—enhanced, say, by the use of the new 15° Shure cartridge—are as persuasive an illusion of reality as science has yet achieved with a piano.

Horowitz's Beethoven (his first venture with this Sonata, if I am not mistaken) is both rigorous and self-possessed, yet a little stand-offish, as if the performer did not trust himself to unleash all of which he was capable, pianistically and dynamically. Early Beethoven this is, but still Beethoven, with more suggestion of the force to come than Horowitz permits himself to suggest.

However, when has one last heard Chopin of such fiery brilliance, of comparable rhythmic precision so subtly varied by minutely graded rubati, of dynamic differentiations not merely within a phrase, but from one note to the next in the headlong rush of the C-minor Etude? The answer is: not since Horowitz himself was last at the peak of performing capacity that he is here—which is to say, for most of a decade.

Withal, the most tantalizing span of this recording is the portion of it devoted to the three Preludes from Debussy's second book. In their sheer beauty of sound as well as in the ability to evoke an atmosphere, strike a mood, project an image without actually defining its perimeters, Horowitz has asserted an affinity with this composer hardly suspected in the past. He has also incurred an obligation that will not be discharged to us, his tantalized listeners, until he has recorded more, much more, Debussy.

Fischer-Dieskau for Martin

MARTIN: *"The Tempest" (three excerpts) and "Jedermann" (six monologues). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau baritone, with Frank Martin conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.* Deutsche Grammophon 18 871, $5.98; stereo 138 871, $6.98.

When *The Tempest* in Frank Martin's treatment had its New York premiere at the City Center in October, 1956, the following words appeared in these

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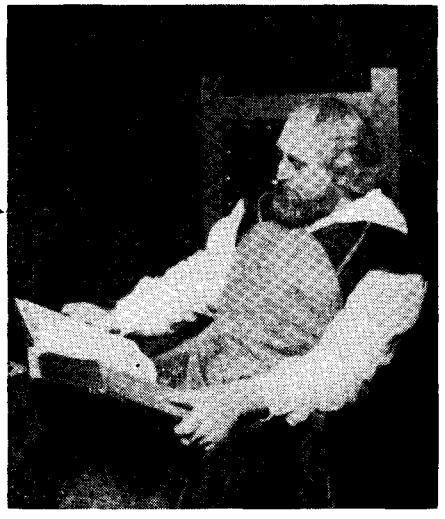
pages: "Someday somebody will make an orchestral suite from Frank Martin's setting of *The Tempest* and the contemporaries of that time will wonder why such a fine score isn't performed more often." That time has arrived with this resumé conducted by the composer, beginning with the atmospheric Prelude and proceeding to two "arias" from Act III from the part of Prospero. And the question will doubtless be raised.

Whether the further comment of 1956, "there is about a suite's-worth of absorbing music in the score, virtually all of it for orchestra," is still valid, only a rehearing of the whole work could determine. Had there been a performer so persuasive as Fischer-Dieskau in the part of Prospero (it was, the same review discloses, Kenneth Smith), it might have made a difference. He certainly finds much to say on the composer's behalf here, as does Martin himself. That the text is presented as written (in Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare rather than in the English utilized at the City Center) may have a bearing on the outcome also.

Equally creditable to Fischer-Dieskau, if somewhat less to Martin, are the settings of Hofmannsthal's *Jedermann*, with the following first lines: "Ist alles zu End' das Freudenmahl," "Ach Gott, wie graust mir vor dem Tod!" "Ist als wenn eins gerufen hätt," "So wollt ich ganz vernichtet sein," "Ja, ich glaub: solches hat er vollbracht," "O ewiger Gott! O göttliches Gesicht!" These tend more to a constant dark coloration in Martin's typically refined, introverted style, which is anything but captivating at a first hearing. However, there is a good deal in it to reward closer attention, thanks of Fischer-Dieskau's selfless devotion to the rise and fall of Martin's vocal line. The orchestra serves the composer well, as the recording does all aspects of the undertaking.



Friedrich Schorr as Sachs —". . . lustre and purity."

Schorr as Sachs

WAGNER: *"Was duftet doch der Flieder," "Gut'n abend, Meister," "Jerum, Jerum," "Wahn! Wahn! Ueberall Wahn!" "Grüss Gott, mein Junker," "Abendlich glühend," "Aha! Da streicht die Lene," "Selig, wie die Sonne," "Euch macht Ihr's leicht," and "Verachtet mir die Meister nicht," from "Die Meistersinger." Friedrich Schorr, bass-baritone, with Göta Ljungberg, and Elisabeth Schumann, sopranos; Lauritz Melchior, Rudolf Laubenthal, and Ben Williams, tenors; Gladys Parr, mezzo; and Albert Coates, Lawrance Collingwood, Leo Blech, John Barbirolli, and Robert Heger, conductors.* Angel COLH 137, $5.98, mono only.

Though it is now more than twenty years since the late Friedrich Schorr last sang at the Metropolitan (his farewell on March 2, 1943, was as the Wanderer in *Siegfried*), his is still the sound that many carry in their inner ear each time the changing seasons bring a new Wotan, Dutchman, Kurwenal, or Sachs. Two decades have brought singers of quality to the *Ring* and *Tristan* and the *Dutchman*, but no one (yet) to match the lustre and purity of his Sachs. This is by no means an indictment of the recent interpreters of this role (including Otto Wiener, the latest and one of the best). Even in his time, when the Metropolitan offered, on an alternating basis, such excellent interpreters of Sachs as Michael Bohnen, Ludwig Hoffmann, and the mellow Clarence Whitehill, Schorr's was the paragon.

The reasons for this are abundantly evident in this beautifully processed recapitulation of the long-cherished 78-rpm sides. They were made between 1927 (the finale, as it happens) and 1931, when some wonderful May days in London produced the famous Quintet, with Schumann and Melchior—perhaps the greatest vocalization of this scene ever performed within microphone range—and several other episodes, including "Gut'n Abend, Meister" with Ljungberg. This is Schorr in the prime of his vocal days, and, if not every bit the wise, kindly, father-figure of the later Thirties, on the high road to becoming so.

What distinguishes Schorr's sound from others who have sung his roles then or later is akin to the distinction the late Eduard van Beinum made when he was asked once to compare the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which he had recently been guest conducting, with his own Amsterdam Concertgebouw: "Their's is platinum," he said "mine is old gold." It was all solidity and resonance from bottom to top, so truly produced that the act of singing was hardly distinguishable from a magically eloquent recitation of the text. As Desmond Shawe-Taylor observes in his admirably inclusive commentary, Schorr gradually developed a weakness at the top, in the vicinity of E and F. That came later, however, and is hardly indicated in these nearly flawless performances.

LEST it be supposed that *Meistersingers* in Schorr's time were all richness and lustre, the second side recalls what was too often the case, as well as too seldom. In the first category was the strained, unyielding production of Rudolf Laubenthal, who was as good-looking an actor as one could care to see and as ill-sounding a singer as one could never care to hear. But he was, for all that, all but indispensable at the Metropolitan and Covent Garden. In the second classification was the open, free sound of Melchior, which, alas, was confined, so far as New York and *Die Meistersinger* were concerned, to what could be heard of it on records (he made a "Prize Song" also, but little else).

Few Walthers today produce a better sound than Melchior's in the passages offered on this disc ("Abendlich glühend" as well as the Quintet). These give him rank, still, as a measurement of quality.

The conductors, as noted, were all men of quality, and the results are accordingly estimable. The name of Collingwood may be baffling to some, for his reputation rests largely on his work for records. An English musician who occupied a staff position with EMI, he made more than a few good recordings, especially of Wagner. The period 1927-1931 was well before even the dawn of hi-fi, and the sound is accordingly attenuated. But it has been appreciated to the maximum possible with contemporary techniques and serves its purpose nobly. That purpose, of course, is the glorification of Wagner by one of his legendary interpreters, who not merely justifies but ennobles his reputation in this issue of the *Great Recordings of the Century*. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra. Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50378, $4.98; stereo SR 90378, $5.98.	This is quite possibly the best-sounding version of this work to date, and it leaves no doubt whatever of the improvement that Dorati has wrought in the London Symphony Orchestra since it has been under his care. The low strings and middle range brass are especially well accounted for in this reproduction, which is fine over-all. It remains to be said that Dorati's principal concern seems to be with the physical order he has instituted. This leaves the psychic and spiritual elements in the score insufficiently exposed. However, this is a version that is likely to find its way into many collections, for the smoothness, clarity, and sheen of its sound.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G; Sonata in E, Op. 14, No. 1. Gina Bachauer, piano, with Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the London Symphony. Mercury MG 50381, $4.98; stereo SR 90381, $5.98.	In this performance Bachauer reproduces many qualities of the fine one she gave with the New York Philharmonic in the 1962-63 season. It differs to the extent that the conductor then was Sir John Barbirolli, who is, by temper and experience, better suited to the special orchestral needs of this score than Skrowaczewski. The latter performs with admirable concern for rhythmic precision and balance with the soloist, but he tends to push some accents a little too strong, especially in the Finale. It is, however, a superior accomplishment altogether, especially for Bachauer, who has succeeded, in the estimate of some, to the place of preference once occupied in this work by Myra Hess. Tonally as well as temperamentally, she suits the needs of the music surpassingly well. The Sonata is also deftly performed, and the reproductive quality in each leaves little to be desired.
Haydn: *Toy* Symphony; Symphony No. 101 in D (*Clock*). Paul Kuentz conducting the Paris Chamber Symphony. Decca 10090, $4.98; stereo 710090, $5.98.	The able instrumentalists of the Paris Chamber ensemble apply themselves to bird call, rattle, and bells with artistry, and the result is altogether ingratiating. Whether the "interpretation" of Kuentz is superior to those by Janigro and Karajan would depend for an answer on more specialized knowledge than I possess. However, one does not need to be an expert on the subject to mark Decca down for an annotation in which the whole discredited story of Haydn's authorship of this work is repeated. There is reference to its proper attribution to Leopold Mozart, but with the wistful hope that "perhaps the story" (of Haydn's authorship) "is true after all—at any rate, if it is not, it should be." The D-Major, No. 101, is competently performed, though the limited size of the ensemble will not gratify those reared on versions by Toscanini, Beecham, Scherchen, *et al.* The reproduction suggests that echo has been added; in any case, too much.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 19 and 20. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with George Szell conducting the Columbia Symphony. Columbia ML 6934, $4.98; stereo MS 6534, $5.98.	As a further issue in the sequence of recordings destined to encompass the total literature of Mozart piano concerti, this performance of Serkin has a standard of its own to which it conforms. By the measure of the recent version of the D-minor (No. 20) by Rubinstein, this one is understated, lacking in personal poetry, inclined to the didactic. The spirit rises a little higher in the F-Major (K. 459), but except for its slow movement, it is a performance that conveys the impression that its problems engage Serkin only to the fingers. There is, in short, everything but mood, tension, bite, savor. Routinely good recording, but, even in that aspect, not possessed of that special spark that should fly from a collaboration of the two S's.
Mozart: Requiem Mass (K. 626). Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Chorus Pro Musica, the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, the New England Conservatory Chorus, and the St. John's Seminary Choir, with Sara Mae Endich, soprano, Eunice Alberts, contralto, Nicholas Di Virgilio, tenor, and Mac Morgan, baritone. RCA Victor 4T Tape FTC 7006, $14.95; RCA Victor LM 7030, $9.98; stereo LSC 7030, $11.98.	As well as reproducing the historic ceremony in Boston on January 19, 1964 presided over by Richard Cardinal Cushing, the admirable tape as well as its disk counterparts provide a notable performance of the Mozart music. It is imposing in its distribution through the spacious Cathedral of the Holy Cross, with a highly successful blend of instrumental and solo elements. In addition, the choral voices are of super-average quality, and add much to the distinction of the total result. So far as performance detail is concerned, this is hardly an occasion to invite critical comment; but it may be noted that the musical standard throughout is consistently high. The tape is quiet as well as responsive, with the advantage of but a single break in the total length of more than ninety minutes.
Moussorgsky: *Pictures at an Exhibition.* Liadov: *The Enchanted Lake.* George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic LC 3872, $4.98; stereo BC 1272, $5.98.	Szell and the orchestra perform the Liadov Nocturne with a good deal more relevant sound and style than the multi-movement Moussorgsky. In the latter there is a striving for contrast in speed and dynamics that seems induced, consciously or unconsciously, by a lack of color and pictorial detail in the sound itself. Indeed in "The Market Place at Limoges," Szell seems to have arrived at the point of playing the orchestra rather than the music; that is, to indulge in a needlessly fast tempo to test the capacity of the players to stay together rather than to produce the amount of chatter suitable to the subject matter. It is, certainly, a well played *Pictures;* but a rather monochromatic, unimaginative one.
Piston: Concertino. Carpenter: Concertino. Ives: *Fourth of July.* Marjorie Mitchell, piano, with William Strickland conducting the Göteborg Symphony Orchestra. Composer's Recording Inc. CRI 180, $5.98; mono only.	The well-contrived score of Piston dating from 1937 is rewarding to hear in the context of his total output, but it has little compulsion or interest on its own. The much-admired "craftsmanship" to which allusion is made in the quoted article by Elliott Carter is scarcely sufficient to be notable, were the composer not an American. As for the Carpenter, it doubtless had an aura of freshness and charm in 1916 when the sources from which it derives (Ravel and Falla, especially) were better known to the composer than to his audience. Today it is difficult to find much in it that says "Carpenter." Miss Mitchell plays both works with great conviction and excellent pianistic artistry, including a sonorous tonal quality that is well reproduced. Strickland gets good results from the Swedish orchestra, except in the Ives, which is more blurred than desirable.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2; *Etudes Tableaux,* Op. 29, No. 5; Op. 39, Nos. 1 and 2. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, with Kiril Kondrashin conducting the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 9390, $4.98; stereo CS 6390, $5.98.	According to recent advices from London, Ashkenazy has been busily concertizing there, which gives hope that he may soon come this way again. This recording is a welcome reminder of his abundant gifts as well as of a maturity beyond his years; it is one of the most expressive yet to his credit. Sympathetically supported by Kondrashin, he manages to work within a tighter formal control than is sometimes heard in this work, yet with an intensity to match the control. The choice of *Etudes* is interesting, the recreation of them masterful.
Schubert: Symphony No. 5 in B flat; Symphony No. 8 in B minor. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 36164, $4.98; stereo S-36164, $5.98.	Klemperer's is not the tenderest Schubert, but it has qualities of line and accent that impart a character of his own to the results. Thus there is no trace of excess in it, rather a degree of reticence and underplaying that can be welcome in such a work as the *Unfinished,* in which the common inclination is in the other direction. However, the steady surge of lightness and flair that are required to keep the more extroverted, outgoing B-flat Symphony mobile and forward-moving are only occasionally present. The elements in it that testify to Schubert's devotion to Haydn (especially in the slow movement and Finale) are aptly conveyed. Beautiful playing, especially by the Philharmonia woodwinds, and highly satisfactory reproduction. —Irving Kolodin.

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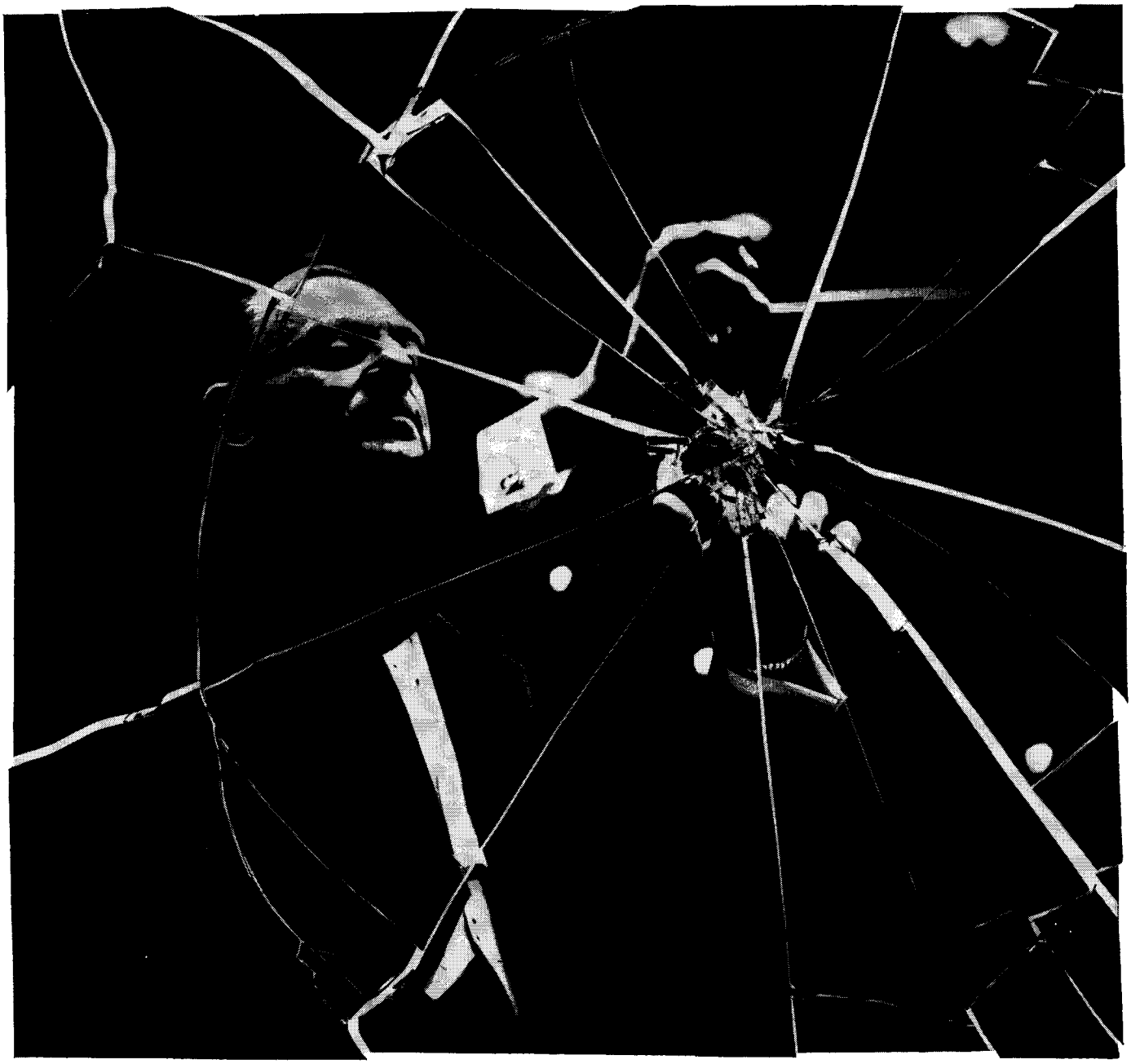

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Trio in C (Op. 97). Beethoven: *Kakadu* Variations. Berl Senofsky, violin; Gary Graffman, piano; and Shirley Trepel, cello. RCA Victor LM 2715, $4.98; stereo LSC 2715, $5.98.	The three players are obviously of a single musical mind; they work well together; and, what is perhaps most important, each has a sound that blends well with that of the others. Thus, there is an attractive promise of things to come when listening to the opening movement. What emerges as they progress, however, is a rather bland evenness of statement, lacking the purpose and fervor that derives from strong leadership. Normally, that should come from the violinist, but Senofsky doesn't seem to possess it, and Graffman does not take over as another pianist might. Thus, it is all good, sound, musical performance, but not assertive enough for the Brahms. The Beethoven Variations fare better, if only because they are fragmentary, and the players do what they have to with excellent sound and unanimity.
Debussy: *Pour le Piano; Images* (Books I and II); *Children's Corner Suite*. Phillippe Entremont, piano. Columbia ML 5967, $4.98; stereo MS 6567, $5.98.	Entremont's Debussy has much of the refinement and highly developed pianistic art recently admired in his playing of Chopin. However, for a musician of his particular background, it is curiously deficient in the quality of *bouquet,* of perfume, or aroma, which are the essence of the composer's personal quality. This has less to do with musical outline or phrasing than, in such works as "Reflets dans l'eau," "Poissons d'or," and "The Snow is Dancing," with piano sonority. One is constantly aware of felt striking wire to produce an audible effect rather than of a sound that brings to life the composer's thought.
Dvorák: Quartet in C, Op. 61. Wolf: *Italian Serenade*. Juilliard Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2524, $4.98; stereo LSC 2524, $5.98.	Aside from its inclusion in the first volume of the proposed total issue of the Dvorák Quartets by the Kohon ensemble (Vox), this work is presently unrepresented in the Schwann catalogue. It is certainly deserving of greater accessibility than that, for if it is not so striking as the best of the later quartets, it is a work of artistic maturity and personal character, with an especially attractive slow movement. The Juilliard players are in tune with its sentiment and equally at one with its erudition. The performance of Wolf's delectable Intermezzo is another instance of the Juilliard Quartet's capacity to perform with brilliant precision at whatever tempo its leader elects for a particular piece, but one can question whether the composer really meant it to go this fast. As played here, the piece shows active conflict between the tripping pace and the less than total gaiety of the music itself. This is a Serenade with a difference, but not as performed here. Good balance and reproduction.
Hindemith: *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*. Louise Parker, mezzo; George London, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum, with Paul Hindemith conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML-5973, $4.98; stereo MS 6573, $5.98.	Everything about this work indicates that its composer considered it a major production, to the extent of preferring it for his first appearances last season with the New York Philharmonic, one of the last, as it turned out, of his life in this country. However, this does not preclude the possibility that it will strike an objective listener as dull; after a third exposure to it, this is my unshakable conviction. The mood is somber and so is the material, which is by no means uncommon in commemorative works. But it never lifts itself to a degree of intensity in which the emotion of the creator is conveyed to the listener. Part of the problem could be with the setting of the English words by Whitman, which are treated with all consideration, but with hardly the idiomatic emphasis of one to whom the language is native. The performance may be accepted as authoritative, but it is one of the driest, least attractive spells of singing by George London that I can remember. Miss Parker does well.
Leoncavallo: "Vesti la giubba." Beniamino Gigli, tenor (1934). Schubert: *Nacht und Träume*. Elizabeth Schumann, soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano (1937). Handel: "Where'er you walk." John McCormack, tenor (1936). Strauss, J.: "Mein Herr, was dächten sie." Lotte Lehmann, soprano (1931). Moussorgsky: "Ah! I am suffocating." Feodor Chaliapin, bass (1931). Tosti: *Mattinata*. Nellie Melba, soprano, with Landon Ronald, piano (1904). Mascagni: "Voi lo sapete." Claudia Muzio, soprano (1934). Massenet: "Ah! dispar, vision" ("Ah, fuyez, douce image"). Tito Schipa, tenor (1934). Debussy: *Beau soir*. Maggie Teyte, soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano (1944). Wagner: "O sink hernieder." Frida Leider, soprano, and Lauritz Melchior, tenor (1929). Verdi: "Questa o quella." Enrico Caruso, tenor, with Salvatore Cottone, piano (1902). Angel NP 4, $1; mono only.	At the quoted price, this "sampler" from eleven disks in Angel's *Great Recordings of the Century* series is more than a mad bargain: it is practically pennies per track for the art of eleven of the greatest performers of the phonographic era. Even for those who might have all eleven records, it would be a cheap way to save wear and tear, while experiencing the voices in a new sequence. All the results are prime, the choices unexceptionable save, perhaps, Melba's *Mattinata* (a dull Tosti song, not the lively Leoncavallo with the same title) and the *Rigoletto* excerpt by Caruso, a singularly tinny-sounding reproduction of the glorious voice.
Verdi: *Quattro Pezzi Sacri*. Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Choir and the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 36125, $4.98; stereo S 36125, $5.98.	Included in these four pieces are the last three works ("Stabat Mater," "Te Deum" and "Laudi alla Vergine Maria") composed by Verdi, in 1898, when he was eighty-six. (The unaccompanied "Ave Maria," which precedes, predates them by nine years and is not without kinship to his setting of the text in *Otello*.) Together they comprise a segment of his literature that has long wanted the kind of artistic accounting provided for here under Giulini's direction. The sound, though ample in body, always has a feeling of air and lightness that accords well with the pure, clean harmonies of Verdi and the refinement of the voice leading. Contained herein is a suggestion that in his last creative act, Verdi recalled his injunction to his countrymen to remember they were of the lineage of Palestrina. Giulini honors both in these performances. They are beautifully reproduced.
Vivaldi: Concerto in C. Beethoven: *Sonatina and adagio ma non troppo*. Hasse: Concerto in G. Mozart: *Die Zufriedenheit; An die Zither*. Paul Conrad, tenor; Caecilia Mandoline Players, with Wessell Dekker conducting. Quantz: Concerto in G. Hubert Bahrwahser, flute, with orchestra conducted by Bernhard Paumgartner. Philips 500-049, $4.97; stereo 900-049, $5.97.	Originally issued monophonically, this "electronically created" stereo disk offers little that is advantageous to listening in its two-channel reissue. Initially, in the Vivaldi, the mandolin ensemble projects an ear-tingling tinkle, but it hardly seems appropriate for a lot of them to be playing a rather commonplace piece by Beethoven written for a solo instrument. I do not commend the Hasse, for all its melodic charm, for anyone plagued by an accurate sense of pitch; the numerous tremolos of the ensemble are just not sufficiently coordinated. The Mozart lieder are similar, in technique, to "Deh, vieni alla finestra" from *Don Giovanni,* but not so interesting, musically. The performance is good. In the other fill-up material, unrelated to the mandolin sequence, Bahrwahser is his usual fluent self in a work that flushes out the full range of the instrument as it existed in the time of Quantz (1697-1773). The reproduction here is more gratifying than in the preceding matter. —I.K.

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The Other Side

THE 1964 Audio Fair, held in the familiar surroundings of the Russell Hotel from April 2 to 5, could mark the end of a chapter in Britain's hi-fi progress, if whispered plans for a much larger and more ambitious show next year turn out to be more than just a pipe dream. Truth to tell, the fair is badly in need of a complete reappraisal if its function is to extend beyond that of an annual reunion of the faithful, who brave the congested corridors and inadequate demonstration rooms from sheer habit, while the general public hardly knows that the event is taking place at all. It will not be easy to stage the kind of show that would attract a wider cross-section of music-lovers, for the expense involved might be beyond the reach of some smaller specialist manufacturers—but it is hardly profitable to go on preaching to the converted, year after year.

Ignoring the inadequacy of the *mise-en-scène*, however, we could truly say that the present fair proved to be of greater interest for the seasoned observer than two or three of its more recent predecessors, both in range and quality of exhibits and in the improved management of demonstrations. Of nearly ninety firms represented, about one-third were not British; we were thus able to compare home products with components made in Japan, the United States, Canada, Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries. Indeed, some of the most striking exhibits came from across the Atlantic: notably Jim Lansing's outstanding (but exceedingly costly) Paragon loudspeaker system, which produced some of the best sound yet heard at the Russell Hotel, and Clairtone's somewhat bizarre "Project G" sound system with its pair of black, spherical loudspeakers (which can be turned on their axes to produce varying acoustic conditions) set on either side of the central rosewood "coffin."

Undoubtedly, 1964 marks the emergence in force of transistorized or solid-state amplifiers, among which the new Leak model—the Stereo 30, which is barely larger than the firm's valve-type control units—aroused the greatest interest. New loudspeaker designs included the Goodmans "Maxim," a truly diminutive system; it measures no more than 10½ x 5½ x 7¼ inches! Its performance (45 to 20,000 c/s is the response claimed by its makers) seems to defy credibility, for it is difficult to believe that such sounds could emerge from such tiny boxes, as well as the Jordan-Watts Modular Unit. The latter, an entirely new system claimed to be "the most fundamentally correct sound reproducer ever designed," was perhaps the most sought-after exhibit of this year's fair, but the demonstration I attended proved thoroughly disappointing. Either the whole idea of multiple modules of identical design, each containing a small metal-cone drive unit, is fundamentally unsound, or the manufacturers have not been able, so far, adequately to translate theory into practice. Judging from the amount of distortion I noted, teething troubles seem the most likely explanation, and it could be that, given time, something useful may yet emerge along these lines.

This year, too, the BBC has been notably more cooperative than hitherto, putting out a special series of stereo-multiplex broadcasts using the Zenith-GE system—a much-appreciated gesture, even if the prospects of a regular stereo service seem as remote as ever. Among pick-ups, one noted especially a new Shure cartridge and Decca's ffss Mark III head incorporating an elliptical diamond. A revolutionary new pick-up arm, not yet shown at the Audio Fair, is the Trutrack, of which design details have just been published in *Hi-Fi News*. It represents a fascinating attempt to solve outstanding problems of

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Angel
NEW RELEASES MAY

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tracking and side-thrust by having head, arm, and counterweight mounted on a float immersed in silicone fluid. This arrangement makes for perfect radial tracking and, by substituting "liquid contacts" for the conventional pick-up lead (the float chamber being divided into three compartments for this purpose), eliminates mechanical interference due to lead stiffness. How soon such an arm, which is bound to be costly, will be available to the public is not yet clear but, unless unforeseen snags are encountered in manufacture, the Trutrack may represent a major breakthrough in this vital link of the hi-fi chain.

A delightful pair of Mozart discs by members of the Vienna Octet contains two of the Divertimenti for String Quintet and two Horns; K.287 has a pretty little Divertimento for Strings by Michael Haydn as fill-up, while K.247 is coupled with the glorious and ever-welcome Clarinet Quintet. These are ingratiating performances of rare sweetness, exquisitely recorded. Fine Decca sound can also be heard in two further Viennese issues featuring that city's Philharmonic; their performance of Schubert's "Great" C-major Symphony under Istvan Kertesz may not reveal every facet of that mighty score, but it is at once mellow and ardent, while Maazel leads Tchaikovsky's Fifth with considerable skill.

Ansermet also breaks new ground this month by offering us a Wagner program containing standard orchestral items from *Lohengrin, Götterdämmerung, Meistersinger,* and *Parsifal;* these are thoughtful and at times sensitive performances, yet they remain inanely detached while the Suisse Romande is apt to sound a little undernourished. A new Beethoven disc from Backhaus, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on March 26, embraces four Sonatas—the first in the book and the trio of Op. 10—but the playing strikes me as curiously abrupt in spirit and, compared with only a few years ago, there are distinct signs of faltering keyboard command. Savoyards who still regard the D'Oyly Carte Company as the only true purveyors of Gilbert and Sullivan will doubtless relish the latest and brilliantly clear Decca recording of *Trial by Jury,* the more so since the disc also contains generous excerpts from a G & S rarity, *Utopia Ltd.* Lastly, for its cheap Ace of Clubs (Richmond) label. Decca has unearthed some broadcast performances recorded early in 1956 by the late Erich Kleiber, who conducts the Cologne Radio Orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 39 and four German Dances (including a jet-propelled "Sleigh-ride"), as well as Weber's attractive Symphony No.1 in C.

—Thomas Heinitz.

Tape as You Go

A FLOOD of battery-operated portable tape recorders of moderate cost and moderate to high quality is now filling the gap between the flimsy, low-fidelity, toy recorders found in novelty or drug stores and the rugged but expensive recorders designed for broadcast and professional applications. Perhaps this is the stimulus the American tape recordist needs to wean him from his sedentary habits. For, while European *"chasseurs du son"* vie with one another for interesting live recordings, most Americans tie their recorders down to their hi-fi installations, recording only from FM or discs, or haul their recorders down from their closets only for special occasions.

Freed from the tyranny of the power line, the portables open new recording vistas. Sounds of nature, immediate impressions of anything from sales calls to art exhibits, interviews, and lectures can be recorded wherever they occur—in the field, at sea, even on moving vehicles. Vacationers can preserve their trips in sound as well as sight, accompanying their slide or film showings with comments and sound effects taped on the spot; some recorders, such as the Concord 330, Mirandette, and the Geloso Unicorder can be synchronized with slides or motion pictures. And with no time lost in plugging in or warming up, the portables can be used as candid microphones for instant recordings of special events around the house—everything from baby's first word to that funny noise that the washer makes only in the repairman's absence.

The portables are becoming, in fact, the audio equivalent of the 35mm. camera, covering a wide price and quality range, with many accessories available to extend the range of their utility.

Some of the new amateur portables offer superb quality, but the battery-operated recorder will remain a secondary machine for most hobbyists. The need for light weight, compactness, and long battery life limits reel size, speed, and playback monitor fidelity, with consequent limitations on recording time, high-frequency response, and listenability. To realize the full potential of the better-quality recorders, their tapes must be played back through a wide-range audio system. And it is difficult to maintain even speed in a machine whose speed is low, whose flywheel is light, and which may be used upside down as often as not—especially from batteries, which provide no synchronous, 60-cycle line frequency. Moreover, the cost of batteries and the higher cost per foot of tape packaged on smaller reels make the portables more expensive to operate than most home machines.

The chief distinction between the serious recorder and the toy one is the capstan drive, wherein a rubber pinch roller presses the tape against a metal capstan that, rotating at a constant, standard speed, moves the tape; only tapes made on capstan-drive machines are recorded at the same speed throughout the length of the tape, and only such tapes can be played back on standard-speed machines.

Most of these machines offer AC adapters—often built in—for battery-conserving power-line operation. Rechargeable batteries and rechargers are also available. Many machines also have AC bias and erase current, giving less tape hiss and harmonic distortion than the less expensive DC or permanent magnet systems.

The majority of the new portables lie in the $75-$175 price range and share such features as recording-level meters that also show battery condition, two-speed operation (1⅞ and 3¾ inches per second), remote start-stop operation from accessory foot pedals or push buttons on the microphone, a (somewhat sluggish) fast forward and rewind, and a record interlock to prevent accidental erasure. The effective lower frequency limit of these machines usually lies between 100 and 200 cycles per second, with an upper frequency limit between 4,000 and 6,000 cycles. Maximum reel size is either 3″ or 3¾″, giving a minimum uninterrupted recording time of seven and one-half minutes, with a maximum of a full hour (at 1⅞ ips, on a 3¾″ reel holding 600 feet of triple-play recording tape).

The machines in this class are basically record-keepers, preserving voices intelligibly and recognizably; their remote start-stop facilities make them handy for dictation, though less so than those machines designed for the purpose (which may boast variable speed, variable back-spacing, and other conveniences).

Above this price class, interesting features begin to appear: reel capacities increase (to 4″ in the Stuzzi, Norelco, and Fi-Cord 202; 5″ in the Uher, Craig 505, Sony, Concertone, and Butoba

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MT-5, among others); extra speeds, from a low of 15/16 ips to a high of seven and one-half (the Uher has both, for a total of four speeds); stroboscope and speed adjustments (Freeman 660 Senior); voice-operated automatic start and stop (built into the Concord 330, an accessory on the Uher 4000S); and other improvements. The better machines boast lower wow and flutter and better high-frequency response (22,000 cycles is the upper limit of the Uher at seven and one-half ips), and, with a good microphone, excellent music recordings can be made. Few machines, alas, do come with microphones suitable for high-quality recording, though most would benefit from one. The Uher is a prominent exception, while the importers of the Fi-Cord 202 sidestep the problem altogether: the purchaser can buy his Fi-Cord without a mike and choose from five accessory microphones, ranging in price from $25 to $190. For outdoor recordings free from wind noise, a microphone wind-screen is essential, and the Fi-Cord and Minifon offer these as accessories, while one is built in to the current Uher microphone.

There are a number of other features and accessories available: recorders are available with tape position counters, quarter-track heads, line-level inputs (some with separate gain controls, permitting live and pre-recorded sources to be mixed), and many other conveniences. The new triple-play tapes permit long recordings from small reels, though valuable recordings should be dubbed onto normal tapes as soon as possible to prevent print-through.

To conserve batteries, use the AC adapters as much as possible, and store batteries in the refrigerator when they will not be used for long periods. Avoid extremes of heat and cold, and use only sealed-in-steel, leak proof batteries. But do use them: you may soon find yourself wondering how you ever got along without the practical benefits—and the fun—that only the portables can provide.

—IVAN B. BERGER.

Puritani

Continued from page 57

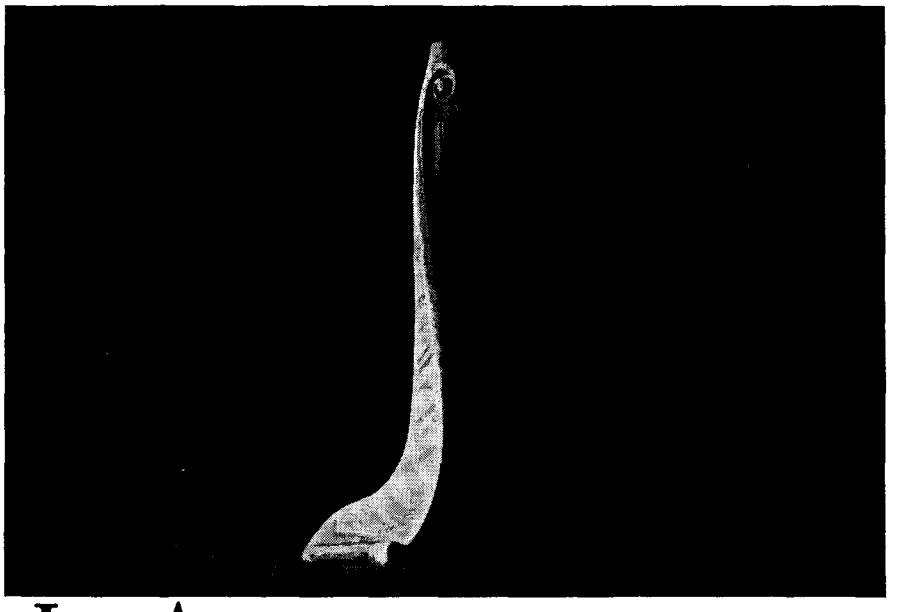
is, as far as it goes, the finest and most satisfying of the lot. I have written about Boronat before. It gives me pleasure to report how well her singing stands up against later competition. Would that we might have heard her in the flesh!

In spite of my several reservations, Sutherland is a superb technician who employs her resources to utmost advantage. I doubt, however, if she is, or was meant to be, a true coloratura. In the high register she is thrilling, her pitch is generally accurate, her passage work clean, the volume of her sound truly hair-raising. Most listeners, certainly her admirers, will pass over the fact that no more than one word in twenty of the text as she enunciates it is distinguishable. If this, then, is the sum of requirements of embellished vocalism—if this is the whole revival of vocal glory—Sutherland is supreme. Is it imaginable that any soprano could "get around the notes" with more facility than she?

If, on the other hand, one looks for an indefinable communication from within, a quality of excitement that, I maintain, is as inherent, as possible to express, and as necessary in an out-of-date work like I Puritani as it is, for the gifted protagonist, in Tristan or Tosca, then Miss Sutherland falls short.

Although I know her singing only from the short excerpt from the dim Russian recording and have no idea what her coloratura capacity may have been, I believe that Boronat would have convinced and satisfied me. I feel the essential greatness of Galli-Curci in the threefold expression of musicianship, innate feeling that responded without conscious cultivation and technique that she employed as the servant of the basic qualities of song. I feel this without being able to explain why. Instinct, it may be. Whatever one may think of Maria Callas's voice, I doubt if anyone can fail to be amazed, even incredulous, at her apparently limitless range in material and, hence, in musicality. I, for one, have never left her presence in the opera house or before the phonograph without being overwhelmed by the sincerity that she conveys and the meaning that her penetrating intellect somehow discovers. It is this communicative ability, so hard to explain in words, that, I think, gives her the edge.

The Angel, i.e., Callas, recording of I Puritani is, I believe, nearly ten years old. London's, with Sutherland, is brand new. Age notwithstanding, I'd buy Angel's with Callas, and I'd hurry to make sure of having these discs before they may be withdrawn from the catalogue.



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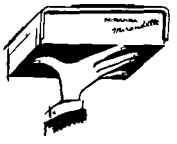

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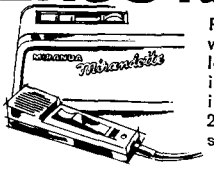

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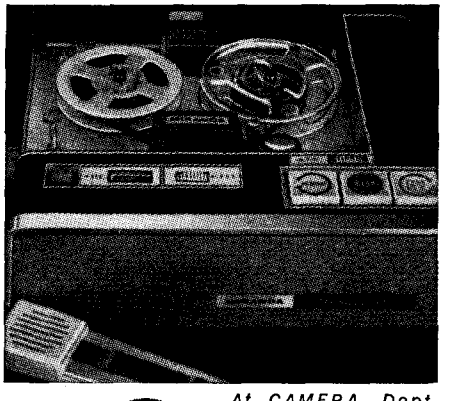

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Curiosa and Curiouser

ON THE face of it, an album called *In the Beginning . . . Milt Jackson and Sonny Stitt* (Galaxy 204) would seem to be a set of reissues from the late Forties, variously featuring the vibraharpist and alto saxophonist listed in its title; there is nothing in the liner note copy, contributed by Ralph Gleason, nor on the label copy of the disc itself to dispel that impression. But actually this record is only partly a reissue set, and whatever selections have appeared before appeared obscurely. It is also a fascinating document, a product of its time in some respects but indicative of times to come in others.

The four final selections on the second side were done in 1948 by Milt Jackson, with John Lewis on piano, Al Jackson on bass, Kenny Clarke on drums, and Chano Pozo added on bongo drums—in other words, the members of the Dizzy Gillespie rhythm section of the time, but an assemblage that, without Pozo, was later to become the Modern Jazz Quartet. The label reads "In a Beautiful Mood" and "Baggy's Blues," but should read "Autumn Breeze," a piece the group re-did later, and "Bobbin' with Robin." The other two selections are here titled "Slits" and "Baggy Eyes" and those names also sound specious, but since these have never been issued before, one can't be more enlightening about their real titles.

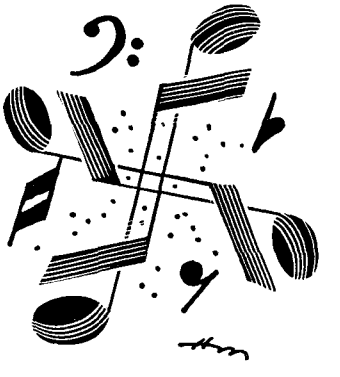
Some of the music seems typical of the Forties, which is perhaps a polite way of saying that some of it already sounds dated; the melodic devices on "Baggy Eyes" or the excellently played but cumbersomely out-of-place bongos on "Slits" are two obvious examples.

Jackson himself is a paradox. He was a crude player compared to the Milt Jackson of today, yet he was already obviously a major musician and a glorious improviser. Witness his long and logically developed melodic lines on "Robin" (or "Baggy's Blues," if Galaxy insists)—or, for that matter, his plenitude of real musical ideas on almost any selection. Lewis's solos indicate that he has become a somewhat less busy and more introspective pianist than he was in those days, as well as a more emotionally communicative one. But on "Autumn Breeze" (or "In a Beautiful Mood") he offers Jackson's solo the kind of clairvoyant support that shows how well he understood both the vibrist's virtues and his potential. And from that sort of mutual musical complement came the great virtues of the MJQ.

The remaining selections on *In the Beginning* feature Sonny Stitt in various small groups, some of which also have Jackson. And there are brief solos by some swing-style trumpeters, none of whom to my ears is the Russell Jacquet the notes lay claim to. There is work by some fledgling modern pianists, too, at least one of whom is very good and none of whom (again, to my ears) is the Sir Charles Thompson promoted in the liner copy. (While we're at it, I should also note that the piece given the alternate titles of "3rd Song" or "Silver Slipper" on the label copy is actually Charlie Parker's "Steeplechase," and the piece labeled "Red Shoes" is better known as "Everything Cool.")

The sessions caught Stitt at a moment of rare youthful exuberance, and it seems to me that the Sonny Stitt on "Stardust," "Body and Soul," and "Steeplechase" is as good a Sonny Stitt as there is on records. Certainly there were no saxophonists then able to play in this idiom with Stitt's agility, after Parker himself. And when one admits that almost everything that Stitt does play is directly indebted to Parker, one is also raising perhaps the strongest argument for an *interpretive* jazz that the music has yet seen.

The Galaxy release represents the very beginnings of the MJQ, as I say, and I think the two-record set called *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603 S2-603) represents its peak. So I will probably not need to put a label on the group's two newest releases. At any rate, *The Sheriff* (Atlantic 1414; S-1414) has its unsuccessful moments. The title piece (a blood brother to Horace Silver's "Sister Sadie," incidentally) and Lewis's "Donny's Theme" are both full of promising ideas in the writing, but the Quartet does not come up with



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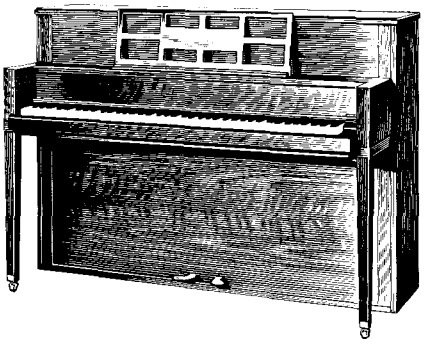
equally fulfilling ideas in the playing. And Villa-Lobos's *Bachianas Brasileiras*, a strange choice to begin with, is given a predictably inhibited reading. The bossa nova "Carnival" has a good Lewis solo, but the monotony of his percussive piano part in the ensembles is wearying, even if it is inevitable in bossa nova. Ah, but on the other hand there is "Mean to Me," evidence of how magnificently these players can function individually and collectively. Jackson paraphrases its melody brilliantly and invents within its framework superbly; Lewis accompanies him with the uncanniness of a necromancer and bass player Percy Heath and especially drummer Connie Kay swing with complete sympathy to both.

One side of Atlantic 1420, S-1420, *A Quartet is a Quartet is a Quartet*, is also by the MJQ. It has somewhat better playing on the whole than *The Sheriff*, but it almost repeats the previous release in miniature. "Reunion Blues" should have been excellent: Jackson wrote it and these men can all play the blues. But it only succeeds in being good. "Winter Tale," from a film score, is more of the sort of overwriting on Lewis's part that results in stilted academics from everyone. "Concord" is a very good new performance on what was the group's second attempt at a jazz fugue (and their first successful one), but we have heard it before after all. And then there is a version of "Yesterdays," again with the Quartet at its individual and collective best.

The second side of *A Quartet is a Quartet* . . . offers a performance of Anton Webern's *Fünf Sätze* by the Quartet of Milan and a "Concert Medley" on folk themes by the Hungarian Gypsy Quartet. I should probably limit my comments on the former to an exclamation on the pleasure of hearing Webern performed by a group of musicians who have obviously rehearsed and absorbed the music, even if they do seem a bit matter-of-fact about it at some points. But I will add that the worst thing one can say about Webern is that he makes everything, even the best three-minute Ellington performance, sound long-winded, and that his small body of work can persuade one (at least as long as one is listening to it) that he not only knew all that European concert music had already achieved but also what it might search for from his time forward.

As for the Gypsies . . . Well, I understand what the liner notes are saying about the analogies in these three musics and among these three quartets. And I agree that this LP brings them out. But neither American jazz nor Viennese atonality is cooked in Baltic chicken fat. Quite the contrary, I'm happy to say.

—Martin Williams.



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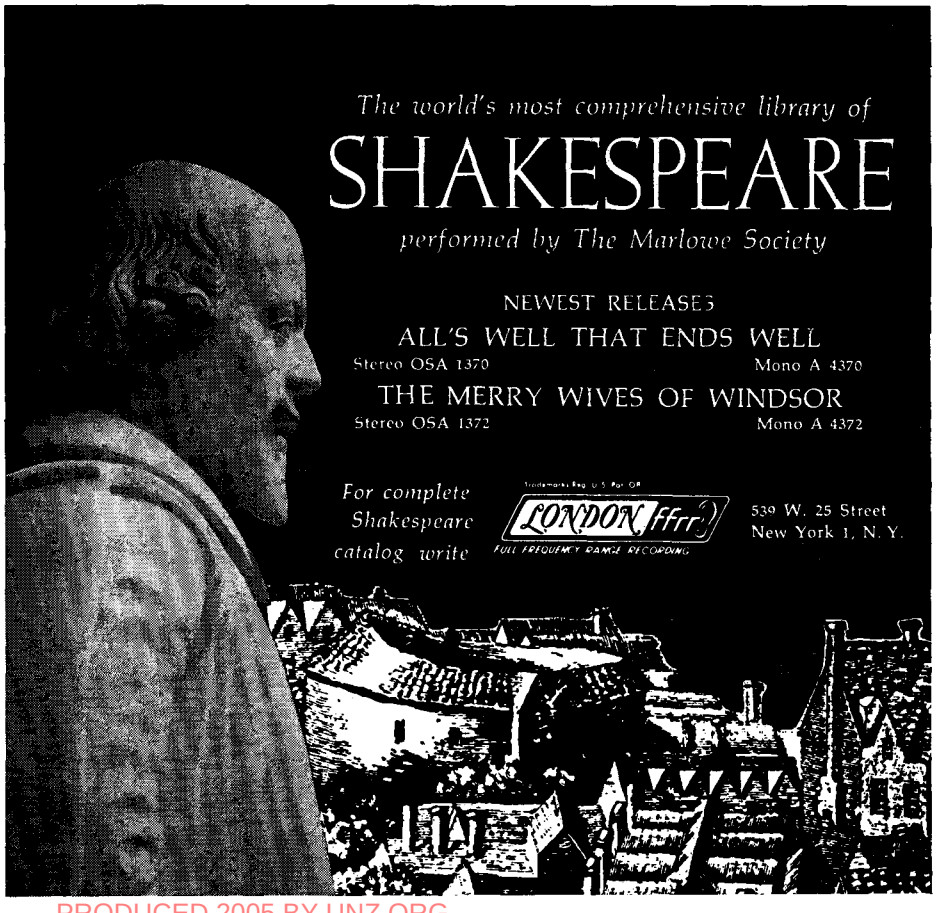

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

Hindemith-Wilder

I READ WITH extreme interest your report on the first performance of Paul Hindemith's setting for Wilder's *The Long Christmas Dinner* at the Juilliard School of Music [*SR*, Mar. 30, 1963]. As a teacher of American literature in one of Atlanta's independent high schools, I cannot help expressing the hope that this either has been or is to be recorded. I am afraid it is not, but I am imposing upon you to ask if in any way this has been done and, if so, is it obtainable by the general public?

MRS. J. HARRY LANGE.

Atlanta, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If plans for a recording exist, they have not yet been publicized. Perhaps the wish will be father to the thought in this respect.*

Freed on Haydn

RICHARD FREED has done us a service in running down the Haydn symphonies of record [*SR*, Jan. 25]. He points out that twenty-four works are not now available and identifies five that were formerly listed. One could add to his list No. 33 on MGM, No. 78 on Concert Hall, and European versions of Nos. 63 and 81.

The interesting point to note is that the unrecorded symphonies largely coincide with the unpublished ones. Only two published works are unrecorded—Nos. 18 and 25. The twenty-four unpublished works from No. 58 to No. 81 are half unrecorded (with very few recorded more than once). "B" completes the list of unrecorded works, unless Goberman has made it.

Let us have more articles as informative as this one.

JEROME F. WEBER.

Oneida, N.Y.

In Respect to Bergman

OSCAR HEDLUND'S recent article, "Ingmar Bergman, the Listener" [*SR*, Mar. 28] richly expresses Bergman's extraordinary qualities of genius.

ABBIE VON FEILITZEN AURELL.

New Haven, Conn.

Martin on the Ballet

CONGRATULATIONS TO *SR* for publishing John Martin's fine article, telling us all exactly what a great thing the Ford Foundation has done for ballet in this country [*SR*, Mar. 28].

B. SCOTT SEVERNS, D.D.S.

New York, N.Y.

HOW REFRESHING TO read John Martin's brilliant article on the Ford Foundation grants to ballet—at last one voice of sanity. And, to be expected, from the one spokesman of the dance who never was afraid to speak the truth.

We, the ticket-buying public, can relax while most of the ballet world burns, knowing that America's giant ballet company is about to open in its magnificent new theater and America's giant ballet critic is heard from once again. Please—more from John Martin in future issues. He is needed almost as much as Ford.

RICHARD BOEHM.

New York, N.Y.

Contra Martin

I WAS SHOCKED AND disappointed to read the article on the Ford Foundation's ballet grant by John Martin in your recent issue. Shocked because of the arrogant, malicious, and misleading twist that was given the subject, and disappointed because you allowed your periodical to be used for an obvious piece of propaganda.

Mr. Martin managed to leave the impression that the New York City Ballet and its school were the only professional ballet company of standards capable of administering such a grant, and the only one that had demonstrated its capacity for survival and that had produced significant accomplishments.

This is clearly untrue and is so far wide of the mark as to imply intentional distortion of facts.

To take only one example, the American Ballet Theater has survived for more than twenty-five years, has represented this country with distinction throughout Europe, England, Russia, the Near East, Egypt, and South America—all at the request of the State Department, whose opinions are certainly as significant as those of any one man connected with a single foundation.

It has been virtually the only troupe that has been willing to tour the hinterlands on an annual basis. It has commissioned ballets, sets, and music from a broad spectrum of American choreographers, artists, and musicians, as its finances permitted. It has developed a considerable number of first-class American dancers, some of whom are now with the New York City Ballet.

The New York City Ballet is George Balanchine, and Balanchine is an authentic genius. In contrast, the American Ballet Theater presents a cross-section of the best of the modern American ballet art and with the sort of support afforded far less-developed troupes, could have built on the firm foundation already established for its school.

American Ballet Theater is nobody's poor relation despite the fact that Mr. Martin suggests that the horrified outcry came only from such sources. It will probably survive being ignored by Mr. Martin and the Ford Foundation. The stature and achievements of the American Ballet Theater are such that it is inconceivable that an article on the subject could have been written without so much as mentioning its name. One can only conclude that the omission was spiteful. Under the circumstances, and despite the donor's intentions, the Ford grant can only appear as "A distinguished service award . . . honoring one lucky organization with a kind of charity jackpot." The road to hell, we are told, is paved with good intentions.

Nobody begrudges Mr. Balanchine his good fortune. There are, however, those who question the judgment that placed this massive grant in the hands of a single genius dedicated to the presentation of the work of that genius, rather than rendering some measure of support to one or more organizations of equal stature that draw

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from the wider spectrum of artistic creativity available from native American artists.

BAYARD EWING.

Providence, R.I.

Contra Ballet

THE FORD FOUNDATION Ballet Grants might well be "far and away the best thing that has ever happened to the dance in this country." Nevertheless, it is a gross distortion of human values.

In a country that has just declared a "war on poverty" a grant of $7,756,000 to 'rture ballet companies creates a most potent irony. To the poor who are aware of this action, it must be all but unbearable. The ballet *has* been a "long-suffering art" and it was necessary for the foundation to make the grant to a "tangible entity." However, there are *people* who have suffered long and *their* tangibility is beyond question.

I am not among those who have "sneered at the ballet as arty or leered at the ballet as cheesecake." Indeed, while not an enthusiast, I did attend two performances last year. However, what percentage of the population do I represent? How can a grant of this size be justified when the number of poor is juxtaposed to the size of ballet audiences?

John Martin has the temerity to equate the "good cause" of ballet companies with the humanity of the Red Cross and the Salvation Army. Undoubtedly, he was well fed, well dressed, and well housed when he wrote this article.

Yes! "All this over a *fait accompli.*"

LOUIS A. OST.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The poor would be even poorer without ballet.*

Toscanini's Rossini

I ENJOYED YOUR review entitled "Maximus in Minimis" of the new (at long last!) Toscanini album and noted that you chose to comment on the amount of reverberation added to the *Siege of Corinth* [*SR*, Mar. 28]. This might be true, up to a point, but Robert Charles Marsh in *Toscanini and the Art of Conducting* (1962 edition, page 165) notes that this overture was recorded during the same sessions in 1945 that produced other Rossini overtures, but that Toscanini rejected the *Siege of Corinth* because of excessive *reverberation,* which he felt marred the clarity of the recording.

STANLEY H. MAYES.

Redondo Beach, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Apparently Toscanini's objections no longer have validity. The reviewer is glad to know that his opinion coincided with the maestro's.*

No Time for Retirement

I DOUBT VERY MUCH that you have heard this bit of news. I was so stunned when she told me I could hardly talk.

Several weeks ago Nan Merriman gave a marvelous performance of Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* here. Afterwards I asked her what she would be doing this fall. She said she had "now retired." And she wasn't kidding.

Why is it, with so few really good mezzos around, we have to lose the greatest we have? Her last two recordings testify to that fact alone, as you have pointed out. It would be a pity if DGG or some other record company didn't use Nan Merriman's voice as long as it is as good as it now so obviously is.

WILLIAM A. GRANT, Chairman,
Languages and Arts Division,
Cabrillo College.

Apton, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Merriman's plans for retirement have not been publicized hereabouts. Perhaps she prefers to have people ask, "Why isn't she singing?" rather than, "Why is she singing?" At last report she was singing Mahler in London, and her management says she is booked through next spring.*

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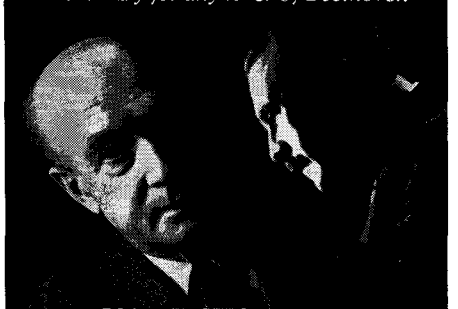

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Government

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erator of existing technology, on the one hand, and, on the other, the scientist and the layman both trying to anticipate the technological future in a political-military context. The factors going into the making and operation of technological devices are accessible only to the scientist; the political-military effects of technological devices to be constructed are a matter of conjecture based on technologically informed common sense, and hence accessible to all endowed with such common sense. The scientist does not know more about the likely effects of the great political-technological decisions of our age than the man in the street and the politically responsible official, endowed with technologically informed common sense. If it comes to the need for on-site inspections to police a test-ban treaty, or the feasibility of an anti-missile missile system, the scientist must rely on his hunches just as do you and I. And it is illuminating that on these issues the scientific community is divided along the same lines as are the political officials and the public at large. For while those hunches are based upon scientific information, they are themselves in the nature of a political projection of that information into the future. The politically aware scientist, then, has no advantage over the scientifically informed layman; and if the former is not politically aware he is even inferior to the latter. They both try to anticipate the future by guessing, and, as history has shown, it cannot be presumed that the guesses of one are necessarily superior to those of the other.

The scientist's monopoly of the answers to the questions of the future is a myth. And with these *arcana* it is as it was with those of old: they have to be guarded, in the words of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, as "essential points of the Mystery—which nevertheless everyone could come to know who desired to." Thus the scientists rule no more than do the military. But they compete, as do the military, with each other and with other elites in influencing the decisions of those who do govern.

YET, while neither the military nor the scientists govern us, they could if they wanted to; and here is the empirical source of the popular myths, fearful of unrestrained and irresponsible rulers. For it is obvious that if the military had a mind to they could use their monopoly of the most potent weapons of warfare to dominate the government. The strength of our democratic consensus and the traditional subordination of the military to the civilian authorities have protected America from the military usurpation of civilian power so many other nations have suffered.

The scientists, too, could rule if they wanted to. For, since their services are essential to our government, they could make it do their bidding by a threat to withhold them. But scientists do not exist as a cohesive group committed to a common policy. Since, as we have seen, they mirror within themselves the same commitments to diverse policies that divide democratically responsible officials and the population at large, they are incapable of common action on behalf of a particular policy. Individual scientists have at times withdrawn their cooperation from certain government projects, yet the scientific community as a whole has not—because as such it does not exist.

WHILE popular attention has thus been focused upon the military and scientific elites as the imaginary secret rulers, the one elite that has always had a share in running the country, and has increased that share considerably in recent times, has caused much less public concern. Economic power is easily transformed into political power, for without financial support no one but multimillionaires could gain, hold, or exercise political power. Thus economic interests are able to buy political influence and, in so far as these transactions are institutionalized, to buy, as it were, a share of the powers of government. We are here in the presence of a new feudalism under which slices of governmental power are sold to those who have the price.

Douglass Cater's *Power in Washington* (Random House, $4.95) points to some of the more glaring instances of this. It also points to the variety of influences that tend to limit the ruling power of the economic elites. It is the distinctive characteristic of our society that its pluralism permeates all its manifestations, the government included. In the last analysis no identifiable group runs the country all by itself. Rather, a number of such groups compete with each other for at least the opportunity to run a small part of it once in a while. This country is not governed by a "ruling class" but by a multiplicity of competing elites, each of which would like to become the "ruling class" but is restrained and checked by all the others.

Suzanne Keller's *Beyond the Ruling Class: Strategic Elites in Modern Society* (Random House, $7.50) gives a penetrating account of the nature of these elites in modern society and of their interrelations. Although—or because—it provides a strictly theoretical analysis of modern elites, it makes by far the most significant contribution, likely to be lasting, to the understanding of our problem. Instead of perpetuating fanciful myths or collecting the facts we have read about before in the papers, it provides us with a theory that tests the myths against the facts and makes the facts intelligible. It is a very important book indeed.

'Now yesterday's fine words are uninhabited'

By Gene Frumkin

NOW yesterday's fine words are uninhabited.
The door is locked, bats
fly in and out the broken windows.

When we speak, it is out
of our selves' solitary desires
and the words are not fine.

Artfully, we claw at each other,
try to rip out the grandmother
who lives with us like an echo.

Afterwards, we return to walk
through the garden—and remember
the fine, impermanent words.

And again love is an infant
to protect at all costs, though
we are angry at its parents.

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The Fine Arts

Continued from page 27

ter (Massachusetts) Art Museum. Both volumes are distinguished by exhaustive research, clear, factual language, and interesting estimates of two splendid sculptors. Without a single gaudy, seven-syllable word, these art historians have avoided esoteric myths in favor of patiently developed analyses.

Another publication that deserves respect is a report entitled "Architecture Worth Saving in Onondaga County," issued by the New York State Council on the Arts. To my knowledge this is the first time a government agency has undertaken the responsibility of pointing out the dangers of heedless bulldozing, a disease now rampant in the United States. Using the area around Syracuse, New York, as a pilot project, the organization earmarked certain historically and esthetically important buildings for possible preservation. Greek Revival, Victorian, Neo-Gothic, and modern structures are all included. May politicians, real estate operators, businessmen, and just plain citizens take note. "Urban renewal" is fast becoming a dirty word—and a tragic fact.

During March, I found two exhibitions outstanding in New York. Both offered bitter comments on the world today. Both were memorable for their ruthless humor and personal invention. I refer to recent paintings by Richard Lindner at the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery and recent sculpture by Marisol at the Stable, if one can call Marisol's remarkable half-painted, half-carved, half-constructed, half-found objects sculpture. Repeatedly depending on her own portrait as a microcosm of present-day society, she depicts herself as an entire assemblage of characters. Unique were two monstrous babies, a standing boy and a seated girl, each a baneful projection grasping a doll-like replica of the artist. Equally cynical were Richard Lindner's authoritative paintings of modern life. Designed with masterly control, these cold yet vibrant canvases are strong medicine. Who can readily forget the composition provocatively called *One Way* with its condensed comments on law, order, and the honky-tonk of urban life? Lindner's work is not always easy to take, but a spectator would have to be made of iron to remain untouched. —KATHARINE KUH.

—Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. List.

Baby Boy, by Marisol.

In May Don't Miss

Three Centuries of Niagara Falls at the Albright-Knox Gallery, Buffalo. More than 150 oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, the earliest dated 1698, reveal how a variety of artists have interpreted a favorite American subject.

Twentieth-Century American Art at Indiana University, Bloomington. The exhibition, designed to show the development of American art during the last half-century, includes the country's most important native artists and movements. Closes May 10.

14th National Print Exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. From over 2,000 entries contributed by artists working in all fifty states, 165 prints were chosen for this important biennial exhibition.

Lyonel Feininger: 50 Years of Figure Painting at the Willard Gallery, New York. A show with a surprising number of works never before exhibited reveals this great American artist in an unfamiliar role. Closes May 16.

Reopening of the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Many new permanent galleries will be unveiled plus several temporary exhibitions stressing lithography, photography, and architectural design. Opens May 15.

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PERSONALS

KOI NOBORI. In Japan the CARP is a symbol of *masculinity* and on Boys' Day, May 5th, colorful carp fly from the rooftops all over the countryside. For Americans' voracious appetites, an especially commissioned WHALE fashioned like a wind sock on sturdy black cloth with blue and white trim, six feet long. Postpaid $4.00 from Ambassador of Asia, Inc., P.O. Box 33, New York 28.

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VACATION COURSE, New Dimensions in Art, Science and Education. Berkshires. August 9th-30th or part. Inquire Rudolf Steiner Exhibitions, 25 Pershing Road, Englewood, N.J.

MOTHER, SONS, five, six, desire relatively expense-free summer anywhere. Mother: English A.B. ++; law student. Can write, edit, baby sit, type, cook, talk, listen, tutor. Sons: remarkably nice. Box G-637.

COLLEGE ENGLISH TEACHER, woman, M.A., composition specialist (9 years secondary, 4 college), seeks teaching challenge, living wage in academically demanding high school. Box G-670.

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ENGLISH TEACHER, male, 25, looking for position in field not headed by former football coaches. Can write, handle humor, satire. Box G-655.

INTELLECTUAL COED seeks summer employment Los Angeles. A.E.C., 420 Lake, Madison, Wisconsin.

YOUNG MAN, college grad, desires part time work. Manhattan. Box G-680.

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EXPERIENCED ENGLISH TEACHER, female, 30s, desires change of job or locale. Interested in people, writing, books, ideas. Prefer New England area. Box G-639.

MANHATTANVILLE COLLEGE STUDENT will escort children/teenagers to World's Fair. Information, reservations. Box G-647.

EDITOR-WRITER seeks academic environment. M.A. (Chicago) social sciences. Specialty: semantics, communication theory. Box G-629.

FEMALE, 23, tired of being just an extension of typewriter, seeks unusual position requiring imagination and flexibility. NYC. Will travel. Box G-685.

PERSONABLE, INTELLIGENT UNC coed, 20, seeks summer employment. Likes children, will travel. Box G-693.

RUTGERS STUDENT seeks stimulating summer employment, preferably abroad. French, some German. Box G-690.

PERSONALS

PIANIST, COCKTAIL MUSIC, female, available weekends, exchange room/board. Box G-643.

EXPERIENCED TUTOR/TYPIST, college coed, seeks summer travel. Clark, R.R. 2, Harwinton, Connecticut.

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EDITORIAL DIRECTOR—Top spot on new, mass circulation travel magazine. Must be highly skilled, experienced editor, male, capable of turning out a quality monthly publication. Prefer knowledge and experience in travel writing and editing. Salary open. Relocation to large East Coast city. Send resume to Box G-610.

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COLLEGE GRADUATE. Interesting individualized work. *Background: English, Psychology or Education. Enjoy* working independently. Some travel. Single. Reply promptly. Box G-514.

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THOUSANDS of $7,000-$70,000 Executive positions available. USA-Overseas. Get free Report. National Employment Reports, 519-N Center, Racine, Wisconsin.

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For Sale

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT. 1816 white Colonial clapboard house, excellent condition, in New England college town. Spacious corner lawn, shade trees, unusually large rooms, oil heat, storm windows. Attached work and storage shed, large attic, ample walk-in closets. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, living room, *dining room with fireplace, large kitchen and pantry.* Barn-garage. $29,500. Easy walk to center of village and college. Box G-380.

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YEAR-ROUND STONE HOUSE, wooded landscaped acres. 1 hour from NYC. Box G-652.

(Continued on page 74)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 73)

HARVEYS LAKE—Cozy, year-round 2 bedroom home. Porch, fireplace, acreage, lake access. Outstanding view. 50 minutes Cannon for skiing. $16,000. Telephone Stoddard Wardens, Real Estate, West Barnet, Vermont, or mail inquiry East Ryegate, Vermont.

NORTHEAST MAINE. Charming 9 room house on ½ acre fronting blacktop road. Bay view. $6,500. Terms. Unimproved ocean frontage available. Box G-667.

VICTORIAN VILLAGE HOME, Civil War era, wants owner who likes fine architecture and rare antiquities. Winding staircase to cupola. Some hardwood finish in three colors. Broad granite steps from boulders hauled by oxen. Large lawn, trees, view. Lakes nearby. 18 rooms. 23 acres if desired. Hot water by oil heat. Barn takes two cars. Lightning protection. Will someone make an offer? Box 73, Bradford, New Hampshire.

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SUPERB VIEW of Mount Desert, Maine, from Cranberry Island shore. 4 bedrooms, modern Cape Cod, furnished. $22,000 cash. Box G-386.

For Rent—Furnished

TWO HOURS NYC. Weekend and vacation cabin in 220 acres of spring foliage in Connecticut. 3 bedrooms, kitchen, large living room with fireplace. Electric range and refrigerator. On spring-fed, bass-stocked lake. Rowboat, private dock. Nice people who enjoy the challenges and satisfaction of rustic living will like this—not for city slickers. Yearly rent $1,000. Call Association Secretary, WHite Plains 6-9382.

For Summer Rental

CONNECTICUT SHORE. NYC commuting; 45 minutes drive World's Fair. Near beach, stores. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, studio, fenced yard. Dishwasher, washer, dryer. Season, $1,350. Box G-624.

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BEAUTIFUL ISLAND—Stonington, Maine. 7 cottages, pool, running water, boats. Box G-539.

CAPE COD COTTAGES in Orleans area. Bimonthly to seasonal. Reserve early for best choice. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C, Orleans, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Tel. 255-0552.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

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CAPE COD—CENTERVILLE. Garage apartment, 2 bedroom, private ocean beach, dock. Season $1,100, monthly $600. Aronson, 45 Newbury Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

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BUSINESSWOMAN wants to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Reasonable. Box F-671.

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APARTMENT TO SHARE

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RAMBLERNY Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

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PUTNEY SCHOOL NATURAL SCIENCE CAMP—Research projects, conservation practices, camping trips. Professional staff. Boys and girls 11-16. Putney School, Putney, Vermont.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

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CAMPS

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SUMMER WORKSHOP OF NATIONS for youth 16-17. In the coolness of the redwoods near San Francisco, learn of customs and culture of people of Africa, Asia and Latin America from qualified foreign instructors who are currently attending American universities at the graduate level. Plenty of recreation. Nations Incorporated, P.O. Box 1146, Berkeley 1, California.

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FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor on Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and summer theatre near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet: Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10.

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NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

NEW YORK CITY—Special Vacation package. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 19.

MOUNTAIN AND BEACH, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower spring and fall rates.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

LA ORILLA. Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's noises and "advantages." July 3rd to September 8th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box G-128.

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SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Pine-clad mountains surround Maine's most accessible lakes. Seacoast cities nearby. Free magazine in color. Sebago-Long Lake Association, Sebago Lake 16, Maine.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach, excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. *Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder.* The Ontio, Ogunquit 7, Maine.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

(Continued on page 76)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 75)

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort, Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" on an island in Maine. $75 weekly, $12 daily. For brochure write Mrs. A. Tardy, Box 774, Montrose, N.Y.

VIRGIN ISLANDS—For rent—owner's apartment in historic Villa Santana on breezy Denmark Hill. Magnificent view of harbor and Caribbean. Five minutes walk to town. 2 master bedrooms with baths, guest gallery and bath, famous antique-furnished living room, dining gallery, huge kitchen, covered patio, large terrace, garden, completely furnished. Staffed if desired. Ideal for four or five. No children. Attractively priced June through October or part. Cable or write Santana, St. Thomas.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE—"Pinetrail" lakefront housekeeping cottages. Family vacation. Secluded. Safe beach, swimming, fishing, boating. Ruschers, Box 283, Wiers, New Hampshire.

EXCLUSIVE LAKESHORE COTTAGES—Pines, excellent fishing, large sandy beach, ideal for children. Modern design cottages, kitchens, fireplaces, large screened porches, hot-cold water, furnished, including boat. Golf, tennis nearby. Reasonable rates, June through September. Write: Bee & Vern Gregory, Piney Heights, Monmouth, Maine.

HIKING HEADQUARTERS: Families, groups, individuals. All Go Hungry Ordinary, Franconia, New Hampshire.

PUERTO RICO—Modern vacation house in cool hills, 15 minutes Luquillo Beach. July-September, $2,000. Sleeps four. References. Box G-634.

LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach, E.P. Brochure 1A.

VISITING THE NORTHWEST? Venturesome collectors discover exceptional quality, appealing prices of Oregon artists. The Image Gallery, 2483 N.W. Overton Street, Portland.

SAN FRANCISCO? Sunny room, woman professor's town house, $60 biweekly. Box G-694.

MAINE COAST'S BEST! Four safe, sandy beaches. Surf bathing. Sailing. Deep-sea fishing. Golfing. Yacht and boat facilities. Smart shops. Historical Colonial Village. Accommodations for all tastes and budgets. For details write Chamber of Commerce, Box 7, York Beach, Maine.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, scoial program. Excellent meals. June 26th-October 13th. Color folder.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal social events. $12-$22 day includes meals. Family rates. Open all year. AAA. For color folder, reservations, write Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

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TEXANS. You'll like this resort hotel not only because of its size (1,001 rooms), but also because of its well-oiled efficiency. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

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INFORMAL, RELAXED TRAVEL—Europe by station wagon, train. College, high school groups of 8, 16. Some include month of language study. Vacation stops, biking, festivals. STUDENTS ABROAD, Gertrude Lange, Director, 200 East End, NYC 28, ENright 9-1395.

UNIQUE 8 WEEK Eastern Europe all expense Seminar, $1,750. Led by Professor Harry C. Steinmetz of Morehouse College. Departing New York June 30th, returning August 30th, 1964. Jet to Europe. Travel by Soviet steamer on Blue Danube from Vienna to USSR. Visit Brussels, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, Bucharest, Yalta, Odessa, Kiev, Moscow, Vilnius, Riga, Tallin, Leningrad, Helsinki, Stockholm, London. Other Seminars and tours from May through September, 1964, everywhere. Write: Harry Brown, c/o Allied Tours, 165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

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SOUTH SEAS TRAVEL—Study cruises. Three Matson luxury cruises, each featuring a different 6 week university course on the South Pacific for credit or audit: Art on June 21st, Government on August 6th, Literature on September 20th. Program sponsored by the University of Hawaii and conducted by its professors. Sailings from San Francisco: following day from Los Angeles. Ports of call are Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Noumea, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, Hawaii. Write: Matson, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, for complete information.

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LIVE AND STUDY art in a Florentine villa! Meet top political and economic leaders in Europe, Latin America, or Around the World! Live with French family and study at the Sorbonne! In Madrid, learn the language and culture! Teenagers, improve your French while living in Switzerland! For free brochure write: U.S. National Student Association, Department SRC, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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TRAVEL

BARCELONA OR BELGRADE, Paris or Parma, London or Lucerne—wherever you go you'll know where to eat well, live well and shop well when you carry Olson's Hotel, Restaurant and Shopping Guide to Europe, 1964 Edition. $3.95. Lippincott.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath, television and air-conditioning. Singles from $7, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. The modernized and gracious Tudor offers special family rooms featuring two baths. Write Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street. Phone 212-YU 6-8800.

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SIGNIFICANT MEETINGS with Europeans. Visits to farms, homes, shops, schools. 3 weeks, 5 countries by air, not bus, $695 from New York. Box G-613.

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TRAVEL

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COMING TO LONDON? British-educated American youn lady will help you with personal shopping, bab sitting, special tours for children and young adults Box G-628.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because i offers everything you'll want and more! In the h of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerfu guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River an near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderat priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Towe Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Towe Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17, Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

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FLY TO EUROPE AND TOUR RUSSIA by motor coach—eighteen days—New York and return—$595. EMPIRE STATE TRAVEL, 201 West 46th Street, New York 36. LT 1-1400.

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CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS, visit friendly Bushnegro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-2, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION of International Cultural Exchange. All-inclusive tours. Around the world, 45 days, $2,195. Europe, 55 days, $1,495. SPICE, University of Miami. P.O. Box 8111, Coral Gables, Florida.

EUROPE IN COMFORT and economy. $798-$1,600, 21-56 days. including Stratford. Dittmanntours, Northfield, Minnesota.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1568

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Ancient city where St. Paul found the altar to the Nameless God, which he at once claimed as meaning his God.

B. What the too-small fish *must* be before it is thrown back (4 wds.).

C. Swindler.

D. "Taking everything into consideration" (3 wds.).

E. Seat of the U.S. Military Academy (2 wds.).

F. Town where Anne Hathaway was born.

G. Hold spellbound.

H. The recommended time for (action of any sort; 2 wds.).

I. Place for revelation and disposal of most troublous things (traditional; 3 wds.).

J. Scarlett O'Hara's promise to herself, so she could get to sleep, of the next *day's confrontation of her troubles* (2 wds. after *I will*).

K. Those of the Anglican Communion who hold evangelical views (2 wds.).

WORDS

47 90 175 68 42 105

31 26 18 211 78 191 77 10 65 118 176

41 97

12 79 50 4 72 128

61 21 88 2 32 119 25 35 186 127

140 145 40 81 76 20 107 202 157

46 115 92 148 109 86 167 134

101 147 135 205 67 142 171 16

155 56 132 199 24 15

130 87 161 95 83 62 201 113 162

64 166 151 137 174 149 194 209 80 110 136

114

129 207 52 74 38 17 28 169 141

DEFINITIONS

L. About to face an inevitable reckoning; pursue a course already entered on (3 wds.).

M. In association and keeping pace with.

N. India's rainy season.

O. The shortest expression conceivable.

P. One of the largest divisions of the human brain.

Q. An enhancement (2 wds.).

R. The "Shakespeare of India" who flourished in 5th cent.

S. Specifying a circle having another center from that of a circle contained in some measure within it.

T. Resistance under stresses.

U. Harass with petty vexations.

V. One of a score of odd times set for fasting and prayer in the church year of the R.C. and Anglican churches (2 wds.).

W. Distressing; giving pain.

X. What an orderly person tries to put a mess to.

Y. Find out by skill or investigation.

WORDS

168 208 150 22 158 198 183

102 210 29 60 200 164 192 85 173

106 154 124 99 8 139 43

108 91 48 152 57 30 133 181

189 125 172 89 156 71 53 3 206 146

121 69 180 59 203 144 75 184 70 45 6

131 96 153 159 195 66 14 190

5 160 204 104 138 165 193 54 63

188 7 116 93 23 179 120 112 143

27 44 94 37 111 122

11 33 185 39 103 177 196 213

178 51 36 49 19 117 197 163 126 98

58 187 212 82 1 34

13 73 100 84 182 55 170 9 123

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 X	2 D	3 P		4 C	5 S	6 Q		7 T	8 N		9 Y
10 B	11 V		12 C	13 Y	14 R	15 H	16 G	17 K	18 B	19 W	20 E	21 D		22 L	23 T		24 H
25 D	26 B		27 U	28 K	29 M	30 O	31 B	32 D	33 V	34 X		35 D	36 W		37 U	38 K	39 V
	40 E	41 B	42 A	43 N	44 U	45 Q	46 F		47 A	48 O	49 W		50 C	51 W		52 K	53 P
54 S	55 Y	56 H		57 O	58 X	59 Q		60 M	61 D	62 I		63 S	64 J	65 B	66 R	67 G	68 A
69 Q		70 Q	71 P		72 C	73 Y	74 K	75 Q	76 E	77 B		78 B	79 C	80 J		81 E	82 X
83 I		84 Y	85 M	86 F	87 I	88 D	89 P	90 A	91 O		92 F	93 T		94 U	95 I	96 R	97 B
98 W	99 N	100 Y	101 G	102 M	103 V	104 S	105 A		106 N	107 E	108 O	109 F	110 J	111 U	112 T	113 I	
114 J	115 F	116 T	117 W	118 B		119 D	120 T		121 Q	122 U	123 Y		124 N	125 P	126 W	127 D	128 C
	129 K	130 I	131 R	132 H	133 O	134 F		135 G	136 J		137 J	138 S	139 N	140 E		141 K	142 G
143 T		144 Q	145 E	146 P	147 G		148 F	149 J		150 L	151 J	152 O	153 R	154 N	155 H		156 P
157 E	158 L	159 R	160 S	161 I		162 I	163 W	164 M	165 S	166 J	167 F	168 L	169 K	170 Y	171 G		172 P
173 M	174 J	175 A	176 B	177 V		178 W	179 T	180 Q		181 O	182 Y	183 L	184 Q	185 V	186 D	187 X	188 T
189 P		190 R		191 B	192 M	193 S	194 J		195 R	196 V	197 W	198 L	199 H	200 M		201 I	202 E
203 Q		204 S	205 G	206 P	207 K	208 L	209 J	210 M	211 B	212 X	213 V						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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The two worlds of Noriko

Secret of Japan Air Lines' unique service

From the moment you board your Jet Courier, you discover the delightful secret of Japan Air Lines. The traditional greeting of hostess Noriko Ishibashi, charming in her colorful kimono, is the perfect welcome to a modern Douglas DC-8.

Noriko's whole life story is this harmonious melding of East and West. In school days she studied the arts and customs of the West—also Ikebana flower arranging and the courtly Noh drama of classic Japan. And like all JAL hostesses, Noriko has been taught since earliest childhood to consider gracious personal service the most rewarding of all the arts.

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P. S. Remember, all JAL transPacific flights touch down at Honolulu. You can enjoy a sunny Hawaii stopover at no extra air fare. See your travel agent about Japan Air Lines—"the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."

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TOKYO 1964

California/Hawaii to all the Orient and on to Europe

JAPAN AIR LINES

JAL

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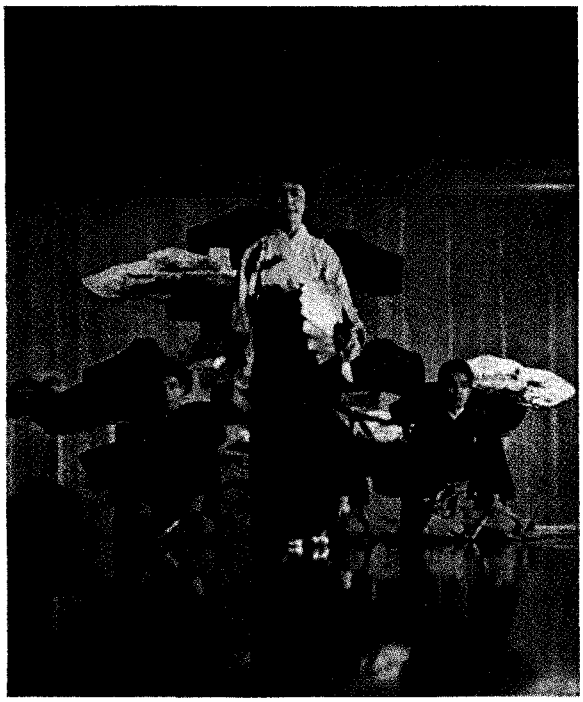
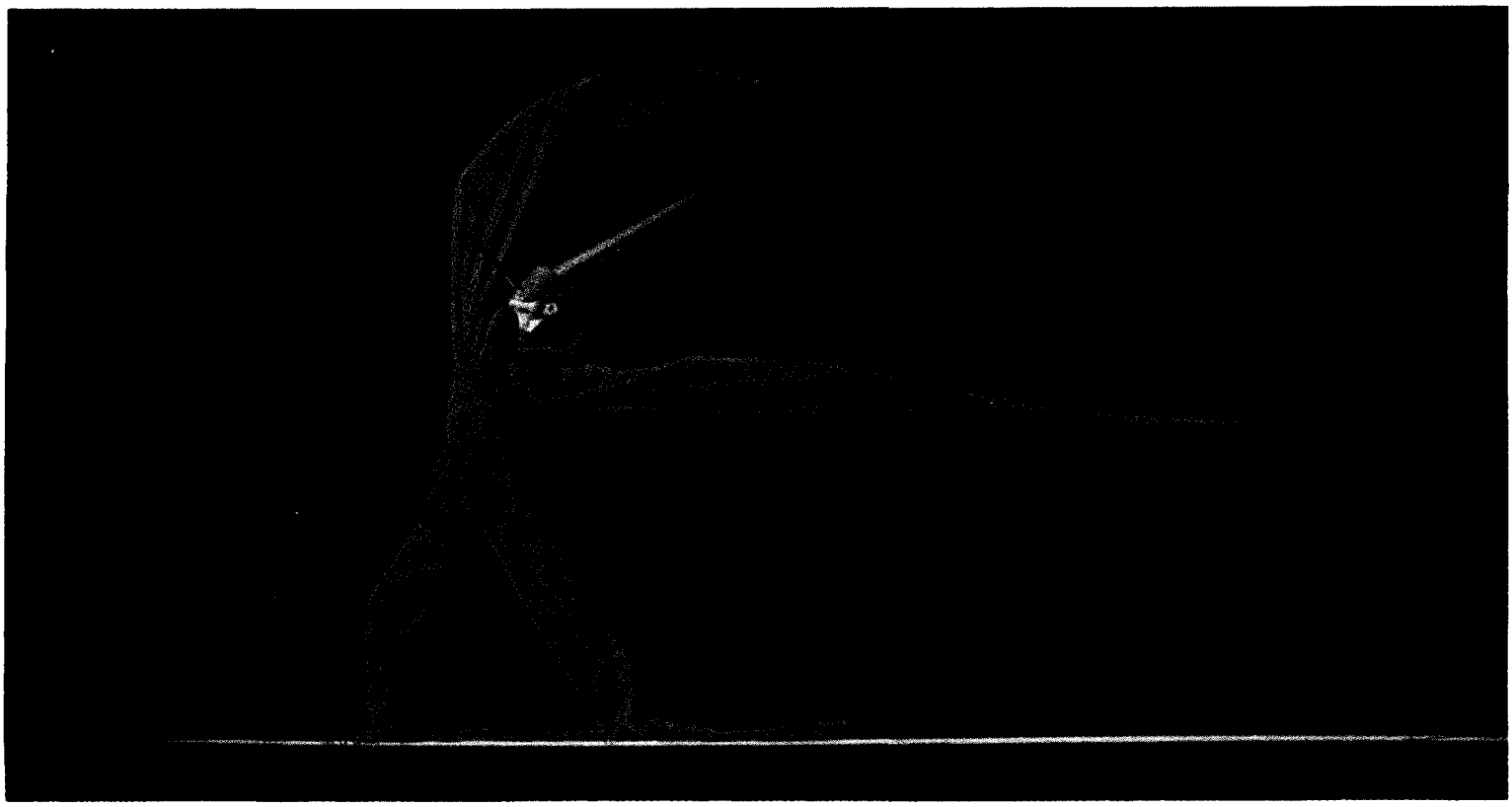
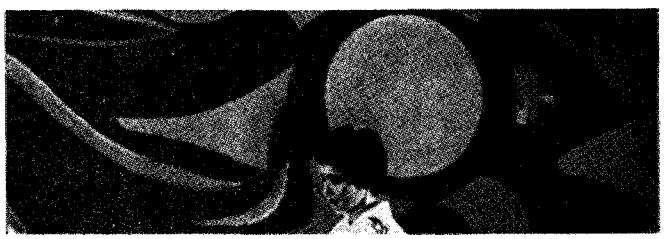


Japan Air Lines hostess Noriko Ishibashi has studied both classic Noh dancing (left) and Western ballet. Hence her enjoyment of a modern dance treatment of Japanese legendry (below). Noriko's two worlds of taste characterize the unique service aboard JAL Couriers between California and the Orient.





Noriko's two worlds of art: Classic simplicity as in a Zen master's brushwork, and the warm sophistication of a modern Japanese design. Both qualities are reflected in Japan Air Lines' service and decor.

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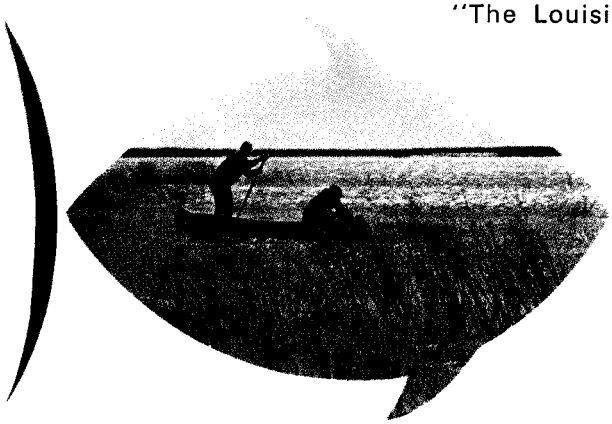

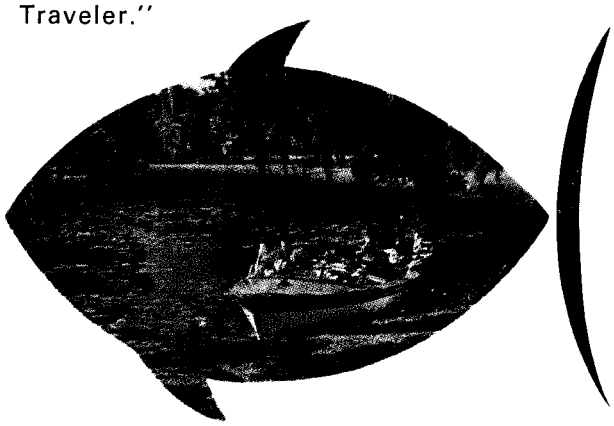

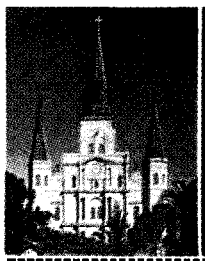

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